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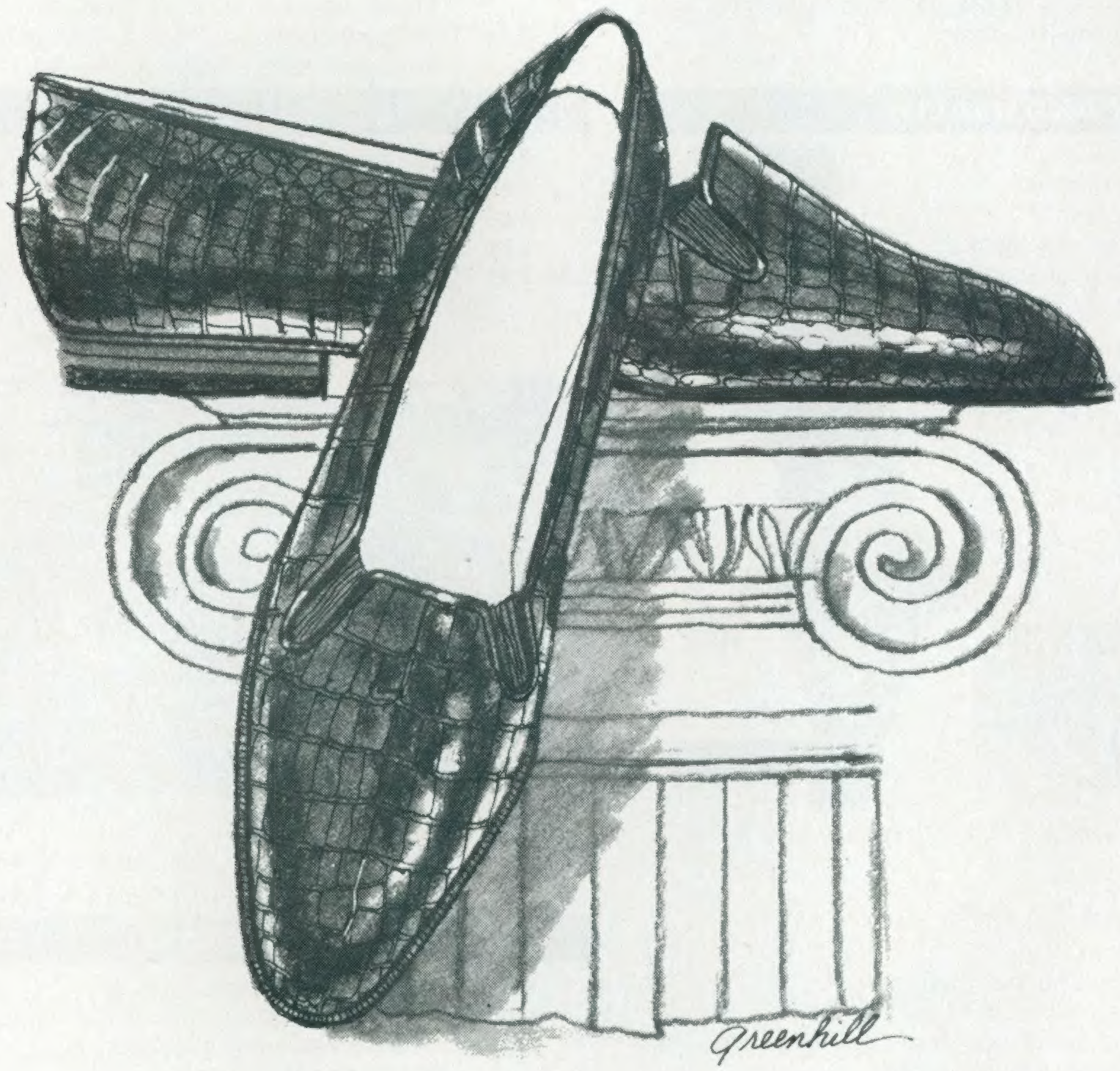

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Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year; $46 for two years. In Canada, $43 for one year, $84 for two years. Elsewhere, $45 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., $3; in Canada, $3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 177, NO. 7, WHOLE NO. 3264. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. However, Vogue cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, CO 80322.

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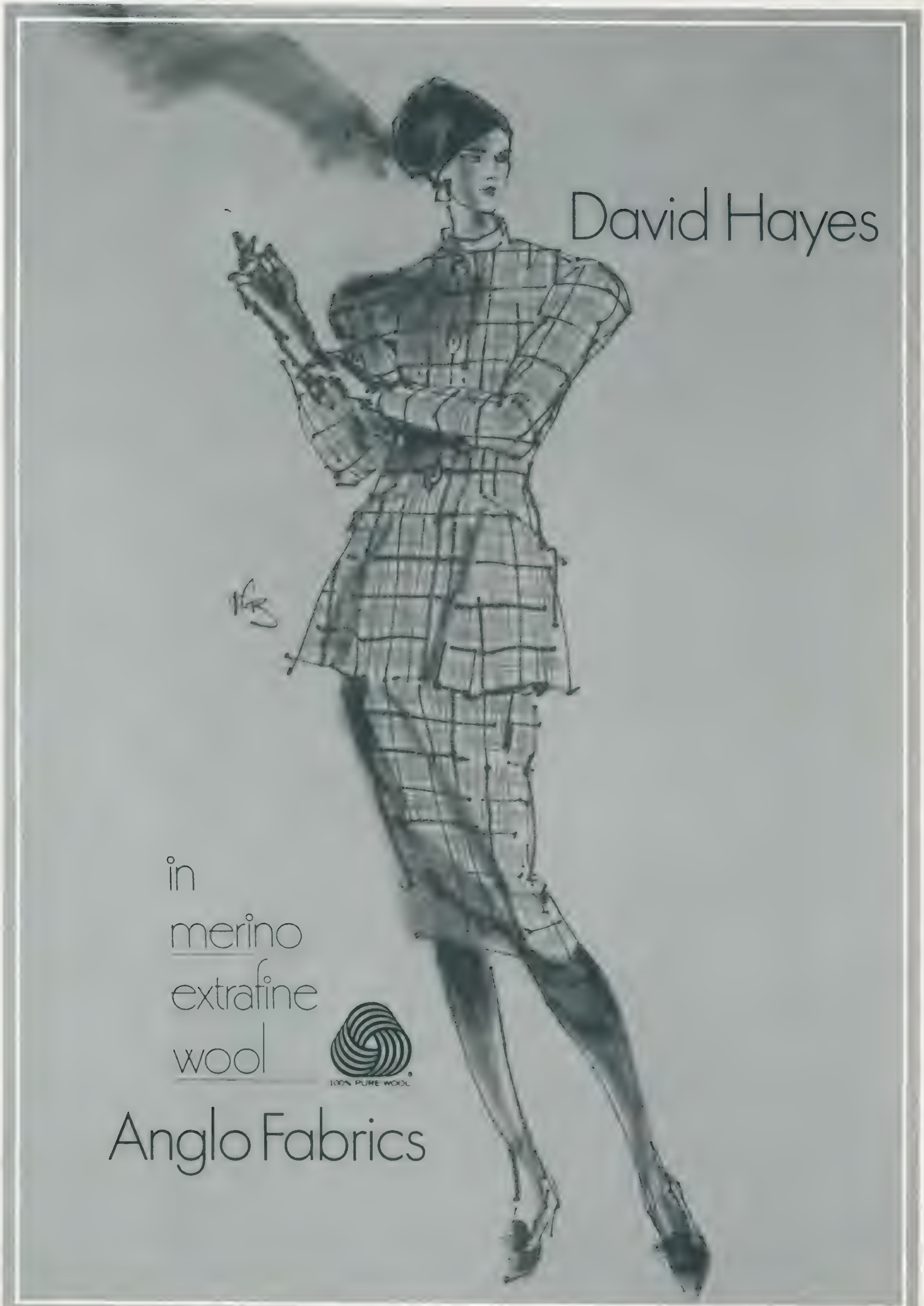
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London ROBERT E. YOST, Gordon Shaw Ltd., 19 South Audley Street, London W1Y 5DN
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BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W1R OAD
FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse 8000 Munchen 40
ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, Milan VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd.
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda. MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017
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Summer cool . . . *above* and on our cover, on model Paulina Porizkova, begins with the idea that even with a more neutral makeup, a woman can still achieve a polished look. Here, simply a healthy blush to cheeks, lightly defined eyes, real color on lips only (*above*, it's orange). Specifics, from Shiseido's Moisture Mist collection: Parasol Orange lips, Pink Burst cheeks, First Blush foundation. A new take on summer gloves: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's striped nylon spandex "sleeves." Angie Gooderham earrings. Hair, Suga, NYC. Makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

WHEN THE HEAT IS ON...

When hot weather increases perspiration: "Using an antiperspirant rather than a deodorant is the best solution for most women," said Dawn French, group leader in consumer research, Procter & Gamble (makers of Sure, Secret). "Deodorants contain antimicrobial agents that coat underarm skin and kill odor-causing bacteria; antiperspirants have an active aluminum ingredient that not only kills bacteria on skin's surface but is absorbed into sweat glands, reducing sweat by as much as 80 percent. It takes one week of daily applications to achieve this maximum protection; daily use thereafter to maintain it. Skipping even one day can reduce an antiperspirant's effectiveness by 50 percent." Solid or roll-on antiperspirants with a silicone base (such as cyclomethicone) are most resistant to "wash-off."

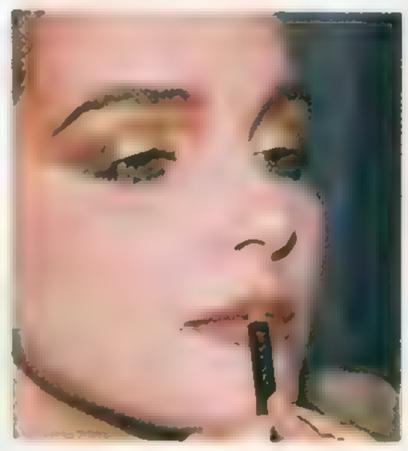
BEST "BASE" FOR A SUMMER LOOK IS WELL-HYDRATED SKIN. MEANS: AVOIDING SUN OVERDOSE, SOOTHING SKIN WITH BODY LOTIONS (NINA RICCI'S L'AIR DU TEMPS, YSL'S PARIS, GENEVE'S COSMECEUTICALS MOISTURIZING CREAM, CHANEL'S BODY EMULSION) . . . NEW WAYS TO SOAK IN THE BATH, "SEAL IN" MOISTURE (GIORGIO BEVERLY HILLS BATH/SHOWER GEL, AVON'S IMARI FOAMING BATH) . . . POST-EXERCISE: A BODY "RUB" THAT GOES ON AS A LOTION, DRIES TO A POWDER (LIZ CLAIBORNE).

BEAUTY NOW

Makeup: modern "rules" . . .
body polishers . . . sweat defense

f a s t makeup tips... **To blush:**

Use a big sable brush to "dab" color on the apples of cheeks; blend out to cheekbones. (Stroking on blush leaves lines.) Blush should be applied last, after eye makeup and lip color, so you can see just how much color you need. Stick with a color "family" that matches skin's undertones—usually pink, yellow, or blue. (To help women make color choices, Clarion offers makeup computers in stores.)...



To cover under-eye circles: Choose a concealer that matches skin tone; blend it under the eyes to the top of cheekbones. Avoid light or white coverups, which tend to create a "raccoon" effect. (Lancôme's concealer is waterproof; Dermablend's has a triangular foam tip for covering hard-to-reach areas such as inner corners of eyes.) After applying concealer, dot forehead, under eyes, cheeks, chin with foundation; blend to smooth uneven skin tones. (One help: Max Factor's new foundation chart pairs skin type with coverage wanted.)

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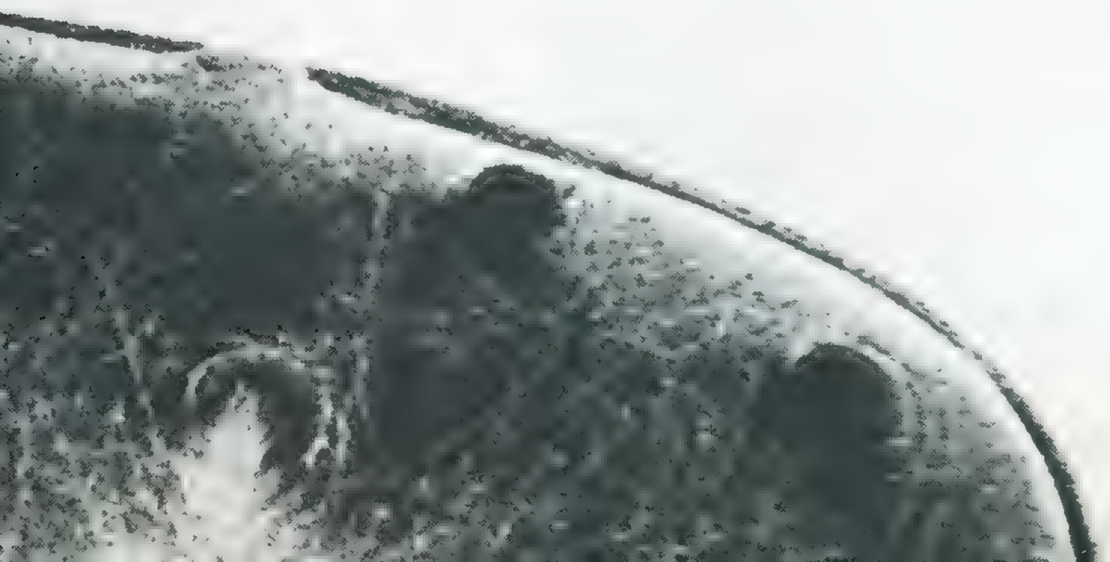

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EYES ONLY

Lashes: a longer look . . . "power" frames . . . sunglasses as makeup

Along with a move to neutral day makeup and simpler hair, there's a polish to eyeglasses—in the tradition of men's horn-rimmed styles: now apparent in women's frames designed by Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, Ray Ban, (*above*) François Pinton.

Starting point for summer's "barer" eyes: a single stroke of mascara, perfected with a lash comb—"the most underused makeup tool," says makeup pro Margaret Avery. "For fair lashes, apply mascara with an eyeliner brush rather than a mascara wand to achieve total coverage, avoid 'blond roots.' " . . . Mascaras of choice for grey-haired women: soft browns, charcoal greys; black may be too dramatic—one idea from La Costa's *The Silver/Gray Beauty Book* (Rawson Associates). . . . To watch for: a more intensive focus on protecting skin around eyes, minimizing dryness—the basis for a line of ten eye products from Kelemata.

"Sun blocks": Gaultier cap, above, with flip-up shades; L.A. Eyeworks sunglasses (sketch), with clip-on nose guard.

DARK EYES

Black glasses are so prevalent in fall/winter fashion collections this year that they're playing the part not only of an added accessory but also a favorite "makeup" idea. (Key accessories of the season, in fact—in New York, Paris, and Milan—are gloves, high-heeled pumps, watches, handbags—and sunglasses.) Seen on the runway at Ungaro, *above*, the drama of black glasses, red lips. Black glasses come, too, with the added glimmer of gold rims at Ungaro; at Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld's amusing new twist is quilted side frames.

Eye Trends *Special for computer users: "Tech-Specs," made to minimize glare and eyestrain (Panache Eyewear, Inc.). . . . Can eyes be trained for sports? Maybe. Some experts believe you can only train reflexes; studies on athletes' visual skills at the Olympic Training Center, Colorado Springs, may reveal more.*

GUY MARINEAU, ARTHUR ELGORT Makeup, Mary Greenwell Details, last pages Sketch, BOB HIEMSTRA

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MOVIES

Sheen and Shaver in "The Believers"

URBAN WITCH DOCTORS John Schlesinger's murky mix of voodoo cults and a shrink

The Believers opens with one of those scenes of a deceptively halcyon middle America that have become a staple of the post-Hitchcockian thriller: a man (Martin Sheen) jogs along a sun-dappled street in suburban Minneapolis as milk is being delivered to back stoops. Inside, his wife makes breakfast and urges their son to get ready for school. Something terrible is about to happen, and life will never be the same again. The trouble is that nobody since Hitchcock has been able to follow up on the promise of that opener; and John Schlesinger, the British director of *Marathon Man* and such varied takes on American folkways as *Midnight Cowboy*, *The Falcon and the Snowman*, and *Honky-Tonk Freeway*, is no exception.

This occult melodrama about a father and a son threatened by members of a Caribbean religious sect is taut and suspenseful as far as it goes—and until it goes too far into ghoulish special effects and apocalyptic fantasy. The film never taps into the deeper pools of familial love and paranoia present in the first scene. One reason may be that Schlesinger breaks a cardinal rule of filmmaking: a key character who dies early in the film—in this case, Sheen's wife—should be appealing, but disposable. But Elizabeth Wilson, as his anthropologist wife, makes such a vivid impression that her death leaves a hole in the plot. Sheen, a therapist who counsels stressed-out cops, moves to New York City with his son, but we are left ruminating about his wife.

Schlesinger makes good use of the locations in Spanish Harlem where the lunatic-fringe leaders of the cult are emitting their evil signals; and he is a master at individual scenes of terror, such as one in which a desperate cop, wrestling with the demons inside him, finally quiets them by stabbing himself in the stomach. But most of the time Schlesinger is happy to allow subtleties of motivation to go by the board in favor of satisfying the current appetite for Grand Guignol, and the modish (and banal) vision of evil as omnipresent and indestructible.

Neither Helen Shaver, as a comradely tough-gal love interest, nor Harley Cross, as the son, builds up enough rapport with Sheen to make us care what happens. But Sheen himself has become a wonderfully reassuring modern knight. His therapist character combines the nurturing qualities of the "new male" with the probity and fearlessness of an old-fashioned hero, a man with more integrity than Schlesinger's plot can sustain. —MOLLY HASKELL

ERIC STOLTZ: "I've been the flavor of the week"

I met Eric Stoltz at New York City's Circle In the Square Theater, where he was playing the young suitor Horace in Horton Foote's *The Widow Claire*. He wore a jacket with a bright red "X" taped on the back. "A bicyclist?" I inquired. "No, I just like to know where I am. 'X' marks the spot."

We went for a walk in the rain, Eric armed with a granola bar. People noticed him. In Manhattan, his milk-fed good looks seem exotic: fine bones, cleft chin, red hair, wolf eyes. In *Mask*, as Cher's deformed son, he hid those looks, and triumphed. In John Hughes's *Some Kind of Wonderful*, Stoltz convinced us that no girl would look twice at him. Onscreen and off, he seems sweet, vulnerable, with a boyish voice and eyes that turn down at the corners. He's thin. He looks like a vegetarian. He is a vegetarian.

We went to a café for camomile tea. I wanted to talk about him; he wanted to talk about the state of the world. "The world's a mess." Which particular mess, I pressed him. "The continuation of our species. We're on a very dangerous precipice. I'm very concerned that the world will not last as long as my lifetime.... Things have got to change."

We moved on to the facts. His parents moved his family to Samoa when he was eight, just for kicks. He plays piano and trumpet, doesn't own a TV; instead of watching the Oscars, he went to hear *Dialogues of the Carmelites*. At twenty-five, he has Hollywood in perspective: "I've been the flavor of the week." Whatever role he's currently playing is his favorite; next is Percy Bysshe Shelley in the film *Haunted Summer*, also starring Laura Dern and Philip Anglim. Romantic poetry will suit Stoltz well; consider his parting words: "I'd like to encourage everybody to register to vote and exercise that privilege...to practice safe sex...and never to listen to anyone, especially me." —STEPHEN DRUCKER

("PATA Movies" continued on page 40)

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MOVIES

Decadence and its discontents

A grim eulogy for swinging London

Withnail and I, Bruce Robinson's first film as director, is a buddy film like no other buddy film you've ever seen, a grimly merry eulogy for the 'sixties and for swinging London as it slides into a giant hangover. In an ornately seedy apartment in Camden Town, London, two out-of-work actors are lost in the black hole of a drug haze: Withnail (Richard E. Grant), the flamboyantly debauched idol of a fan club of one, and his idolater, the awe-struck "I" (Paul McGann). The infested digs they share with the local pusher are knee-deep in the accumulated debris, mental and physical, of the 'sixties orgy that Robinson obviously knew firsthand. In fact, *Withnail* is one of those movies made from so far within the subculture it describes, and conceding so little to the audience, that you sometimes feel left out in the cold.

For an audience, the grimy authenticity of the apartment with its "you-had-to-be-there" air of snickering degeneracy quickly turns claustrophobic. When the place becomes too much, even for the two young men, they repair to Withnail's uncle's country house. This extremely funny sojourn—in which the epicene uncle (encouraged by Withnail) makes a play for "I," and the friends find themselves on the outs with all God's creatures—is the film's best sequence. Nothing in recent movie comedy can equal the idiotic scene in which the men try to roast a chicken, a hilarious moment capped by the image of the half-plucked fowl sitting upright in the oven.

McGann (L.) and Grant in "Withnail and I"

McGann's "I" is a charming acolyte, someone we feel is about to hatch from his embryonic form, but the story is really Withnail's. A Byronic dandy of sunken eyes and sardonic disposition, he's the sort who defies propriety with that excess of high style that, at a certain stage in life, seems far more important than dull substance. Withnail is that larger-than-life symbol of assurance who, in our sexually uncertain salad days, could con us by a combination of wit and theatrical contempt, making mincemeat of our family and friends while we smiled in eager agreement—grateful for the privilege of being ridiculed. And yet—as the movie so poignantly suggests—Withnail is the ultimate loser, caught up in a romantic vision that is all talk and posture and glorious evasion. When "I" finally quits him, it is because he has outgrown him. Indeed, "I" would take on a name, and identity, to reckon with: Bruce Robinson, actor, screenwriter, and now *auteur* of this astonishingly accomplished elegiac comedy. —M.H.

English director Bruce Robinson's astonishing debut

Bruce Robinson

I want to show you the most pornographic picture I've ever seen in my life," says Bruce Robinson, leafing through one of his notebooks. As if this were not unsettling enough, he adds that it is a photo of the Princess of Wales. Diana is clad in a white dress and perky sailor hat, but what arouses Robinson is the nuclear warhead to which she is giving her benediction. The picture, he says indignantly, was taken soon after the birth of her first son. What sort of world is she welcoming him into? Underneath Robinson has written, "Personality like a can of recently opened cat's meat."

"I'm not nostalgic for the 'sixties," says Robinson, forty-one, the writer-director of the funky *Withnail and I*, a comedy set at the fag-end of the decade. But in his long hair, T-shirt, and silver bracelet, he seems never to have left. His politics are those of the period as well: a conversation about his work keeps get- *(Continued on page 44)*

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MOVIES

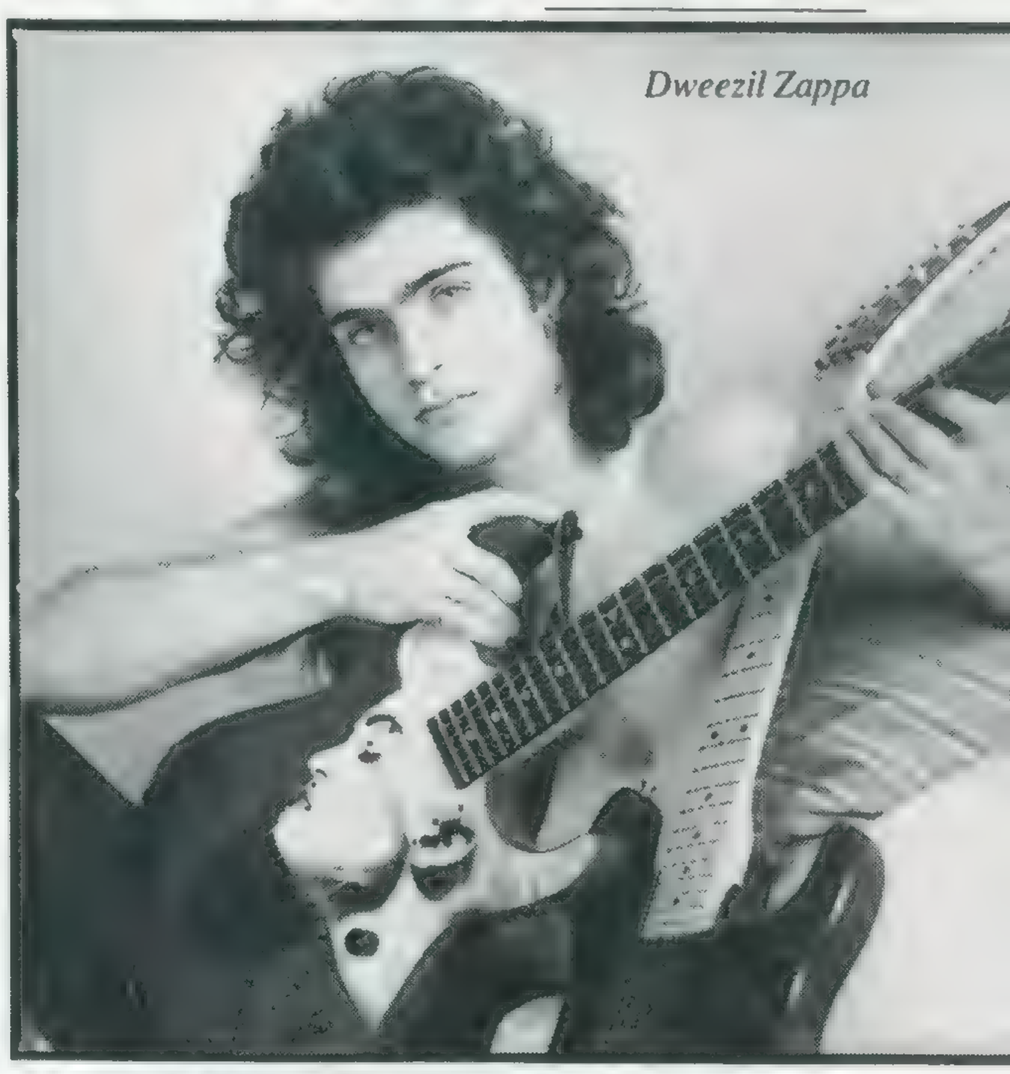
(Continued) ting wrenched into a diatribe about Henry Kissinger ("that war criminal who should be in jail"). Materially, though, he's deep into the 'eighties, in a Victoriana-filled house in leafy, Tory Wimbledon. "I'm a capitalist," he acknowledges. "I have an Aston Martin."

Robinson encountered his first leftist hero at thirteen when he read *Oliver Twist*, the book that began his lasting worship of Dickens. The son of a Kent wholesale news dealer, he was an unhappy, asthmatic child who left school at fifteen but went on relentlessly acquiring knowledge. His quite plausible-sounding French, he says, was learned from a book called *Hugo's French in Three Months*. After going to drama school, he took up a career as an actor, playing Benvolio in Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* and Isabelle Adjani's inexplicable object of desire in *The Story of Adèle H.*

Robinson was also making a career for himself as a successful, if invisible, screenwriter. "In Hollywood you can live well, drive a Rolls-Royce, and never see what you write onscreen. I wrote twenty-five scripts that were never produced." He broke through with *The Killing Fields*, directed by Roland Joffe and produced by David Puttnam, for whom he went on to do another script that has proved more troublesome. "I spent two and one-half years working on *Fat Man and Little Boy*, the story of the atom bombs that were dropped on Japan, and my script was taken away from me. Joffe is rewriting it now—he couldn't write a postcard home to his mother."

Robinson's next film will be *How To Get Ahead in Advertising*, a satire about "an advertising executive who gets a creative block and realizes that what he's been selling his whole life is evil and wrong." Robinson then dreamily quotes Bakunin. In his latest venture into autodidacticism, he went through six volumes of *Practical Coal Mining* to prepare for *Germinal*, in which Tom Cruise has expressed interest.

After a far-ranging romantic career that included a liaison with Lesley-Anne Down, Robinson married Sophie Windham, a delicately pretty girl who looks like one of her own illustrations for children's books. He leaves off his acrid Hollywood recollections to shyly offer a photo of their new baby, Lily India, named for the country where she was conceived. "I don't know, maybe you don't like babies, but isn't she beautiful?" For all his discontent about England, he doesn't seem to mind her growing up there, admitting that he is strongly bound to the place: "When I was in California, I used to crave the filth in the streets, the milk cart going by." —RHODA KOENIG



Dweezil Zappa

LEAVE IT TO DWEEZIL

The enterprising son of a mother of invention

Dweezil Zappa, son of rock icon Frank (who named his oldest boy after one of his wife's toes), is, at seventeen, an entertainment cottage industry. Emerging from the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen (the Zappa family's name for their music room), Dweezil makes his movie debut this summer as Mick Fleetwood's freedom-fighting son in the futuristic action/adventure *The Running Man*, based on Stephen King's story. ("That film wasn't a barrel of laughs—we were underground covered in muck the whole time.") Dweezil is wowing the pop world as a self-taught guitarist with a power-rock bent—"I'm fanatical about it; I'd rather play than sleep." He's also a regular guest veejay on MTV, where he displays the family gift for casual ridicule. (He won the spot after doing a segment with sister Moon Unit.) For his *Let's Talk About It* video, a peace-themed track from his debut album *Havin' A Bad Day*, Dweezil organized a glittering cast that included Don Johnson, Robert Wagner, and Jane Fonda.

Affairs with teen queens Molly Ringwald and Katie Wagner (daughter of Robert) have kept the gossip press at his heels, but up close Dweezil is composed, businesslike, concerned about real estate. "I just want to make enough money to buy a house while there are still houses to buy." The way things are going, he'll have that house before he's able to vote. —DAVID DE NICOLO

SLEAZY RIDER

***River's Edge* is the story of a murder and the emotions it arouses—or fails to arouse—among a group of borderline kids who float like zombies through an ethical and moral free zone, and bond out of some perverted idea of gang loyalty. Director Tim Hunter (*Tex*) gives the film a jagged, hallucinatory feel, and with one major exception—Crispin Glover's portrayal of a manic, lizard-like gang leader—the cast is chillingly convincing. And that includes Dennis Hopper as a one-legged ex-biker pothead who keeps a life-size doll by his bed and does more than dance with her. A movie about characters so depraved that Hopper's grizzled recluse seems like an oasis of calm is obviously not everyone's cup of tea; but for those with strong stomachs, this is one of the more original and haunting films of the summer. —M.H.**

TSENG KWONG CHI

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Art up against the wall . . . Berlin—a capital of contrasts—and its supercharged art get red-carpet treatment in a major show at NYC's Museum of Modern Art

Berlinart 1961-1987, the big summer show at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, surveys a quarter century of art, sex, and angst in the city that's been a breeding ground of modern consciousness since the 'thirties, when Christopher Isherwood and W.H. Auden arrived from England in search of cabarets and boys. As the romantic Germany of the nineteenth century cartwheeled into the twentieth, Berlin's brittle high spirits epitomized modernity. Kurt Weill's clattering melodies and George Grosz's acid-etched lines captured the sardonic cosmopolitanism of the day. Berlin was a free city; but no amount of partying could drown out the rumblings of fascism. After World War II, when the city raised its battle-scarred head, it was still a capital of contrasts—only now between Democracy and Communism, boom and bust, mind-expansion and mind-control.

The Modern show, along with its encyclopedic catalogue, documents how this culture-on-the-brink state of mind has evolved since the Berlin Wall was erected. Today, West Berlin is, as it was in earlier times, a home-away-from-home for foreign artists, among them David Hockney, Malcolm Morley, and Christo (all of whom have works in this show), and for German Georg Baselitz, who moved from East Germany to West Berlin in 1957. Berlin is again Europe's party town. For Helmut Middendorf and Luciano Castelli, who have doubled as rock musicians, it's a place where one can mix a heady night life, socio-political commentary, and the oil paint of the studio. One artist—Salomé—does paintings based on photographs of himself doing pornographic tightrope acts.

Not surprisingly, much of the art produced in West Berlin since the Wall is reminiscent of German Expressionism. The slashing strokes of Baselitz, Castelli, Rainer Fetting, Markus Lüpertz, Middendorf, and Salomé echo those of Max Beckmann, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, and other earlier denizens of the city. Like them, the new artists respond directly to experience. Their work is unruly, impulsive, a form of supercharged illustration—graphic art blown-up to easel and mural scale.

Berlinart doesn't include the two German artists of the most interest in New York City these days—Anselm Kiefer, with his nightmare view of the German past, and that poet-of-kitsch Sigmar Polke. And many of the works will seem old hat to those who have closely followed neo-Expressionism in the New York galleries since 1980. But even if the work is overdue for the red-carpet treatment of a major museum, this show is something of a surprise at the Modern, where German Expressionism has been given short shrift—it barely rates a gallery of its own in the permanent collection.

Coming on the heels of last summer's Vienna extravaganza, *Berlinart*, running through September 8, is another attempt to capture not so much an art movement as a cultural moment. In West Berlin, as in turn-of-the-century Vienna, cultural prosperity goes hand-in-hand with deep-seated social and political turmoil. The artists can't account for history and so turn introspective, antirational, crazily erotic. *Berlinart* is a Call to Disorder. The artists are a guerrilla gang, igniting the apocalypse.

—JED PERL

("PATA Art" continued, page 52)

Top: Angst in the studio—Helmut Middendorf's "Painter," 1982. Bottom: From the city of the night, K.H. Hödicke's "Nocturno," 1983.

Top: Photo, Reni Birdwhistel, all rights reserved From a private collection. Bottom: From the Gallery Gmurzynska, Cologne/Photo, Walter Klein, Dusseldorf

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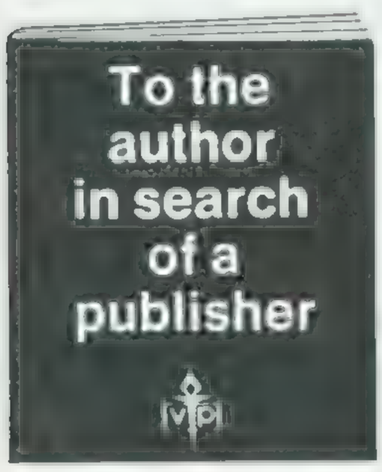

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... ART

Modern Arp The Boston Museum shows a playful Dada

Arp's "Forest," 1916-17

Jean Arp is proof that an artist can be cool, calm, collected, yet funny, ambiguous, perverse. Born in Strasbourg in 1886, Arp began as one of the comedians of Dadaism during the World War I years but soon was doubling as a Classicist, carving semiabstract goddesses out of snow-white stone. Somehow he managed to unite these two disparate styles, and they became two sides of the same life-affirming personality. Arp was fascinated by randomness and chance; he liked to make compositions of the patterns left by bits of torn paper as they fell on a sheet of paper. But he avoided the irrational, anti-art side of Dadaism; his work—like that of Calder and Miró—comes out of the uncomplicated adolescence of the modern imagination.

The Universe of Jean Arp, opening this month at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is packed with dozens of his drawings, painted reliefs, as well as sculptures created right up to the time of his death in 1966. (It also includes works by his wife and close collaborator, Sophie Taeuber-Arp, who died tragically in her sleep, asphyxiated by the fumes from a gas stove.) Arp's amoeba, bean, and egg shapes have the mysterious force of forms in nature—plus the refinement of precious objects made by a man's hand. This very personal vision had an enormous influence on the graphic and decorative design of the 1940s and '50s: amid this magical art, we see the archetypal dream forms that stand behind those kidney-shaped coffee tables of our youth. —J.P.

FOLLIES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS **Summer. The well-to-do have left the sweltering city for cooler provinces. And just when their backs are turned, NYC's Whitney Museum of American Art subjects them to the harsh treatment of meanie, left-wing artists like Reginald Marsh and Stuart Davis. Beginning July 16, the museum's branch in the Philip Morris building presents *The Social Graces: 1905-1944*, a sly look at the foibles of the New York elite of yesteryear in its favorite haunts—smoke-filled men's clubs, prime opera boxes, and, in John Sloan's "A Thirst for Art," 1939 (*above*), at the still-popular gallery opening, where swells soaked up more cocktails than culture. —E.W.**

Top: Contemporary Collection of The Cleveland Museum of Art Bottom: Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art, New York

Photo: Roberto Carra

ESPRIT

FOOTWEAR

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MUSIC

Bob Dylan

Blowin' in the ear

Bob Dylan as celluloid sex symbol: that's what the creators of *Hearts of Fire* are banking on. According to the film's notes, the once-eremitic singer will portray a figure much like himself—"an aging, reclusive rock star," who battles a David Bowie-like megastar (Rupert Everett) for the affections of a fetching young singer (Fiona Flanagan). Director Richard Marquand says his film is about rock's "mad world of huge success and total failure," but Flanagan describes it more simply as "really just the story of a girl and two guys."

Dylan has long been intrigued by film, of course, dating back to such 'sixties "rockumentaries" as *Don't Look Back*, not to mention his own ill-conceived 'seventies pseudo-epic *Renaldo and Clara*. He also created the role of Alias in Sam Peckinpah's outlaw tale *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*. But in *Hearts of Fire*, he appears for the first time as the star of a "major motion picture."

At forty-six, Dylan has already played a number of roles—folkie, rocker, minstrel, messiah, poet, prophet. And lately he's been more active than in years. His contributions to the *We Are the World* record and Live Aid benefit concert helped to spark the current social-consciousness revival in pop music. His casual remark during Live Aid later led to the Farm Aid concert. He's touring extensively, supported by the hard-rocking Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, his best backup group since he worked with the legendary Band twenty years ago; and he's writing new songs, both alone and in consort with everyone from Petty to Sam Shepard.

Whether Dylan's musical success will translate to the screen remains to be seen: in a scene in *Hearts of Fire*, his fight for Flanagan's heart has him throwing one of the wimpiest punches in film history. But don't bet against him—midway through his fifth decade, he's undefeated and still champion.

—RORY O'CONNOR

Concrete Blonde, l. to r., Mankey, Napolitano, Rushakoff

ROCK AND ROOTS: brave new bands

Today's big rock groups are squarer, safer, and richer than their fiery ancestors. But for those who decry the yuppification of rock, several new bands provide hope that the rock 'n roll of the future will once again have a subversive edge.

Concrete Blonde is a Los Angeles-based band led by singer/bassist Johnette Napolitano, who claims, "More than ever, we need the protest of the 'sixties and the protest of the punk of the 'seventies." Napolitano—along with guitarist James Mankey and drummer Harry Rushakoff—says she's always felt closer to the hardcore punk and underground scenes than what she calls "the big schmoozathon" that is the L.A. music business. Blonde's headstrong, optimistic songs, like the punk-inspired "Still In Hollywood" and the acoustic-flavored "True," boast guitar-oriented melodies and defiant vocals.

Until recently, Napolitano lived in one room in Benedict Canyon with her belongings in storage, and despite a real recording deal (I.R.S. Records) and the support of Premier Talent, the agency that books Springsteen and U2, she says, "I still feel like we're the bastard child when we go to the radio stations, knowing they'd rather be talking to Robert Palmer."

Screaming Blue Messiahs, of England, have taken raw blues and rockabilly and shot them full of speed. Songs like "Smash The Marketplace" (*Gun-Shy* LP) embody passionate, obsessive rock 'n roll. Leader Bill Carter, with shaven head and maniacal stage presence, is, along with band-mates Kenny Harris and Chris Thompson, reluctant to analyze his music. "I try to make it exciting, give it an edge, but it's as big a mystery to me as it is to everybody else."

England's Matt Johnson, creator of **The The,** eschews a proper band and live performances as "outdated," works with dozens of musicians, writes songs about AIDS and politics, and is pleased if his music "polarizes people's opinions." "My work is born out of discontent," says this self-described misanthropist who left school and went to work at fifteen (he's twenty-seven), and who many consider a "madman." His newest work: *Infected*, a collection of eight videos and an album of provocative music sung in his intense, somber croon.

And there are more, among them, England's **Love and Rockets, The Woodentops,** Santa Cruz's droll **Camper Van Beethoven,** and New York's hard-rock **Bad Brains,** all favorites of the adventurous college radio stations.

Just when you thought it was too safe to go into a record store, rock 'n roll is raising its disobedient head. Roll over Madonna, and give The Beastie Boys the news. —LISA ROBINSON

BARBARA COOK REHEATS CAROUSEL

In the early part of this century, when Ferenc Molnár created *Liliom* and George Bernard Shaw breathed new life into *Pygmalion*, the playwrights probably never dreamed their works would be transformed into successful musicals—Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel* and Lerner and Lowe's *My Fair Lady*. Now the musicals have been given revolutionary new audio interpretations that might surprise even their composers.

The upcoming MCA recording of *Carousel* boldly mixes voices from the opera and pop music worlds and, utilizing the most advanced technology the 'eighties has to offer, blends and smooths the diverse timbres to produce a winning new album. The cast is headed by Broadway earth mother Barbara Cook, who created the unforgettable Marian the Librarian in *The Music Man* and had her own one-woman show on Broadway this spring. Her lyric light soprano is as perfect for the romantic role of Julie as opera's bravo basso Samuel Ramey's is for carnival barker Billy Bigelow. The lavish cast is complemented by Sarah Brightman as Carrie, who marries Mr. Snow. (She is currently starring in husband Andrew Lloyd Webber's triumphant *Phantom of the Opera* in London, but it's rumored that when the show comes to NYC this fall, Hal Prince has his eye on Mary Elizabeth Mostrantonio for the lead role.)

Coming from London Records is the new *My Fair Lady*, with Kiri Te Kanawa, definitive specialist of Mozart and Handel, singing Eliza Doolittle to a Henry Higgins played by Jeremy Irons, who is not known for his singing. But when one realizes that the role was created by Rex Harrison, who had previously never sung a note in his life, the choice seems quite logical—and Irons certainly adds an element of romance.

—ROBERT J. LEHMANN

("PATA Music" continued on page 58)

Left AARON RAPOPORT/Onyx. Right HOWARD ROSENBERG

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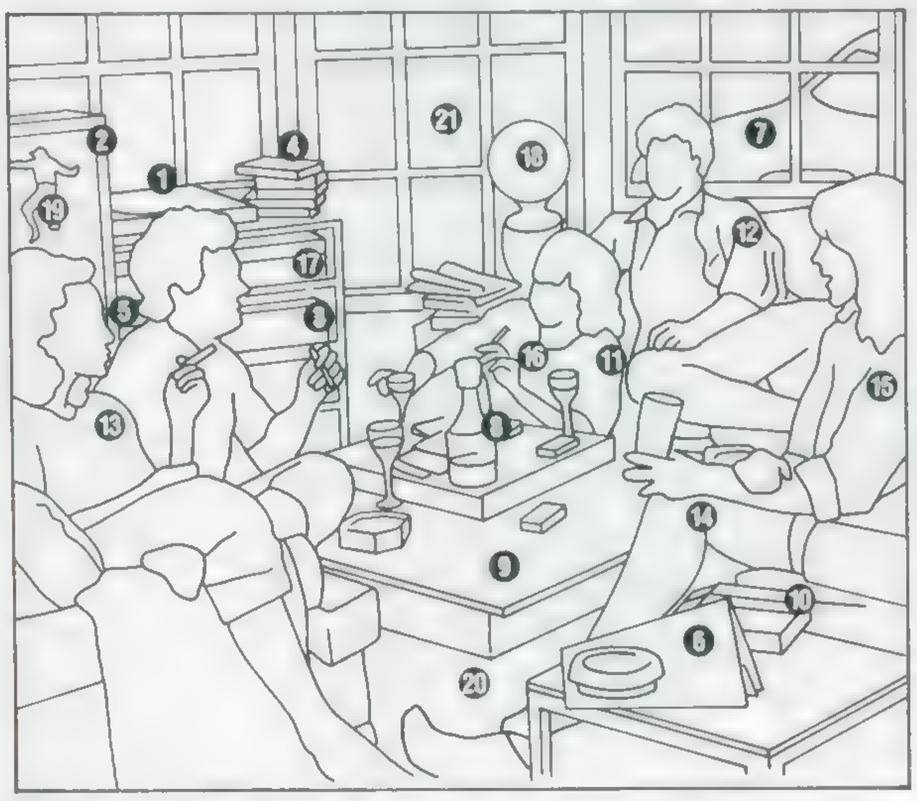

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC

Steve Winwood's higher style

Two decades of Celtic soul

Steve Winwood

People used to think of Steve Winwood as a moody recluse who emerged from his English country home every couple of years to produce a new album displaying his formidable singing, songwriting, and keyboard talents. This year has changed all that. Winwood toured for the first time in thirteen years, won Grammy Awards for his single "Higher Love" and hit album *Back in the High Life*, and married American Eugenia Crafton, who is expecting their first child this summer. These days, Winwood sits comfortably at the top of the rock pantheon, a graceful survivor of an extraordinary twenty-four years in the music business.

In a rock world of tired shag haircuts and spandex tights, Winwood, thirty-nine, projects a gentle, almost aristocratic manner. His elegant cheekbones and well-tailored suits make him seem like a man who's been shielded from the seamier side of the business. The truth is, he's seen it all. Winwood was kicked out of school at fifteen and went on the road at sixteen with The Spencer Davis Group. He played keyboard and sang his own songs, "Gimme Some Lovin' " and "I'm a Man," in what is regarded as one of the superior "white soul" voices. In the late 1960s, he fused British folk with psychedelic rock to form the brilliant group Traffic, and did a stint with Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker in Blind Faith. Starting in 1976, he recorded three solo albums.

"I never really was a recluse," he says. "I just thought that to work alone was a valid way to make music. I did find I missed working with other people, and decided to get back into the entertainment side of things."

Winwood remembers when The Spencer Davis Group recorded albums in three days. "I don't think music has changed all that much from the 1960s, although then it was part of a social change. What's different is the way it's presented." Winwood has been a part of that difference: with his "Higher Love" video, he was one of the first major musicians to encourage the craze for Super 8 film collage. "Today, rock'n roll is entertainment, and really," he says, "that's what it always was." —LISA ROBINSON

DINOSAURS

Making prehistory

Where to buy a $45,000 model Tyrannosaurus Rex

Skulls and body parts are stacked on shelves; a rib cage hangs from the ceiling. The predominant sound is silence, broken only by the low moan of bones dragged along the floor of the dank and drafty room. The workers are intense, their eyes perhaps just a bit overbright and driven. "This is time-consuming," says Kate Wallach, as she stains the pubic section of a Tyrannosaurus, "but we gotta make it look like it all died at the same time."

Here, in the basement of NYC's American Museum of Natural History, glorious life-size copies of dinosaur skeletons are turned out by craftsmen like Wallach, who used to be a potter, and Dorman Allison, who used to be the wig master at Joe Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival. (Allison on why he prefers dinosaur-making to the theater: "Actors have bigger teeth.") They report to Martin Cassidy, who began the Reproductions Shop in 1973 after a Japanese museum wondered if it could get a copy of the American's Stegosaurus.

Orders have piled up ever since. Twelve thousand dollars for a whole Stegosaur isn't a lot of money—not today, when a fossil-finding expedition (a caravan of experts and preparators, that is, not just some guy in a Jeep frying sausages and digging up the Badlands on weekends) can run a museum into the half-million-dollar range. But what bothers Martin Cassidy is the backlog of private orders—an offshoot of a revived interest in prehistory that has inspired a swamp of dinosaur jewelry, shot glasses, tattoos, you name it; The Dino Store, a Cambridge, Mass., enterprise that carries only dinosaur products; a dinosaur-theme window at Gucci's, NYC; even a Midwestern Cadillac dealer who gives away a four-and-one-half-foot inflatable dinosaur with every purchase.

Casually resting his hand on a Triceratops skull, Cassidy swears that he mails out the museum's catalogue of facsimiles to anyone who inquires. (It lists fifty-seven items, from Brontosaur footprints at $400 apiece to a $45,000, eighteen-foot-high T-Rex.) But as Ivy Rudzky, another staffer, has complained, "The public's perception is that we have all these things on a shelf. This is not a *kit*." "Just to pull the mold off this thorax piece," says Dorman Allison, swatting a T-Rex section approvingly, "could take me two days. Things go at glacial pace here. And that suits us."

Cassidy's elaborate molding technique, which involves up to twenty layers of latex rubber that is then hardened and filled with a mixture of polyester resin and fiberglass, is similar to the process sculptors Nancy Graves and Eileen Spikol have developed for their own work. It's laborious and exacting. Much of the work is done by volunteers. Cassidy says, "I tell all of them, 'This is a desert island.' I like them self-sufficient. I couldn't see doing all this work with a lot of modern equipment." One volunteer, Marvin Sommers, converted umbrella stays into spatulas; he fabricated paleolithic tools for use on a hut made entirely from woolly mammoth bones.

L. to r., Natural History's Cassidy, Allison, Ment, Spikol, Wallach, Maurice Crausford

Ivy Rudzky started as a volunteer herself. She'd been a dancer, and sometimes it still shows: "I look at the feet of Tyrannosaurus," she sighs, "and the shapes are particularly beautiful to me." Actually, according to Rudzky, most of the volunteers are between jobs, or have given up on some previous career, or haven't sorted out what they want to be, or are retired. They're looking to move on eventually, but right now they need reassurance—something familiar and solid—while they reappraise. New beginnings, it seems, start with The Beginning. —CHARLIE RUBIN

Left ARTHUR ELGORT Right SYLVIA PLACHY

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... TV

Jackée Harry

Jackée Harry "I'M UPSTAGING EVERYBODY"

Saturday night television hasn't been the same since Jackée Harry sashayed her way into the hit sitcom *227* two seasons ago. As the flamboyant sexpot Sondra, Harry outvamps Mae West with a walk that is pure seduction and a patter loaded with double entendres. Harry steals every scene by making eyes at, and a play for, every man she meets.

"Originally, Sondra was going to be in just seven episodes," says Harry, who pronounces her first name Jac-kay. "Sondra was supposed to be glamorous, the brunt of jokes, and then gotten rid of. When I started to do the part, the producers of the show told me, 'More, do *more*,' and I said, 'But I'm upstaging everybody.' " She's been doing it ever since.

Harry was born in Winston-Salem, and grew up in New York City across the street from Harlem's Apollo Theater. She appeared on Broadway in *Eubie* and *One Mo' Time*, and had a regular role in the daytime soap *Another World*. "Sondra is 90 percent me. I'm actually crazier, but I have to tone it down a bit. You can't say all the things on TV that you say in real life."

With two TV movies made during a *227* hiatus, and the inevitable rumors that she'll get her own show, Harry is busy, too busy—she claims—for the kinds of romantic involvements that make Sondra's day: "My own love life is a total shambles," she says. —LISA ROBINSON

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISED

Fox on the fritz

There's been some griping about Fox Television's new offerings. People turning away from their TV sets with long, grim faces, lying disconsolately on their unmade beds, bitterly downing yesterday's can of flat Diet Pepsi. Because the TV shows on Fox Television are just like . . . TV shows.

Since Fox proudly pointed out that they were using successful producers and directors and writers from the old networks, people like Stephen J. Cannell and James L. Brooks, I'm not sure why anyone expected a programming revolution. No revolution. Not even a putsch. Just a bunch of sitcoms sitting around talking. But one of these sitcoms is very good, and precisely because it is so thoroughly unoriginal, it's a classic. *Married . . . With Children* is about the Bundys, a lower-middle-class family—a lazy mom; a griping, insensitive dad; and two sneering teenagers. They are wonderful TV dinosaurs, *Honeymooners* with a living room. Their neighbors, though, are modern sitcom figures—insofar as they are of any class, it is simply a comfortable one; they *work* on their problems. They are there as foils for the Bundys, as a dose of self-help-book television reality. But the Bundys have no use for self-help; they are self-serving.

In their world of sagging couches and sly dreams, Al and Peg thrive on their own disarray, kicking it around playfully like a football, passing it now and then to the neighbors. They are self-confident troublemakers. Katey Sagal, dressed in retro-Barbie sweaters and slacks, is perfect as Peg, a tower of wanton disdain. "I always wanted a sewing room," she says wistfully to her neighbor. "Someplace I could go . . . and drink wine and hide from the kids." With her narrow, plotting eyes and brisk, easy timing, she is a pleasure to watch—a completely intelligent comic actress playing an intelligent woman who totters happily around in her perpetual bad mood as if it were a pair of rhinestone-studded mules.

The Tracey Ullman Show, starring the English actress and pop singer, is a comedy/variety show, sort of. It features Ullman and a small cast of regulars in various skits that you want to laugh at, and occasionally you do. The show lacks the wild energy, the cheery show-biz vulgarity of something like *The Carol Burnett Show*; and at the same time it has none of the hip, casual unevenness of *Saturday Night Live*. It's knowing, but conventional. Still, comedy shows need time to find their rhythm, and Ullman has a kind of spiky charm.

Down and Out in Beverly Hills, on the other hand, has no charm and is the tackiest show on television. I know that's a big claim, but just think about it—the Nick Nolte character from the movie is played on TV as an obnoxious aging surfer who says "bitchin' " a lot.

There are more—*Duet*, a show about the courtship of a "spontaneous" New York City writer (Matthew Laurance), the kind of guy Elliot Gould used to play, and a less spontaneous L.A. caterer (Mary Page Keller). (Jodi Thelen is extremely funny as the caterer's sister—with her squeaky voice and gaping eyes, she is blithely inattentive, a swooping bat with bad hearing.) And *Mr. President* is a one-gag affair, a predictable family sitcom except it's in the White House with kids whining, "Two hundred rooms in this house and I have to be next to *him*!" George C. Scott is pleasantly low key, and it's good he's not Ed Asner, but all in all I think I'd rather see Al and Peg Bundy host the PTL Club. —CATHLEEN SCHINE

Left: GENE ARIAS Right: FOX BROADCASTING CO

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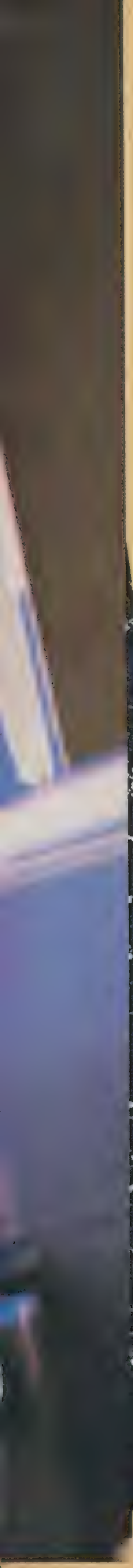

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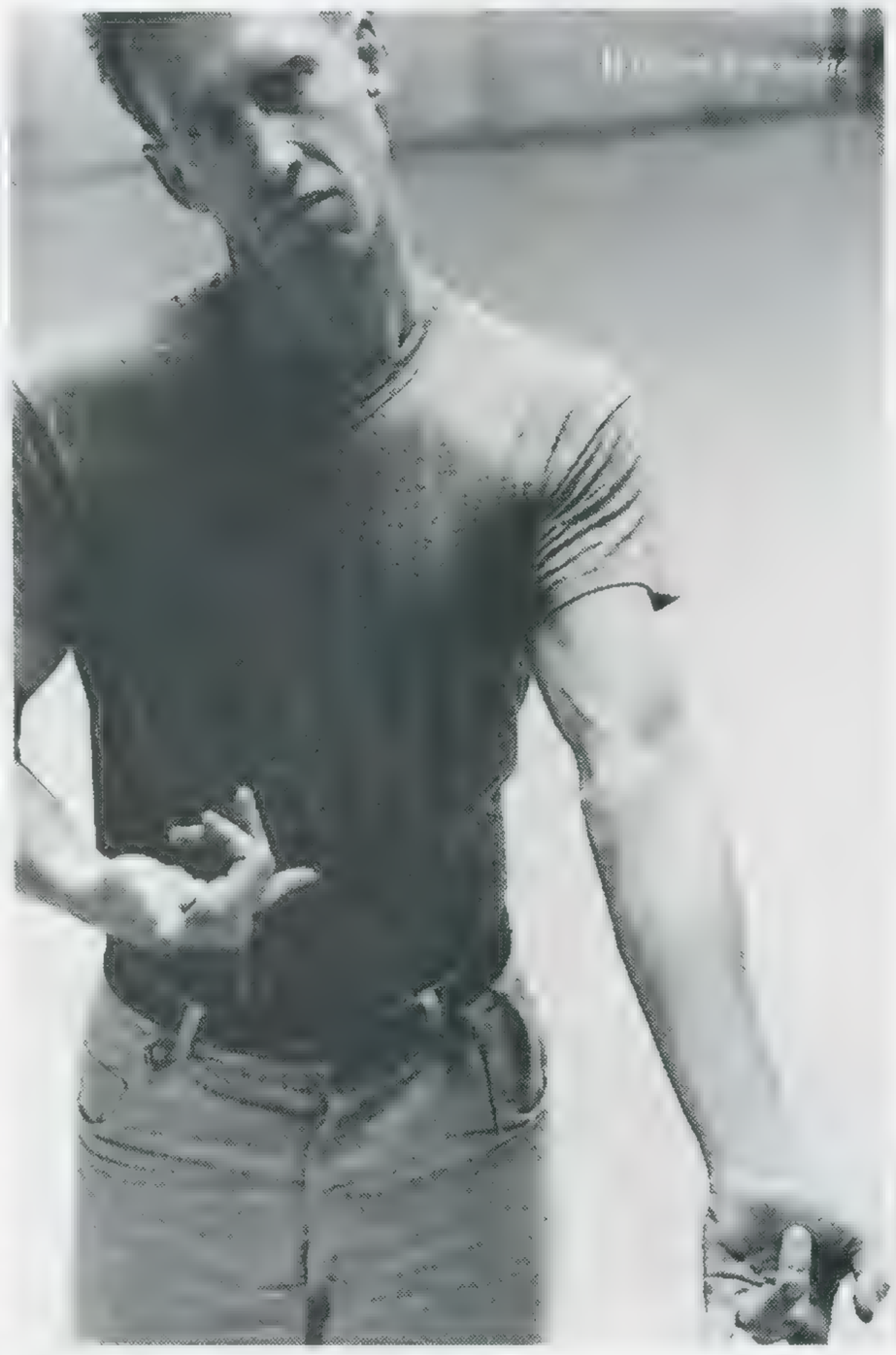
CHOREOGRAPHING THE UNEXPECTED

William Forsythe makes dance interesting again


ARISAG TULLMANN

American audiences acquainted with William Forsythe's work have formed their impressions on the basis of a scant few ballets, most notably: *Love Songs* (in the repertory of the Joffrey Ballet), a series of lovers' quarrels set to Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick songs extolling the throes of obsession and longing; and, more recently, *New Sleep* (at the San Francisco Ballet), a cryptic exercise in the principles of higher learning, set to a commissioned score by Tom Willems, a Dutch composer and Forsythe's frequent collaborator. Finally, this month, we get something more to go on, when the Frankfurt Ballet, under Forsythe's direction since 1984, comes to the PepsiCo Summerfare Festival, at the State University of New York at Purchase, with works that range from the serious and formal (*Artifact*, a terse essay in the physics of partnership) to the sublimely ridiculous (*Big White Baby Dog*, in which a band of conquistadors frolic with three restless native women, interrupted by a stray white dog executing *entrechat-six*).

Raised on Long Island, Forsythe studied at the Joffrey School and arrived in Frankfurt by way of the Stuttgart Ballet (as a dancer and, later, as principal choreographer) and a dozen other companies for which he has choreographed, free lance, all over the map. Next year, he returns to the States, to make a new work for the American Music Festival at the New York City Ballet.

He specializes in the unexpected (a midget as a narrator, for example), but nothing is more surprising—and gratifying—than the movement he invents, the new uses to which he puts standard steps and positions. At a time when so many choreographers are reinventing the wheel, "discovering" ballet's ABC's, or narrowly occupying themselves with its classroom vocabulary, or trying to fuse ballet with other dance idioms, Forsythe is remarkable for his firm grasp of the classical language. Respectful but not reverent, he experiments with it and works as if it's his for the taking, making it his own. —H. B.

THEATER... B'way's prize performances

August Wilson's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Fences* is a "big" play—a nearly three-hour explosion of noisy emotion and physical confrontation—while Alfred Uhry's *Driving Miss Daisy* is a piece of perfection based on small truths and smaller moments. True, both plays skirt racial stereotype: in *Fences*, the foolishness, anger, and cupidity of a working-class black man (James Earl Jones) split apart his family until his good, intelligent, sassy, loving wife (Mary Alice) brings it back together; *Driving Miss Daisy* explores the love and respect between an aging white woman (Dana Ivey) and her likewise aging black chauffeur (Morgan Freeman).

But what is truly similar about these dissimilar plays is that, in each, the leads give fabulous performances. In the case of *Fences*, one can forgive August Wilson the plot holes, the relentlessness of the thing: his courage as a playwright is unquestionable, since some might see his portrayal of the black family as an act of treason along the lines of a feminist writing about women who are happily rich and Republican. But I have to wonder if the play would have survived its regional tryouts to become a Broadway hit with lesser actors in the leading roles. James Earl Jones shows what brilliance it takes to play stupidity, and Mary Alice's pure and direct performance has even the whites in the audience testifying: "Say it, sister!"

The acting in *Driving Miss Daisy* (now running in NYC) is, in its way, more miraculous. Alfred Uhry is a lyricist (*The Robber Bridegroom*) and this, his first play, is ever so slight. But Dana Ivey and the always surprising Morgan Freeman embrace its familiar territory with such unembarrassed sweetness, with such undiluted craft, that the audience is not only challenged, but refreshed, inspired, and moved. —SUSAN BOLOTIN

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SHAPE-UP NOW

Getting the most from exercise . . . men at spas

pro tips

What's missing from many exercise programs? Proper technique. Common errors such as hyperextending knees and elbows, overarching the back or tensing shoulders and neck can not only lessen exercise benefits but also magnify injury risk. Here, how to increase the value of your workouts.

• Concentrate and involve yourself as you move. Be aware of specific muscles and joints involved in each exercise. Try to develop a sense of total involvement of all parts of your body in each movement, even though effort is concentrated on one or two specific body areas.

• Never strain. Remember that there is an important difference between the feel of a muscle being worked and the pain of overworking your body. Pain is a red light that something is wrong. When any part of your body is uncomfortable, that's an indication that you're applying yourself too strenuously. Let up a bit.

• Keep "tucked." As you exercise, whether standing or doing floor work, remind yourself to keep abdominals contracted, your bottom "tucked" (don't hold your breath). It's key not only to maintaining proper exercise alignment but to making all movements more effective.

• Remember to breathe. Too often, exercisers—especially beginners—have a tendency to hold a breath or to take in shallow gulps of air, which can cause lightheadedness or a dull headache; in extreme cases, it can result in a rise in blood pressure. When learning an exercise, relax and try to breathe naturally. Once you're familiar with the movement, pay close attention to proper breath control, exhaling through your mouth on the exertion and inhaling through your nose on the release.

• Never sacrifice technique for speed. It is far more important to do an exercise correctly than rapidly. If the pace in a class seems too rapid, slow down; if you need to, rest for a moment or two, and then resume.

• Avoid bouncing movements. Sharp, staccato movements place unnecessary stress on joints and muscles, can even lead to tears in the tissue web that connects muscles. Try to move as fluidly as possible, even to a fast music beat.

—BARBARA PEARLMAN

spa seekers

They may not admit it, but men have never been more body conscious. Proof: the number of men heading to spas. At the Golden Door, Escondido, CA, men's weeks—the first two weeks each of September, December, March, June—book up six months in advance.

MICHEL COMTE Hair, Chad Coher Chad Studio, NYC makeup, Elisabeth Drabinski

Puffy Eyes. Crow's Feet. Help is in sight!

Eyes talk. Don't let them tell… they speak without words, too often revealing the secret of your age. It's no wonder as delicate eye contours face constant aggressions. Even the most innocent expressions—including squinting, blinking, and smiling—take a toll. Stress and fatigue, application and removal of eye makeup, all add their own damaging effects. The need for special attention becomes clearly evident—visibly urgent!

Clarins comes to the rescue.

Treat the fragile skin tissue surrounding your eyes to Clarins light, non-oily eye contour treatments. (Oily products actually cause eyes to "puff-up".) Formulated with soothing, nourishing plant extracts, Clarins Eye-Contour Gel and Balm provide the vital care needed to combat puffy eyes and crow's feet. Proven effective, they will help open your eyes to a more youthful tomorrow.

Clarins Eye-Contour Gel helps to reduce puffiness.

A morning "wake-up" treatment to calm delicate eye contours. Soothing camomile and refreshing calendula help relieve irritation, diminishing puffiness and dark circles. It's so light, you can also apply it during the day—even over makeup (a favorite of contact lens wearers).

Clarins Eye-Contour Balm minimizes expression lines.

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CP SHADES

FITNESS NOW

On the move: "hot" new exercise gear . . . s-t-r-e-t-c-h

A decade ago, the world of exercise—from sports to sports clothes—was totally a man's "game." Today, more and more women are improving their fitness, more are involved on corporate and research levels; and, as a result, companies such as Reebok are bringing exercise gear into the 'eighties with modern designs that work for—and appeal to—women. What's new: Stretch, Lycra/nylon blends like you've never seen before—sheerer, lighter in weight, with a construction that defines, "holds," moves with a woman's body without losing shape (right: acid green-on-black tights by Body Glove).... Color gives a new turn to everything—tights to watches: bold hits of color to work with black, to up visibility for outdoor exercise.

*The shape of fitness today, above: body-hugging tights and T-shirt in new stretch fabrics with "wickability," allowing moisture to escape; from Robert Mannino for Tank Therapy. Nike makes them, too—their mesh muscle tights are perfect for hot weather. . . . **Fitter feet**, left: Low-impact exercise shoes—ideal for a mix of activities (L.I.F.E. by Avia). For race walking, Adidas' "neon"-reflector shoes, below left, increase safety.*

***To "up" aerobic potential**, left: one-pound "neon" terrycloth ankle/wrist weights (Spenco). . . . **"Hot" specs**, above: lightweight, scratch-resistant sunglasses provide UV protection (Sunjet by Carrera). . . . **Time out**, above right: multipurpose sports watches time you for up to sixty minutes (TAG Heuer Formula 1).*

RANDOLF GRAFF. Sketch, BOB HIEMSTRA. Details, last pages

VOGUE, July, 1987

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FITNESS WALKERS

GUY MARINEAU

hAIR NOW

Fall hair preview: news on the runway, fast care . . . new-on-the-scene salons

1987 fall

Hair news on fall runways is rarely a matter of length; the best looks are turning up neater, sleeker, more polished than we've seen in a while (but not hard-edged). Hair often gets pulled up and off the face, with a new focus in back—the appeal of a loose chignon, a high ponytail. Seen on runways at Milan/Paris ready-to-wear: hair gently smoothed back in front (1, at Ungaro)...held in a new high ponytail if hair's full and long (2, at YSL by Alexandre de Paris)...or a big chignon worn on the nape (3, at Valentino)....The short cut is most often a modern Louise Brooks bob—charming at Armani under a lace cap (4)...or slicked behind ears, with a bow at Chanel (5, by Alexandre de Paris).

care shortcut: shampoos

Most women feel that looking their best means washing, conditioning, and styling hair daily, twice a day if they exercise. Simplifying the process: new daily-use shampoos that combine several hair-care steps in one. Shampoos such as the new ones from Modafini with built-in conditioners come in different strengths: one controls oiliness while lightly moisturizing; another for chemically treated hair has rich conditioners, gentle cleansers. (One more to try: Pert Plus.) For women with sun-damaged hair, there are new protein formulas that add body and shine (from Allen Edwards); shampoo/conditioners with sunscreen (Systema line from Sebastian is one) offer protection. For removing the buildup that daily use of liquid "tools" brings, look for gentle cleansers that don't overstrip hair (Vidal Sassoon's Advanced Salon Formula).

SALON NEWS

*In **NYC:** At just-opened Daniel, there's the draw of a backyard terrace for having a light lunch while hair dries, pedicure sets. At Geneses, quick, temporary coloring—hair "chalking" with pastels—is combed into dry hair, washed out after one shampoo . . . . In **Wilmington, DE, and King of Prussia, PA,** at Michael Christopher Designs: Highlighting color, for summer, scrunched on hair ends . . . . In **Washington, DC:** news for fans of Robin Weir & Co.—this spring, along with an enlarged Dupont Circle salon, a new shop has opened in Georgetown. Phone: 202/337-9292.*

VOGUE, July, 1987

HE SAYS HE LOVES ME FOR MY SENSE OF HUMOR. HA.

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"He laughed when I said I always have a hot dog before the ballet.

But then, it's easy to get a laugh when you're playing to a captive audience.

Frankly, I think he's pretty special, too. So tonight, I wanted to look nothing less than sensational. And I wasn't about to trust my hair to anything less than Finesse."

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TONIGHT, NOTHING LESS THAN

FINESSE

horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

July's Astrological Weather: On Independence Day, Gemini, Cancer, and Leo congregate to discover that they share a frame of mind. Budding summer romances between Taurus and Virgo, Libra and Pisces burst into bloom during the full-moon weekend of the 11th. Aries and Scorpio bear the brunt of the pervading hostilities on the 17th. Sagittarius goes overboard in the last week, annoying everyone but Aquarius and Capricorn.

CANCER June 22–July 22 Unearthing a family secret could be the most entertaining aspect of the Independence Day weekend. Romantic Venus enters your sign at that time, but it'll be another week before you attract Mr. Almost-But-Not-Quite-Right. And although you are mesmerized by the full moon in your marriage sign, don't believe every sweet nothing whispered in your ear. In the third week, Jupiter may offer an opportunity to increase your status; but real financial benefits come from doing something innovative with your present job.

LEO July 23–August 22 Throughout the Fourth of July weekend, faces from the past show up where you least expect them. With Mars in your sign making you more impulsive than ever, you might invoke the rage of one very resentful family member around the 17th. It will be at least two more weeks before a truce can be reached. Expectations in the third week, when your sun ruler is at odds with Jupiter, can be momentarily exhilarating but ultimately disappointing. A business arrangement that appears around the 29th will succeed only if you do the necessary research.

VIRGO August 23–September 22 Consider yourself on vacation for the first two weeks—your professional status continues to grow without any undue effort on your part. Spend the weekend of the 11th by the water so that Neptune can bring out the lyrical side of your nature; work on a literary project. Midmonth, a business acquaintance tries to persuade you to join in a high-risk financial venture that could cause a serious cash-flow problem as the month ends. Pass for the time being or you'll be furious with this person and with yourself.

LIBRA September 23–October 22 Musicians and artists captivate you during the first two weeks, when your romantic Venus ruler is acutely sensitive to poetic Neptune. In the third week, your partner might go on a wild spending spree and blatantly ignore your concern over mounting debts until the month ends. However, this is a good time to eliminate the negative aspects of your job or to counteract the subtle saboteur who has undermined your efforts. A casual acquaintance turns into a true friend in the last week.

SCORPIO October 23–November 21 Although Scorpios have the reputation for being the femmes fatales of the zodiac, it's really only twice a year—when Venus is in a compatible aspect to your Pluto co-ruler—that you're comfortable in this role. Happily, this event occurs during the full moon the weekend of the 11th, ensuring that you'll have the appropriate lighting for a suitably romantic escapade. The following weekend, however, friction between Mars and Pluto sets your nerves on edge and strains your relationship with your boss, your mentor, or your publisher.

SAGITTARIUS November 22–December 21 During the first week, you might run across an old friend whose expertise can shape your plans for the future. When your Jupiter ruler urges you to step into the limelight in the third week, make certain that your partner is willing to provide a financial safety net before you allow your enthusiasm free rein. Otherwise, you're apt to receive his cold shoulder until early August. An opportunity to study or travel abroad appears as the month ends; for maximum adventure, schedule your trip for mid-August.

CAPRICORN December 22–January 19 The full moon in your sign on the 10th may give you your fifteen minutes of fame. Coincidentally, it's also the weekend when your partner shows more passion and jealousy than usual. Extract one large favor from him at that time because, during the last two weeks, the pressure of work and family obligations might find both of you on tenterhooks. As the month ends, Mars infuses your Saturn ruler with the confidence to make an advantageous financial investment.

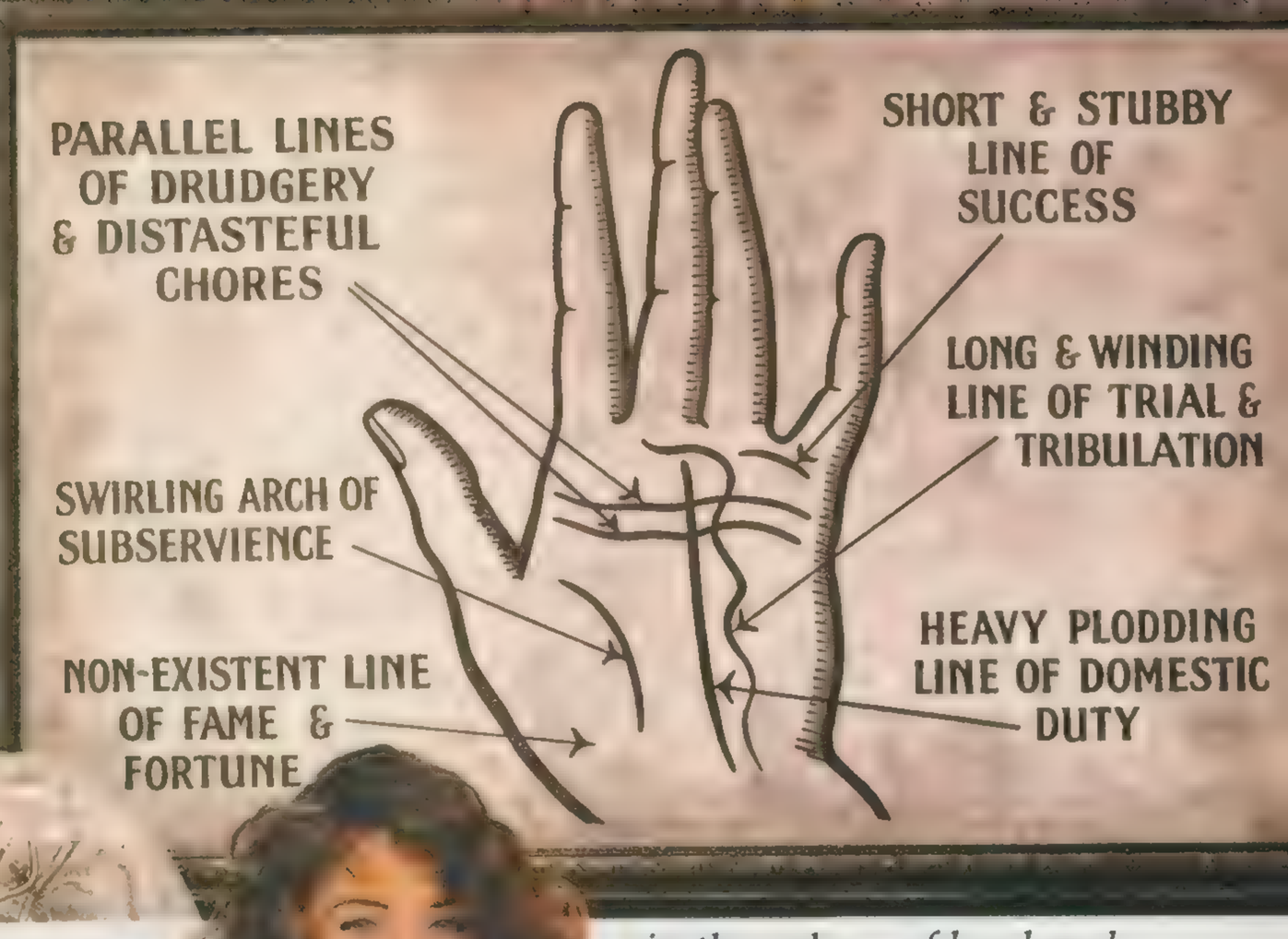
AQUARIUS January 20–February 18 In the first week, when Venus is unfriendly to your Uranus ruler, you might feel estranged from a buddy. Although you would benefit from a change of scene, chances are you'll be hosting the July Fourth bash. Mid-month, your partner may take a more active role in your career and, by the end of the month, may succeed only in alienating you from a coworker. Opportunities for financial gains come in the last two weeks, but the potential for profit is overestimated. Exercise caution.

PISCES February 19–March 20 Pay particular attention to the psychic messages you receive during the first two weeks, while planetary activity in intuitive Cancer augments your innate understanding of the human heart. A summer romance could begin the weekend of the 11th, when Venus complements your idealistic Neptune ruler while it unleashes untapped sexual longings. But while falling head over heels in love might expand your universe, it will certainly deplete your bank balance. Be prepared to tackle a heavier workload in the last week.

ARIES March 21–April 19 Despite the probability that retrograde Mercury could make traveling more difficult, you'll still have a much better time over the Fourth of July weekend visiting former classmates or neighbors than entertaining at home. Only if you can muster the grace to give in to your partner's demands will you be able to avoid a direct—and possibly traumatic—confrontation on the 17th. Wait until the month ends and your impetuous Mars ruler receives concrete support from Saturn before agreeing to a new business proposal.

TAURUS April 20–May 20 Blame it on the full moon if you must, but when impressionable Neptune toys with your Venus ruler the weekend of the 11th, your romantic inclinations could get out of hand. Try to sidetrack a parent whose relentless nagging in the third week could cause additional friction between you and your spouse. As the month ends and Venus enters generous Leo, you'll have to fight an urge to indulge yourself with pointless luxuries. Traveling expenses during that time may be far greater than you anticipated; make sure to have ready cash on hand.

GEMINI May 21–June 21 As the month begins, a recent change of heart throws your love life into turmoil. However, once your Mercury ruler turns direct on the 15th, mixed emotions will be clarified. In the third week, a financial arrangement with a friend becomes more expensive than either of you expected, but you'll recoup your loss by September—just don't lose the friend. In the last week, your sibling or neighbor could come up with an excellent business proposition that keeps you busy through August.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WOMB FOR RENT

Imagine, if you will, the first feminist surrogate mother agency, where the "minimum wage" for services rendered is nearly $1,000,000

BY KATHLEEN ROCKWELL LAWRENCE

I'm starting Mercantile Moms, the first feminist surrogate mother agency. I am moved to action by this sad example of yet another male-dominated profession in which women's bodies are for hire in the service of men. (Make no mistake: though some have defined a surrogate mother as one who bears a child for a woman who cannot bear children herself, a woman who rents out her womb is carrying on a man's bloodlines, not another woman's.) We women must take control of the means of production. It's a daring idea, and one that easily lends itself to politically correct franchises.

The only thing is, I'm having difficulty with staffing. I call a friend for lunch. She'd be the dream surrogate: very attractive, very smart, and experienced, having had two kids of her own. If I can recruit her, I'll be able to entice other women with dynamite genes. "How much would I have to pay you to lure you away [she's a VP at a large insurance firm] and get you on board here at Mercantile Moms?"

"No way," she says. "I'd never be a surrogate. Never."

"Come on, be open-minded. Name your price. How can you say 'never'? I mean, you'd be a surrogate, wouldn't you, if you didn't have an education, didn't have a job, if you and your kids were going hungry, and you were offered some money? You'd do it then, wouldn't you?"

"You mean if I were totally bereft, without any resources?"

"Well, yes. I suppose that's what I mean."

"In that case, I'd much rather be a prostitute. You have to be pregnant if you're a surrogate. Remember being pregnant?" I nod my head. She continues, "You have to go through childbirth. Remember childbirth?" I nod, rather more emphatically this time. "And then, you have to give up your baby. I mean, I don't *want* another baby, but if I had one, I'd want to keep it. Prostitution has got to be a whole lot easier."

My friend has reason, which is why I picked her in the first place. I redouble my efforts, though, and appeal now to her humanitarian instincts. I speak of the sadness of infertility and the need for people to continue their lineage.

She remains unmoved, sipping her coffee. "Are you going to do it?" she asks.

I tell her heck no. I remind her that I'm the founder. In a little while she asks if Mercantile Moms is going to pick up lunch. "I'll get back to you," I say, and make meaningful eye contact when we part.

In the days that follow, I have similar responses from other recruits. Basically, the bind is this: These women have either had children or they haven't; either they know all about pregnancy and so are going to be real tough to convince to do it again; or they don't, and would be willing to get pregnant only to have a child for themselves.

Perhaps if I make a firm salary offer. What would be fair? I've heard that it costs about $30,000 to buy a parking space in a Brooklyn garage, so there's that. Surrogacy does have its garaging aspect, but, of course, there's so much more to it.

My friend's mention of prostitution has given me an idea. What's the going rate for call girls—pedigreed prostitutes—these days? How do you call them to find out? "Prostitution" is not a category in the Yellow Pages. Flipping through, though, I see a heading called "Escort Services," under which run ads claiming "carefully selected sophisticated models will present personalized services . . ." and "our personalized service for *All* your social and promotional needs." They have names like "Elle" and "Tryst." Hmmm . . .

The first few I call have answering machines, but one has a real person picking up the phone. I ask her how much for one of their attractive language interpreter VIP hostesses, thinking that a woman who has a combination of good looks, language interpreting skills, and VIP qualities will certainly fall in the good gene pool and be right for comparison purposes.

The reply: "$500 for the first hour and a half, and $200 dollars for each hour and a half after that." Wow! Interpreting is more lucrative than I thought. I have a friend who's translated a number of books. I had no idea she was doing so well.

I thank the woman from the escort agency and hang up, in a fire to begin my tabulations.

Mercantile Moms guarantees parity of pay with any escort service. Although our Moms won't be expected to translate, there are other things to consider, among them:

—body depreciation

—loss of services to oneself (and perhaps others) in the last trimester (and in the first if a Mom suffers from morning sickness)

—insurance against the real possibility of physical complications

—the fact that our Moms sign away any royalties from baby's future production

—intensive psychiatric care to cope with the dark combination of postpartum/post-baby syndrome

—provision for early retirement. Like pro football players, our Moms can only do this job for a few years before their bodies become too ravaged or, unlike pro football players, menopause hits.

There are a lot of hour-and-a-halves in the forty weeks of the human gestation period, 4480 to be precise. That comes to $896,300. Sounds right. I dial my friend's number. She's still not interested, but she's glad I've hit on a minimum wage.

Kathleen Rockwell Lawrence's *"Maud Gone" (New American Library) will be published in paperback this August.*

SURROGACY—WHAT'S LEGAL?

After the Baby M trial, lawmakers are struggling to redefine parenthood. BY MARION ASNES

The tug-of-war over Baby M—which will start all over again this fall, when the New Jersey Supreme Court hears the appeal—focused national attention on the peculiarities of surrogate parenting. In that case, New Jersey Superior Court Judge Harvey P. Sorkow ruled that the contract between Mary Beth Whitehead, Baby M's mother, and the Sterns—William, the child's father, and Elizabeth, a pediatrician—was valid, and so became the first judge to approve a surrogacy agreement officially. Sorkow also awarded custody of the child to her father, whose home, the judge believed, would provide the better environment for her growing up. The third prong of Sorkow's decision was to strip Mary Beth Whitehead of her parental rights to Baby M and to allow Dr. Stern to adopt her.

Sorkow's decision engaged three areas of law—contracts, *(Continued on page 88)*

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SURROGACY—WHAT'S LEGAL?

(Continued from page 84)

custody, and adoption—that are treated independently by each state. As a result, the principles set out in the Baby M decision, while influential, may not be upheld outside New Jersey.

Unnerved by the improvised nature of surrogate agreements, state legislators have introduced a spate of laws that would protect the man, woman, and child whose futures were incumbent on a surrogate contract. Nine states—California, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Illinois, Maryland, Oregon, and Michigan—are considering legislation that would ban surrogate agreements outright. Other proposed laws would force the surrogate to surrender the child to the father—and force the father to accept it—provided that the contract met certain standards, such as independent legal representation for the surrogate; medical and psychological screening of the surrogate, the father-to-be, and his spouse; and the surrogate's right to choose her own doctor and to terminate the pregnancy if she saw fit to do so. The father, on the other hand, could not compel the surrogate to abort under any circumstances. (Today, some surrogate contracts obligate the mother to terminate her pregnancy at the father's request—for instance, if amniocentesis revealed that the fetus was defective—even though this requirement is not legally enforceable.) These laws would guarantee that the mother enters the agreement fully informed, in control of her body; and that the baby has a home. If the contract turns out to be invalid, though, the parents could still wind up in a custody battle.

One bill proposed in New York, called the Dunne-Goodhue bill, would have a judge review a surrogate's contract before she could be inseminated. Once the judge verified that the contract was valid, the surrogate would lose all rights to sue for custody of her child. Under this bill, one of the few to reach the public-hearing stage, only married couples could engage a surrogate's services, and the wives would have to be medically certified as infertile.

A second bill in New York, sponsored by Assemblyman Patrick Halpin, would allow the surrogate twenty days to change her mind about giving her baby to the father; if she wanted to keep it, a judge would award custody in keeping with the child's best interests. This proposal, like many surrogate-parenting bills across the country, would also forbid payment to the surrogate beyond her maternity expenses (which would surely limit surrogacy's spread: how many women would be willing to conceive and bear another's child for free?). One bill proposed in Nevada would allow surrogate relationships, but states that courts could not enforce a contract if there were a dispute.

> Should a surrogate have the right to change her mind? Should an unmarried man have the right to hire a surrogate?

Chances are slim that any state will pass a surrogate-parenting law immediately, especially since surrogacy remains so controversial. Passing regulations would put society's stamp of approval on surrogacy, and few legislators could look forward to the public storm. Regulating surrogacy might also create inconsistencies with existing laws for adoption, contracts, and inheritance. For example: can a court pronounce a surrogate unfit to parent the child—a step the court must take to enable another woman to adopt the child against the surrogate's will—but fit to keep her other children? Can a surrogacy contract, signed before the child's conception and birth, be considered enforceable at the same time that adoption agreements signed before birth are not valid, and paying a woman to surrender her child for adoption is illegal? If a father dies when the surrogate is pregnant, who keeps the baby—the surrogate or the father's spouse, if there is one? What if neither one wants the child?

One way to manage surrogate parenting legally has not yet been explored: forcing the brokers to take more responsibility for the agreements they set up. Mary Beth Whitehead is suing the director of The Infertility Center of New York, lawyer Noel P. Keane, because, she claims, she was not subjected to adequate psychological screening before she signed the surrogacy agreement. The psychologist who examined Whitehead warned that she might have trouble giving up the baby; the Sterns say that they were not shown the psychologist's report. Keane says that when the Sterns met Whitehead, "the issue of the report did not come up."

The most active surrogate-parenting lawyer in the country, Keane also wrote the contract for the Stiver baby, born with severe birth defects, whose "father" refused to accept it. Blood tests (the results were announced on the *Donahue* show) proved that the baby was genetically related to the surrogate's husband, not the man who contracted for the baby; the child was therefore returned to the surrogate mother. Mrs. Stiver is suing Keane because, she claims, she was negligently inseminated with contaminated sperm that infected her with herpes, which she says caused her child's birth defects.

Since the Baby M case, Keane says, requests for his help in finding surrogate mothers have quadrupled. These desperate couples and the women they hire all need to be protected—with laws guaranteeing that the broker who brings them together is truthful, careful, and accountable. ▽

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HAIR Q&A

Color: new—darker—directions . . . double-duty mousse . . . sun damage: help for hair and scalp

Q I would like to make my hair color darker, not lighter. What is the best way?

A According to Clairol consultant Leland Hirsch, director of haircoloring at Nubest & Co. salon, Manhasset, NY, "Modern haircoloring no longer means choosing between going blond or becoming a redhead. Today, there are darker shades that are warmer, richer, more 'toned-down' looking—such as walnut colorings with ash rather than red tones."

How much darker can you go? "As much as four-to-eight shades deeper than your natural color," says Hirsch. "Dark blonds can go to medium brown, light brunettes to 'warm' black. The closer you stay to your color, the warmer and more natural the results will be."

For the most natural look, a colorist can blend several darker shades into hair, using uncolored strands as "highlights." For the subtlest change—or to try a darker color—a semipermanent formula is a good option.

Q How effective is dandruff-control mousse? How should one use it?

A Five nonprescription ingredients have been recognized by the Food and Drug Administration to help control dandruff; these are coal tar, zinc pyrithione (the active ingredient in Flex Medicated Styling Mousse), selenium sulfide, sulfur, and salicylic acid. "If a styling mousse contains one of these ingredients, it could be helpful in slowing down the rapid production of cells on the scalp that leads to dandruff," says Vera H. Price, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology, University of California, San Francisco. "What is essential, however, is that the mousse is used not only to style your hair but is also worked into the scalp.

"Keep in mind that the best way to control dandruff is through frequent shampooing with medicated shampoo; the mousse can be used on the scalp for extra help—initially every day, less frequently once dandruff is under control. If dandruff does not improve within two weeks of using over-the-counter anti-dandruff products, see a dermatologist."

Q My hair has a tendency to turn "brassy" from the sun. What can I do to prevent this? And how can I correct it?

A According to hair-care experts, the most important thing *not* to do if your hair becomes "brassy" or yellowed after sun exposure is to try to correct it yourself with haircolor. "All permanent and many semipermanent haircoloring products contain peroxide, ammonia, or other chemicals that can further 'lift' hair's color and intensify hair damage and dryness," says Linda Tam of NYC's Linda Tam salon. "Often, the result of using them is added brassiness. If your hair needs help, a professional colorist can custom-blend a formula to tone down the color.

For a fast color "fix" at home, hair care expert Paul Mitchell suggests using a temporary shampoo-in rinse designed to remove the yellow in blond or grey hair. "Combine the rinse with an equal part shampoo, then wash your hair as usual. Repeat the process if necessary.

"Preventing brassiness is easier than correcting it," adds Mitchell. "For that reason, a woman should wear a hat or use a hair conditioner or styling product with built-in sunscreens when she spends time outdoors." (Paul Mitchell's "The Conditioner" contains a sunscreen and other protective ingredients.)

Q My scalp sunburns easily. How can I soothe the pain and prevent future burns?

A "While hair itself usually offers sufficient scalp protection from sun, people with thin, straight hair are susceptible to sunburns where hair parts or is thinning," said Norman Orentreich, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at NYU Medical Center.

Also a factor: hair color. "Dark hair has more melanin (pigment) and absorbs sunlight before it reaches the scalp. People with fair or bleached hair are more susceptible to sunburn on their scalps," said Dr. Orentreich.

To "treat" a sunburned scalp, apply cold compresses to reduce swelling. For more severe symptoms, see your doctor who may recommend taking aspirin and applying a topical corticosteroid. Wash hair with a mild shampoo; be gentle when using a comb or brush. Sunburn "flaking" should last no more than a week; more persistent symptoms should be checked by a dermatologist.

Best protection against a sunburned scalp is to wear a hat or scarf. "You can also apply sun block to your scalp," said Dr. Orentreich. "Many come in nongreasy liquids or gels."

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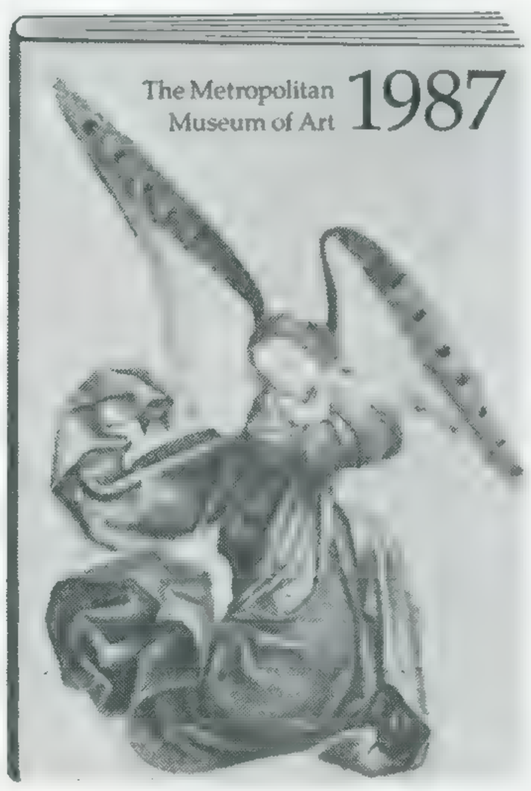

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hAIR NOW

Working solutions: the best ideas

The hair that "works" for a woman today must enhance a professional image, pull together in no time, maintain its polish through a busy day, have fast versatility at night. The base? A cut "with simple lines," says Gad Cohen of Gad Studio, NYC (who did the hair, left), "blunt in back, angled around the face, layered slightly on top, never longer than shoulder length."

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2. *For evening: hair brushed back, with hair spray applied to brush (not hair) for just the right amount....*
3. *More curl: hair set on hot rollers, styled by working a dab of conditioner on fingers through hair.*
4. *Black-hair "base": gentle relaxing. Here, blown dry using a round brush.*

ERICA LENNARD. Makeup, Rumiko DETAILS, LAST PAGES

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BEAUTY Q&A

After-sun relief . . . facial exercises: help or hype? . . . eye-makeup reactions

Q I always use sunscreen, but lately I often sunburn. How should I treat the burn? Is there any way to prevent peeling?

A "For a severe sunburn, with blistering, fever, or nausea, see a doctor immediately. If you get a mild-to-moderate burn (skin looks red, feels hot, sore, or itchy), apply cold compresses; or, if the sunburn is extensive, soak in a cool bath," says Diana Bihova, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology, NYU Medical Center, and coauthor, *Beauty from the Inside Out* (with Connie Schrader; Rawson Associates). "Adding a handful of oatmeal to bath water can also help. Oatmeal's high starch content can help to reduce swelling. Aspirin or other over-the-counter anti-inflammatory medication can also help to suppress skin swelling, which usually appears several hours after sun exposure."

What about aloe? "Studies confirm that aloe contains natural anti-inflammatory and moisturizing agents. Avoid using after-sun sprays or creams in the 'caine' family (especially benzocaine), as many people are allergic to these ingredients; lidocaine, which comes in ointment form, is one exception. Over-the-counter hydrocortisone creams, while soothing, may cause allergic reactions.

"Peeling, an accelerated process of skin-cell turnover, almost always occurs after a sunburn. A moisturizer won't stop peeling, but it can minimize the appearance of flakiness and increase skin comfort. Never try to speed up skin peeling by using an exfoliator or having a facial. And, to prevent future sunburns, always use a high-SPF sunscreen and reapply it regularly—and wear a hat."

Q My eyes have been red and itchy lately. Could my new eye makeup be at fault?

A Possibly. "Among the most common causes of eye irritation are reactions to preservatives or fragrances in eye-makeup products. Overhandling the eye area while removing or applying makeup is also a factor," says Peter Laino, M.D., clinical associate professor of ophthalmology, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

"Using hypoallergenic eye makeup (which is less likely to contain potentially irritating ingredients) is a good idea, but it is also essential to remove eye makeup thoroughly every night. Inadequate eye-makeup removal can lead to makeup particles becoming embedded in the *tarsal conjunctiva*, or inner lining of the eyelid, eventually causing eyes to become red, itchy, and inflamed."

Dr. Laino recommends using a makeup remover specifically formulated for use around eyes and gently wiping, never rubbing, off makeup. He cautions against applying *any* type of makeup inside the lash line, as this increases the risk of eye irritation.

While preservatives contained in makeup do, to a large degree, prevent contamination, other sources of bacteria can also cause eye irritation, adds Edward M. Jackson, Ph.D., director of research services, Noxell (makers of Clarion cosmetics). "Adding water to mascara, for example, when it becomes dry or clumpy often sets the stage for problems. Tap water is not sterile—and the closed, damp environment of a mascara wand can be an ideal breeding ground for bacteria." Cake mascara is less likely to become contaminated.

As a rule, all eye makeup should be replaced each year—or sooner if you notice a change in its texture, color, odor, or consistency.

Q Can facial exercises or massage prevent wrinkles?

A Experts agree that neither facial exercises nor massage can prevent or reverse wrinkling or sagging of skin. Wrinkles occur as skin's elastic tissue degenerates from ultraviolet exposure. And, according to Robert Auerbach, M.D., clinical associate professor of dermatology, NYU Medical School, "Elastic tissue cannot be regenerated by strengthening the underlying facial muscles."

As for claims that massage or machines using mild electrical currents will "firm" sagging skin, experts are dubious. "Even if these machines or massage techniques could tone facial muscles, this would not produce a detectable effect on skin's surface," says Richard Gange, M.D., associate professor of dermatology, Harvard Medical School. While some experts have expressed fears that repeated manipulation may cause *more* skin wrinkling, Dr. Gange doesn't think this is true either. " 'Expression lines' around eyes and mouth take years to form; they are unlikely to be caused or deepened by several minutes of facial exercise or massage."

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mind health

Star therapy . . . intimate play . . . performance and pressure. BY CAROL TAVRIS

THE INTIMATE ART OF PLAY

"Most adults neither are able to play nor understand what play is. . . . They may have many activities, hobbies, recreations, and interests, but they do not play. Even when they run, they do not run as childen do. They are working at running. They spend money, time, and energy *working* at recreation. Consequently, they are not re-created, which is what *recreation* means." Psychiatrists Thomas Patrick Malone, Ph.D., M.D., and his son Patrick Thomas Malone, M.D., argue that the whimsical essence of play is also the essence of intimacy and that too many adults have lost the ability both to play and to be intimate.

In *The Art of Intimacy* (Prentice Hall), the Malones observe that true play, like intimacy, is a way of *being*, not a thing one is *doing*. Yet adults will go from activity to activity in search of play, just as they may go from person to person in the quest for intimacy.

Unlike children who will play, fight, and then freely play again, the Malones observe, most adults end up in "chronic low-level struggling that eventually replaces play entirely and destroys intimacy." How can this pattern be broken? Can an adult rediscover play? The Malones maintain that the first step is a spiritual one: people must surrender their specialness—the idea that *their* problems are unique, superior, worse than others'—and accept the "ordinariness of life" with its normal stresses and difficulties. Surrendering specialness means that we "give up our need to win, and so enjoy the game; give up our need to be first, and so enjoy just being; give up our need to be in control, and so enjoy the *other*."

DO YOU WORK BEST UNDER PRESSURE?

Do people who say they thrive under stress perform as well as they think? Giora Keinan, Ph.D., of Tel Aviv University in Israel, wondered about the decisions made by stressed people. Keinan asked 101 people to solve an analogy test. There was no deadline for finishing the test, but some participants worked under threat of receiving unpredictable shocks as the test proceeded; others were told that shocks would be given for poor performance. (No shocks were actually given.) A third group worked without expecting shocks.

Under stress, men and women alike leaped to "premature closure," offering solutions before they had considered all available possibilities. And when they did consider alternatives, they did so in a panicky, disorganized way.

Since participants were not under time pressure, Keinan concludes, psychological stress alone caused their botched decision-making. To his surprise, it didn't matter whether the stress was controllable. Even the group who supposedly could prevent shocks by answering correctly had impaired ability to make decisions. The message here for pressured decision-makers: slow down, evaluate all solutions, and don't leap to conclusions.

CAN DEPRESSION BE USEFUL?

One of the unending problems in treating physical or emotional illnesses is that symptoms have their uses—for one thing, they make good excuses. When people are evaluated at work, for example, they often exaggerate their symptoms in an attempt to evade responsibility for poor performance. Peter Schouten, a researcher, and Mitchell Handelsman, Ph.D., of the University of Colorado at Denver, wondered whether depression serves a similar purpose and whether women can "get away" with depression more easily than men can. Schouten and Handelsman asked 240 people to evaluate a man or a woman involved in either an incident of spouse abuse or poor job performance. Observers were more forgiving toward someone who appeared to be depressed than someone who didn't and regarded the depressed person as less accountable for his or her actions. Depressed women were seen to be less blameworthy than depressed men and more in need of therapy, rather than jail, for their abusiveness. The researchers are not saying that depressed people intentionally fake their feelings, nor that they don't deserve sympathy. Nevertheless, they observe, depression is a legitimate excuse in this society for actions that would otherwise be considered lazy or wrong. Excusing people for bad behavior when depressed may be counterproductive—ironically, forgiveness rewards the behavior people say they want to eliminate.

INKBLOTS AND STAR CHARTS—ASTROLOGY AND THERAPY

In Western countries, about one person in ten thousand is studying astrology—about the same number as those who are studying psychology. Lately, the two categories are overlapping. Geoffrey Dean, Ph.D., a research scientist, analyzed astrologers' claims in *The Skeptical Inquirer*, a journal published by the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal.

Unlike Eastern astrologers, Dean says, most Western astrologers concentrate on psychological counseling, and some reject prediction entirely. (This is just as well. Dean reviewed studies of thousands of predictions astrologers made in recent decades and found that they were no more reliable than chance.) Astrological therapy may take one of three forms: a single chart-reading session; several sessions to advise the client on a short-term problem; and regular, ongoing counseling. In the last case, the astrologer should have orthodox qualifications to practice as a clinical psychologist—a degree or a license.

Does astrology work? That depends, Dean says. "If by 'works' you mean 'is helpful,' the popularity of serious astrology leaves no doubt that it does indeed 'work.' " Also, he says, the birth chart is not judgmental, the interpretation cannot be proved wrong, and astrologers tend to be nice people. But if by "works" you mean "is true," he says, the situation changes. Every study of astrological beliefs, such as the role of the birth chart, has failed to support their veracity. Dean himself asked forty-five astrologers, including international experts, to study 240 birth charts to identify which people were the most introverted or extroverted and emotionally stable or unstable. (Dean chose the people by their extreme scores on personality tests; he chose the traits because they are known to be psychologically enduring and because astrologers believe they are determined by the stars.) The astrologers spent nearly twenty hours making their judgments. For comparative purposes, another forty-five astrologers simply guessed the traits of each person; this took about twenty minutes.

Dean found that the astrologers who analyzed birth charts did no better than the astrologers who were guessing; the astrologers who studied charts did not agree with each other; and supposedly crucial factors, such as the accuracy of the birth date, made no difference in the reliability of results.

If astrology is used "as entertainment or a religion," as a kind of celestial Rorschach inkblot, he says, its lack of accuracy is not a problem. But if astrology is advertised as the truth, consumers are being defrauded and possibly harmed. "Clients seeking ways to regain control of their lives," cautions Dean, "are not helped by hints that this responsibility can be passed, however slightly, to the stars."

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DRIVING STYLE

Car luxuries '88....hazardous hangovers... driving Spain. BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

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Holding cars ten years rather than one saves more than one-third in yearly ownership costs—Hertz survey

For those afflicted with driving wanderlust, an exciting new place to rev your engines: Spain. One of the hottest travel spots (because of the relatively strong dollar there), Spain offers not only four hundred miles of newly completed "scenic" highway between Madrid and Barcelona but unusually civil (for Europeans) highway etiquette; if you're caught behind a truck, "los caballeros de la carretera" will blink their lights when it's safe to pass.... For the perfect driving itinerary: Avis' free Personally Yours service—a road-by-road guide to parks and gardens, antiquing, etc.

HOW TO KEEP SUN FROM ROASTING FRONT CAR SEATS? CARDBOARD "SUNGLASSES," PLACED INSIDE WINDSHIELD WHEN CAR IS PARKED.

"It's important to buy your car from a reputable dealer who stands behind it with service, even if it costs a little more," says Lynda Hickman, president of Hickman Nissan in Atlanta, GA, one of few female car dealers. "Good service and a well-stocked parts department indicate the dealer is concerned about taking care of your automobile after she has sold it to you." Way to choose? Word of mouth, talks with service, maintenance people.

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Hottest collectible on the road today? The '57 Chevy, a classic for its rounded "space age" design—now in its thirtieth year. Today, however, that top-of-the-line Bel Air that originally cost $2611 goes for $25,000. ...Investment trend to keep an eye on: collecting "generic" cars from the 'sixties—brightly colored but unadorned, boxy American autos like the Dodge Dart, Swinger.

Everyone knows it's dangerous to drink and drive, but what about the morning after? In a recent study by the Nordic Traffic Safety Council and Swedish Traffic Safety Office, twenty-two volunteers were given dodge-the-cones driving tests. What was found? The day after heavy drinking, coordination and reaction time decreased by as much as 20 percent! ...An insurance company may pay for repairs after the largest accidents, "but the greatest volume of money spent on cars is for small, low-speed collisions, such as backing into a tree, that are often below the deductible and come out of the owner's pocket," says John Cook, senior vice president, Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. "Cars with poor bumpers can create a hidden financial drain." His advice: look for cars that exceed "ludicrous" 2½-mph bumper mandatory standards.

VOGUE, July, 1987

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health

Surgery vs. nearsightedness? . . . new "audio" test for joint pain . . . pregnancy vitamin risk. BY MELVA WEBER

SEEING A SURGICAL PROCEDURE

News that surgeons have turned the established procedure for removing clouded cataract lenses into a new aid for people with almost-blinding nearsightedness stirred controversy among the doctors at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Ophthalmology, according to a report in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

In a nearsighted eye, the cornea and lens refract incoming light so that the beams come into focus before hitting the retina; with the lens removed, the light is bent less and focuses closer to the retina, as in an eye with normal vision. Some of today's ophthalmologists, having honed their skills in removing lenses on eyes with cataracts (now safe and commonplace surgery), are using the procedure for clear-lens extraction. Patients with high myopia, generally considered legally blind, cannot successfully undergo radial keratotomy (surgery used to correct nearsighted eyes with lower refractive errors).

Those arguing against the extraction procedure say it adds to the risk of retinal detachment; when the natural lens is removed, the jellylike material that fills the eyeball is less securely packed. The spokesperson for the advocates, Robert M. Sinskey, M.D., associate clinical professor of ophthalmology at the University of California, Los Angeles, School of Medicine, pointed out that inserting an intraocular lens in place of the natural lens lowers this hazard.

Despite critics who say eyeglasses, contacts, or epikeratophakia (an experimental procedure in which a transplant lens is sewn to the cornea) are safer alternatives, Dr. Sinskey contends lens surgery is appropriate for carefully screened candidates, who may be debilitated emotionally.

NOISY JOINTS

Creaky joints may be thought of as just a sign of old age; but by listening to joints very closely, Texas researchers are developing a technique to diagnose ailments ranging from arthritis to torn cartilage and tendinitis. Currently, joint diseases are diagnosed with X-rays or an arthroscope, a thin, lighted probe inserted through an incision so that a doctor can see a possible injury. To alleviate the need for this surgical procedure in some cases, rheumatologist I. Jon Russell, M.D., Ph.D., at the University of Texas Health Science Center in San Antonio, hooked up a sensitive microphone to a computer that converts the creaking to audible signs. He found these ways the sounds of fifty knees could be distinguished:

- *A normal knee sounds like a seesaw.*
- *A knee with rheumatoid arthritis sounds most like a piece of cellophane being crumpled.*
- *A knee with arthritis caused by old age makes a series of clicks or pops.*

Dr. Russell is listening to the sounds other joints (shoulders, elbows) make, eventually hoping to develop a computerized diagnostic system that will match joint sounds to various other maladies.

OVERDOSE CAUTION FOR VITAMIN A SUPPLEMENTS

If you are pregnant or liable to become pregnant, do not take vitamin supplements that contain more than eight thousand IU of vitamin A. Because of the increased risk of birth defects in children whose mothers used various forms of vitamin A during early pregnancy, the Centers for Disease Control urges restraint in high-dose vitamin A used as a nutritional supplement.

Retinol, the vitamin A usually found in supplements, is one of the retinoid group of compounds, which includes 13-cis retinoic acid, the acne treatment associated with malformed fetuses when women take the drug isotretinoin (Accutane) during pregnancy. Defects have been observed in children of women who, while pregnant, took either the psoriasis treatment etretinate (Tegison) or daily doses of 25,000 IU or more of vitamin A.

The degree of risk for retinoids other than 13-cis retinoic acid has not been measured, so researchers at the Food and Drug Administration urge health care workers to identify for follow-up women who are pregnant and have taken high-dose vitamin A supplements just before or during early pregnancy.

CANCER-PATIENT COUNSELING

In London, researchers looked into the psychological problems of anxiety or depression among women treated for breast cancer. As expected, psychologic distress was high (33 percent) among women who had mastectomy, yet it was even higher (38 percent) among those who did not have breasts removed but were treated with lumpectomy followed by radiotherapy. This, say the British researchers, questions the view that mutilating treatment is responsible for most of the psychic distress in breast cancer. They conclude that counseling services should be provided for all women treated for breast cancer, not just those who have had a mastectomy.

YOUR NOSE IN SUMMER: COLDS VS. ALLERGIES

When sneezes and a runny nose plague you, it's important to identify their cause. The symptoms of summer colds, sinus infections, and allergies often mimic each other; but doctors point out that correct treatment depends largely on deciding whether your "cold" is really a kind of "hay fever."

Physicians with the American Academy of Otolaryngology–Head and Neck Surgery say that a common cold—a viral infection—may produce profuse nose runniness, but the mucus is clear. You also could suffer fever, aches and pains, cold sores, and a slight sore throat. Common colds usually last five to seven days and are often treated with antihistamines and decongestants. Colds also can progress into bacterial sinus infections, which are accompanied by thick yellow or greenish mucus and can produce facial pressure pains. If this happens, you should see your physician, who probably will prescribe antibiotics.

The allergy commonly known as "hay fever" is a different story. It may mimic the sneezing, running nose, and itchy red eyes of a cold, but the symptoms are often worse and last longer. It's a reaction to dust, mold, pollen, or other allergens and can be seasonal, hitting at the same time every year. Allergy management often requires detective work by your doctor, who must determine specific, individual treatment. Many allergies can be treated with antihistamines, which block the formation of the body substance responsible for the allergic symptoms.

For helpful brochures on these problems, send a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope to AAO–HNS, 1101 Vermont Ave., N.W., Suite 302, Washington, DC 20005; specify which of the following: "You and Your Stuffy Nose," "Antihistamines, Decongestants & 'Cold' Remedies," or "Hay Fever, Summer Colds, and Allergies."

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MANAGING your money

BY MARION ASNES

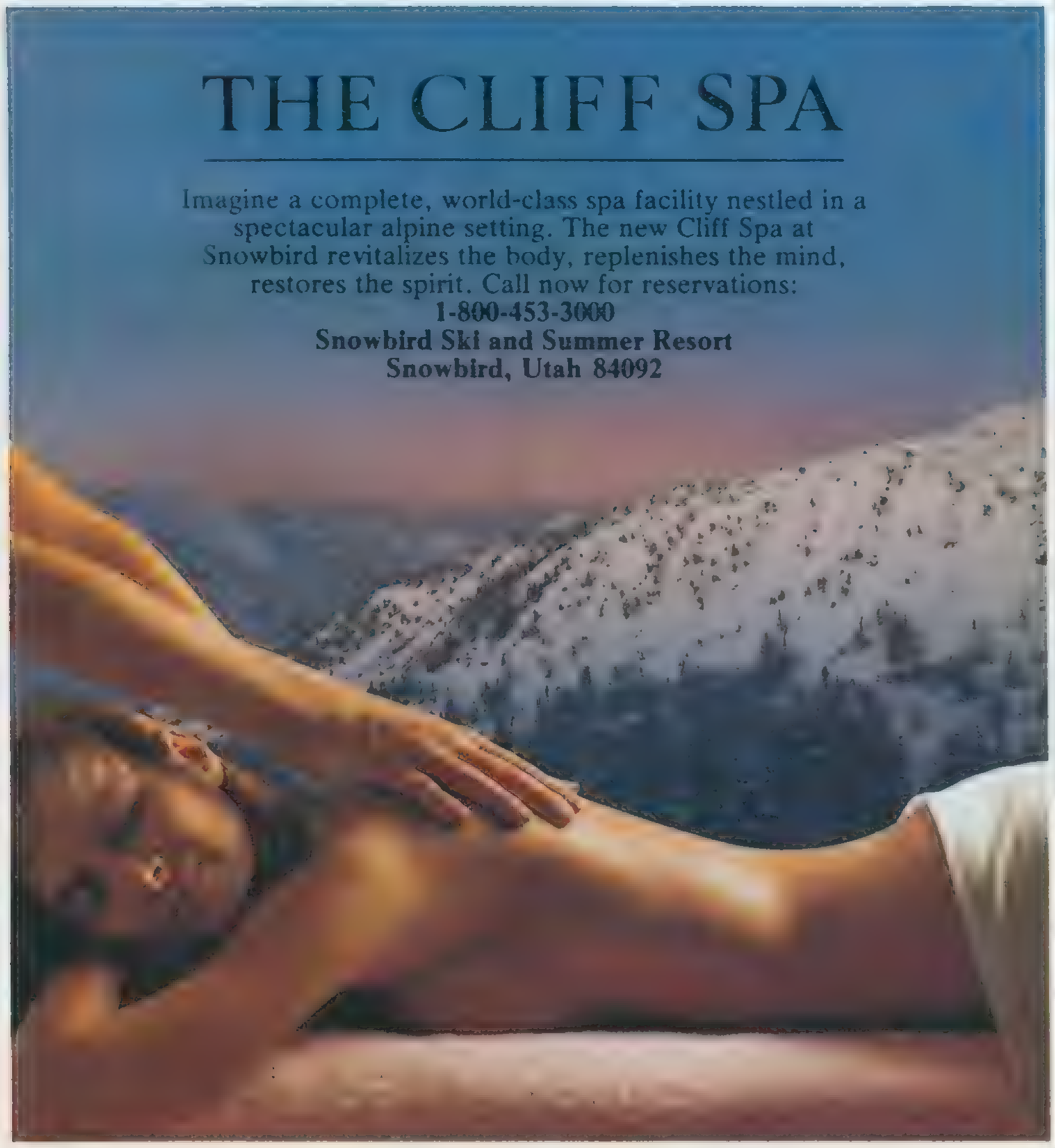
WHY LIFE FEELS MORE EXPENSIVE

When the federal government calculates the rate of inflation, it uses the "market basket" of typical purchases, ranging from houses to spinach and beyond, that comprise its "Consumer Price Index." As measured by the CPI, inflation had been virtually nonexistent for the past couple of years—until this spring, when prices started rising noticeably again.

Yet most people, especially those who live in urban areas, would argue that while America had officially conquered inflation, prices continued to rise. For example, the cost of a visit to the dry cleaner, the hair salon, or a therapist never stopped climbing; nor did the prices of a piece of candy, a movie ticket, or dinner at a restaurant.

These everyday expenses are too small to affect the CPI more than a little bit. But such "nuisances," as Irwin Kellner, chief economist of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, calls them, profoundly affect our feelings about the cost of living. (After all, how often do you find yourself complaining to friends about the price of refrigerators—which are part of the CPI—as compared to the frequency of queries on where you can get your bangs trimmed without filing for bankruptcy?) Kellner has assembled a "nuisance index" that tracks the big-city prices of three dozen relatively inexpensive, frequently purchased goods and services. Items on the index include a tube of toothpaste, a paperback book, a cleaner's charge for a suit, and a two-mile taxi ride—and their prices rose 27.8 percent from 1985 to 1987, while the CPI rose only 5.3 percent.

Does this mean that the war against inflation has been lost forever? Perhaps not. Prices the nuisance index does not record, such as those of appliances, dropped substantially from 1985 to 1987. And, until recently, the index was restricted to prices in New York City, where stores' high rents drive all costs heavenward. Perhaps the best way to use the nuisance index is to shop as often as possible outside city limits—where rents, and therefore prices, are lower.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BANKS—THE PERSONAL TOUCH

"The successful woman is time-poor, especially where her own needs are concerned," says Neale S. Godfrey, president of The First Women's Bank in New York City. These days, small banks are luring customers by offering timesaving personal services that larger institutions, because of their scale, cannot supply. What makes these small banks different from old-line personal banks is that they require much smaller deposits, making it possible for people who are merely well-off to get the type of attentions that once were reserved for the rich. For instance, The First Women's Bank makes house and office calls to set up loans, accounts for a client's children, and so on. For a fee, the bank will also pay a customer's bills—an invaluable service for constant travelers. To qualify for these perks, a customer must deposit at least $25,000 with the bank (in interest-bearing accounts, of course). Another small bank, the American National Bank of New York, offers its clients special foreign currency services—in the form of both checking accounts and certificates of deposit. "These accounts are useful if you have investments or property abroad, or if you import goods from overseas," says R. Leslie Deak, chairman of the bank. "First, you can protect yourself against a declining dollar by holding foreign money. Second, you don't have to go to the bank every time you need to write a check." American National Bank will open accounts in Australian dollars, British pounds, French and Swiss francs, Japanese yen, and other currencies; like regular bank accounts, they are federally insured up to $100,000.

PASSION FOR PROFIT

People typically learn new skills by trial and error; but when learning to invest, they hope to evade the latter. *The Passionate Investors*, by Madelon De Voe Talley (Crown), helps would-be investors learn from others' mistakes by recounting the deeds of this century's great investors, turning them into principles anyone can use.

Talley analyzes the feats of investing immortals like John Maynard Keynes, who brilliantly managed money for King's College at Cambridge as well as devising his breakthrough economic theories, and Bernard Baruch, speculator extraordinaire, whose mother found him a job on Wall Street to keep him from gambling.

Readers who want to become serious investors will find that *The Passionate Investors* offers good advice without the humiliating happy-talk of a conventional how-to book. And those who have no intention of managing their money actively will find insightful discussions of the managers of today's hottest mutual funds.

VOGUE, July, 1987

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT books

Joan Baez, 1974, a guilty superstar

BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME

'Sixties' voices in the 'eighties

By MARGO JEFFERSON

What we have here is a failure to communicate. On one side stands Joan Baez, guitar in hand, the voice that launched a thousand causes. She is the Lady Madonna of the 'sixties as an age of pacific idealism and folk pastoralism: good deeds, good causes, good feelings. On the other side lounges Jim Carroll, writer and rock bard. He is a protegé/cult figure/gofer of the New York Warholian art scene, an emblem of the 'sixties as an age of urban rock 'n roll hedonism: divine decadence alternating with plain old squalor; self-expression fading in and out of self-promotion and self-destruction.

Baez, the daughter of a scientist with a Quaker conscience, grew up in the Cold War 'fifties and discovered as a teenager that her voice made her special. After a brief fling at imitating Elvis, Johnny Ace, Della Reese, and Eartha Kitt, she cast her lyric sincerity with the folk-song movement. Its members were spiritually chaste bohemians of bourgeois origin and liberal politics who gave earnest renditions of the music of seventeenth- to nineteenth-century European peasants, and earnest imitations of the music of nineteenth- to twentieth-century American ones.

Folk music made Baez famous, and while she enjoyed fame she also used it to advance her political beliefs. This gives her life admirable clarity, but throws her memoir into a muddle. *And a Voice to Sing With* (Summit) has the content of a reformer's crusade, but the form of a celebrity's datebook.

Here's a "day in the life" of Baez between the early 'sixties and the middle 'eighties. She champions a raw young Bob Dylan to her booing fans—"I would respond by wagging my finger at the offenders like a schoolmarm, advising them to listen to the words. . . . They listened." She sings "Pilgrim of Sorrow" to Martin Luther King, Jr., in Mississippi; goes to Washington to urge Jimmy Carter to help the boat people; discusses Gandhi with François Mitterrand; chants "Oh Freedom" to Andrei Sakharov long-distance; and administers a light rebuke to Lech Walesa for not inviting his wife out of the kitchen for the impromptu concert Baez is about to give.

Jim Carroll was a child of the white urban working class, a group rarely acknowledged in the songs of the folkies. Born a decade after Baez, he spent his 'sixties' adolescence on the streets of New York City, playing basketball, hustling, shooting up, and keeping a diary of it all. The success of *The Basketball Diaries* (1980) secured his place in a post-Beat, pre-punk world, where street life could be dramatized, estheticized—"If you haven't died by an age thought predetermined through the timing of your abuses and excesses, then what else is left but to begin another diary?"

And so we have *Forced Entries: The Downtown Diaries 1971–1973* (Penguin), Jim Carroll's record of the art-scene circuit from 1971 to 1973. He comanages a porno movie house off the Bowery (Andy Warhol's Theater: Boys to Adore Galore); wanders through Times Square; meets his dope connection; shoots up; goes to the ballet with Edwin Denby; deflects old pal Allen Ginsberg's advances; goes to an Andrei Voznesensky reading where he meets Bob Dylan *and* W.H. Auden (the latter "made reference to a poem of mine in a rather old issue of *Poetry* magazine"); hangs out at Max's Kansas City listening to the Velvet Underground.

Having traveled their divergent paths, Baez and Carroll do manage to meet smack-dab in the middle of our 1980s' obsession with image, publicity, self-justification, and self-congratulation. Baez is a superstar who feels some guilt over her fame; Carroll, a cult figure who suspects that fame is hollow but wants to sample it anyway. Both name-drop, and both have a need to refine and retouch their personas that is exasperating.

Baez explains her moral, spiritual, and artistic development clearly and, on the whole, drearily. She is also intent on explaining that she was more than the fair and tender guardian of our purest thoughts—that she was hip and sexy, went on St. Laurent buying sprees, had French stableboys and pretty young Germans (picked up in airports, left behind at the tour's end). When she spied Don Johnson at the Live Aid concert, she sauntered up and drawled, "Hello, gorgeous. Could we discuss the possibility of rape?" I appreciate her wanting to tell me this—what a bore to have been our Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands for lo these 2.5 decades. But if she's "fast, funny and a nasty gossip," as she claims, I want to see the evidence, just as I want her politics—the good work for Amnesty International, the visits to Latin America and Northern Ireland—to be dramatized, not dutifully logged in.

Baez isn't a writer. Jim Carroll is. True, he's florid and narcissistic, but he's also quick, canny, and good at shaping scenes. "There was a benefit for Timothy Leary tonight at the Café à Go Go. . . . One of those functions with a fifty-fifty mixture of uptown dilettantes. . . and the slagheap from beneath 14th Street. . . . Champagne poured on one side by waiters in snappy suits, and on the other side paper cups filled with punch of cheap upstate white wine and antifreeze. Any minute, you expect the truck to back in and see bales of hay tossed down on the dirtbag side."

Carroll and Baez long for glory, as performers and as cultural emblems. She seeks hers through a vision of pure selflessness; Carroll through the transcendant selfishness of the outcast. Me, I'm left a bit queasy, for I think I've just spotted two of our oldest, most intractable icons. What we have here is the archetypal Good Mother versus the archetypal Bad Boy. And considering the cultural shifts and ruptures of the last thirty years—many of them documented in these books—I can't help asking, with more bemused weariness than even Peggy Lee could muster, is that all there is? *("Books" continued on page 112)*

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THE NEW ORPHANS

Technology can create babies, but it can't buy them love

By BARBARA KATZ ROTHMAN, Ph.D.

Eileen Simpson, an expert on devotion

Eileen Simpson and her sister lost their mother to TB shortly after Eileen's birth. Their father, faced with raising two very young girls, shuffled them around in foster care before placing them, prophetically, in an orphanage. He died a few years later. It is Eileen Simpson's life in the convent-run orphanage and in a "preventorium" to treat "pre-tubercular" children, and then in the home of relatives who apparently wanted the small legacy more than the small children, that lies at the heart of her moving book *Orphans: Real and Imaginary* (Weidenfeld & Nicholson).

Simpson's father moved the girls from one foster home to another whenever people spoke of splitting up the sisters. But he also moved them when foster parents "hinted at adoption." He preferred the convent. Several times a year he would come and whisk the girls away, straight to Best and Company, where they were transformed with clothes and haircuts into the daughters he wanted, and photographed the way he liked them. Each year, by the time the photos were framed, the girls were back to being orphans, returned to the institution.

Their father was unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices either to keep his children with him, or to give them up. Instead, he kept his apartment in Greenwich Village, his life of independence. And he kept his two children—as stored property. This is what *I* see. This is not what Simpson saw. A loving daughter, she never questions her father's abandonment. But, then, one of her basic themes is the manipulation of children in the interest of adults—and the sad ability of children to continue loving.

I have been thinking about *Orphans*, and about orphans, at recent meetings on the new reproductive technology. Simpson talks about "posthumous" children, children born after their fathers' deaths, but now scientists are keeping the bodies of brain-dead pregnant women functioning until a fetus can be brought to term. Infertility specialists claim that, with egg donations, even old women can have babies. And other doctors are helping infertile older men—men over fifty—who often want to start second families. At a recent meeting one specialist said he had helped a seventy-eight-year-old become a father. But another took the prize: he had *twice* removed live sperm from men after their deaths. They do it all the time with prize bulls, said the veterinary scientist at the meeting, describing the technique. "Just how we did it!" exclaimed the doctor who had erased death, let alone age, as a cause of infertility.

Children born after their mothers' deaths. Children conceived after their fathers' deaths. Orphans created to order with the freezing of embryos. But *why*? Why would a man want his sperm to live after him? Is this the route to immortality? Is virility so tied up with motile sperm that a man still lives if those little tadpoles still wriggle? What can it mean to be a child created just so a sperm can live?

What of Baby M and the other children of surrogates—those children brought into the world not simply because someone wants to rear and love a child, but because a genetic link is needed? No orphan, Baby M—she suffers from too *many* parental claims. But her situation highlights the contradictions in our relationships with children. Mr. Stern, her biological father, claims intent: he *planned* on that child. Mrs. Whitehead, Baby M's biological mother, claims love: she had *not* planned on loving the child. But, like countless women before her, she fell in love with her baby.

Is intent a substitute for relationship, for love? Simpson's father's intentions, his bursts of attention, made her love him. But far more she needed ongoing daily care, the matter-of-fact love of parenting. She missed parents, people she imagined as having "the power to soften the discipline, slow the tempo, make exceptions. They bestowed affection on their children, offered them special tidbits at the table, selected their clothes with an eye to what suited them, took account of their preferences, and were indulgent about defects of character (especially those that reflected their own). Parents felt no need to disguise their preferences: they unashamedly preferred their own children."

These are the needs of children: preference, specialness, daily love. And what are the needs of adults for children? Sometimes to love and be loved, and the needs of parents and children match. Mostly it works.

But now we can separate out our genetic material from our selves, from our lives, in space and in time. Now we can create children with whom we have no tie but the genetic. We can deliberately create abandoned, orphaned children. We can do it out of our own sense of orphanhood, as Mr. Stern had Baby M produced, so that he would have a genetic relation. Certainly he intended to raise the child, to love her. But where does it end? Don't we all suffer existential loneliness, the orphanhood of all modern people? And what of the aged men who want a baby? What of the scientists rescuing sperm from dead men?

To overcome our adult orphanhood, our existential loneliness, we create orphans: the children of intention, not of love.

The orphanages are opening up again, Simpson reminds us. They are filled not with the indirect victims of TB, but of the newer diseases of poverty: drugs, crime, abandonment. Children still move from foster home to foster home, finally to the orphanages—the state not terminating parental rights even after years of neglect and abandonment. So some orphans sit, abandoned property, while others are created—from the living or the dead—so that genes may live on.

Barbara Katz Rothman, Ph.D., *is the author of "The Tentative Pregnancy: Prenatal Diagnosis and the Future of Motherhood" (Penguin).*

TO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Ten years ago, when Scott Turow published *One L*, his account of the first year at Harvard Law, the surprise was that someone who stood to benefit from the old-boy system wanted to air all those dirty boxer shorts in public. Now Turow, who was until recently a prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's Office in Chicago, writes of backroom bargaining for justice with a likewise depressing candor. But it's not the verisimilitude that makes his first novel, *Presumed Innocent* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), exciting: his high-strung courtroom drama is a terrifically conceived and executed thriller—about a prosecuting attorney wrongly (or maybe rightly) indicted for the murder of a colleague who, as they say, "got around." Furthermore, while most writers of detective stories throw out so many red herrings they'd need a dragnet to haul them all in, Turow, first time out, leaves no loose ends. There ought to be a prize.

Indeed, with *Presumed Innocent*, Turow joins ranks with that very special group of authors—Jane Austen, Tolstoy, Rex Stout, among them—who, by knowing how to keep our attention, have caused more sleepless nights than caffeine. —SUSAN BOLOTIN

("Books" continued on page 114)

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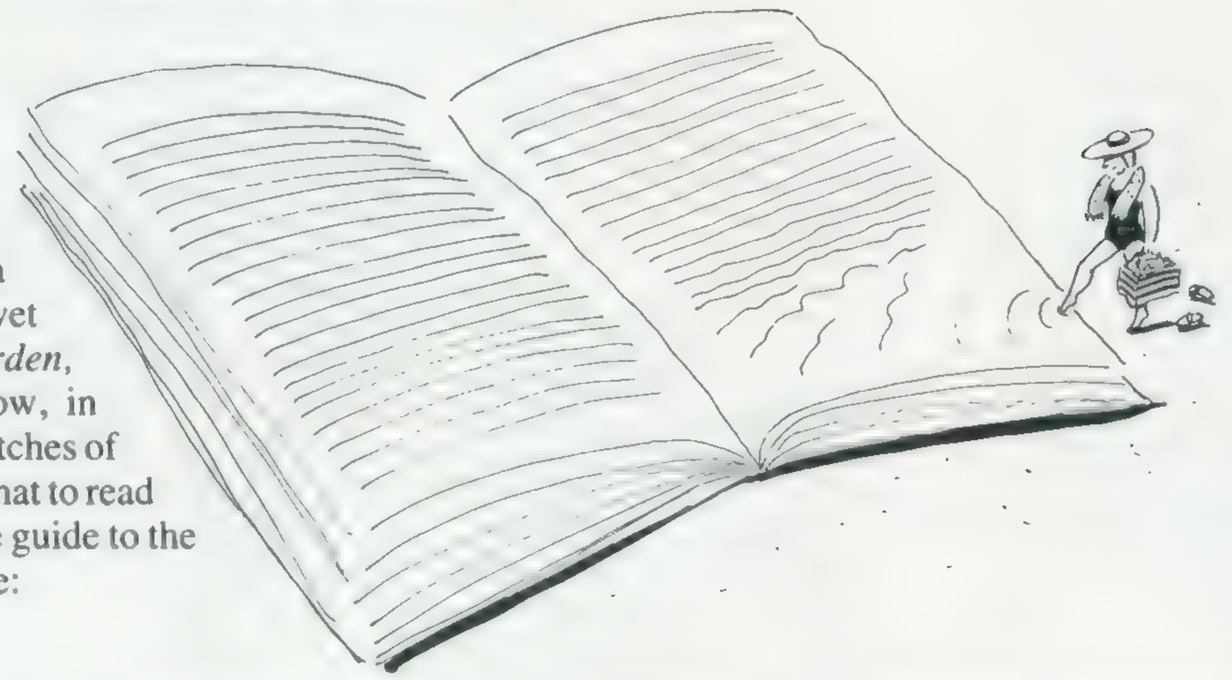
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH

and other summer reading



Sometimes in childhood, a rainy summer day came as a relief: no bikes, no swimming pools, just the smell of wet grass and those endless hours to read—*The Secret Garden, Little Men, Gone with the Wind, Huckleberry Finn.* Now, in adulthood, when it's harder to find those uninterrupted stretches of time—even on the dampest of days—the decision about what to read on vacation takes on awesome proportions. Here, a Vogue guide to the new, the not-so-new, and the best beach-reading of all time:

	THE NEW	*THE NOT-SO-NEW*	*THE CLASSIC*
THIS LAND IS WHOSE LAND?:	*Empire* by Gore Vidal	*Cities on a Hill* by Frances FitzGerald	*Huckleberry Finn* by Mark Twain
PENIS ENVY:	*More Die of Heartbreak* by Saul Bellow	*His Way: The Unauthorized Biography of Frank Sinatra* by Kitty Kelley	*Moby Dick* by Herman Melville
WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?:	*The Saviors* by Helen Yglesias	*Intimate Partners: Patterns in Love and Marriage* by Maggie Scarf	*Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy
LIFE IN THE FAST LANE:	*Postcards from the Edge* by Carrie Fisher	*Dancing on My Grave* by Gelsey Kirkland, with Greg Lawrence	*Les Fleurs du mal* by Charles Baudelaire
INTRIGUE:	*Presumed Innocent* by Scott Turow	*The Spy Wore Red* by Aline, the Countess of Romanones	*Remembrance of Things Past* by Marcel Proust
BMOC:	*Hemingway* by Kenneth S. Lynn	*The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys* by Doris Kearns Goodwin	*The Bible*
HERSTORY:	*Mary Shelley* by Muriel Spark	*Willa Cather* by Sharon O'Brien	*Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott
FAMILY MONEY:	*The Binghams of Louisville* by David Leon Chandler	*Johnson v. Johnson* by Barbara Goldsmith	*An American Tragedy* by Theodore Dreiser
LOCKUP:	*Life and Death in Shanghai* by Nien Cheng	*Maus* by Art Spiegelman	*Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë
GREAT WOMEN:	*A Woman of Egypt* by Jehan Sadat and Linda Francke	*My Life as a Gal* by Alice Kahn	*Emma* by Jane Austen
DESTINATIONS:	*Going to Miami* by David Reiff	*Arctic Dreams* by Barry Lopez	*The Ambassadors* by Henry James
AUSTRALIA:	*The Songlines* by Bruce Chatwin	*The Fatal Shore* by Robert Hughes	*On the Beach* by Nevil Shute
NOTES TO MYSELF (AND OTHERS):	*Don't Tread on Me! The Selected Letters of S.J. Perelman*	*Berlin Diaries 1940-1945* by Marie Vassiltchikov	*Les Liaisons dangereuses,* by Choderlos de Laclos
IT'S ALL MY MOTHER'S FAULT:	*Breaking the Cycle: Recovery Routes for Adult Children of Alcoholics* by Emily Marlin	*Anywhere But Here* by Mona Simpson	*Oedipus Rex* by Sophocles

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

SEE THE U.S.A. WITH AN EMIGRÉ

What is it that makes so many people—Russians, Europeans, and, of course, Americans—hate America? "There is something oddly hysterical about it all," according to Soviet emigré Vassily Aksyonov, "as if America were not a country but a woman who has hurt a man's pride by cheating on him." Aksyonov, himself an internationally celebrated writer and freethinker, is no fool for love. His book *In Search Of Melancholy Baby* (Random House) reveals the longtime passion of the CTS, or "critically thinking Soviet," for things seductively American: novels by Hemingway and Dos Passos; movies like *Stagecoach*; vintage jazz. To Aksyonov, coming of age in Russia in the 1950s, "Melancholy Baby" was a siren song that promised a silver lining for every cloud. Arriving here in the 1960s, the writer found the shimmer was elusive. America's promise was largely his and his contemporaries' "East bloc nostalgia," a pre-Stalinist yearning to improvise their own lives.

Still, Aksyonov's America, his childhood sweetheart, attracts him. His travels across the country, recounted in this book, reveal to him a people who may be arrogant or provincial, but nevertheless tolerant ("...you will never hear an American say, 'Damn you foreigners! You're eating us out of house and home!' "). America is to him a land of "benevolent inequality": that is, hope. If this sounds more naïve than Aksyonov is reputed to be, remember that he views America with foreign eyes. Foreign, but not alien. True emotional distance is reserved, it seems, for those more deeply rooted in American life.

Perhaps no one is less innocent, or more cynical, about America than Saul Bellow. He has always taken the alien view. In Bellow's new novel, *More Die of Heartbreak* (Morrow), the narrator, Kenneth Trachtenberg, is an American-born Jew brought up in Paris, who has returned to America to "make his soul." Kenneth is, as it happens, a professor of Russian literature; his mind habitually shuttles between the old world and the new. He has settled in the Midwest to escape the shadow of his sexy, Europeanized father, and to study his uncle Benn Crader, the famous botanist. Benn, though somewhat remote from human beings, has mystic intuitions about nature (i.e. "growth, balance, beauty") that Kenneth envies. Benn is a kind of seer—he knows, for example, that "more people die of heartbreak than of radiation"—while Kenneth is more of a voyeur, an observant man with "a small glacier in the breast." Both men expect that becoming more American, as they understand the term, will humanize them. But Benn falls in with a rapacious beauty and her father, who exploits him with characteristic American enthusiasm, while Kenneth survives, with minimal shelter, on the icy continent of his soul.

If America cheats her admirers, Bellow seems to say, it is not without full warning. The American dream of glory, love, or fulfillment is as alluring as ever. But let the dreamer beware. —CATHLEEN MEDWICK

ALSO RECOMMENDED

Many Americans will be shocked to read that they are illiterate, but in *Cultural Literacy* (Houghton Mifflin) E.D. Hirsch, Jr., has the proof: a list of nearly five thousand terms and phrases common to literate Americans yet sometimes unfamiliar to the rest of us. Here's a sample, although—to be fair—there are easier ones:

amicus curiae
big board
cloture
donnybrook
exeunt
game is not worth the candle, the
Laocoön
manumission
n.b.
Pickwickian
Robert's Rules of Order
sciatica
tell tales out of school
virtual image
Warren Court
Young Turk

Dr. Hirsch, professor of English at the University of Virginia, argues convincingly, if redundantly, that the ability to read is only a small part of literacy. What's the good of knowing how to spell and pronounce "holocaust" if you don't know what a holocaust is, or what The Holocaust was?

Fifty years ago, when John Dewey advocated general skills over the accumulation of specific knowledge, he sparked an educational revolution that has eroded our stock of shared information, our cultural vocabulary. Fortunately, Hirsch's struggle for cultural literacy goes on; he has already begun a full-size dictionary for those of us who still can't place the "Heisenberg uncertainty principle."
—JEFFREY SHERMAN

My pleasure in a political-intrigue novel comes less from the escapism than from my hope that the author will let me in on how the powerful plan their strategies. So who better to read than an "insider": Hungarian-born Kati Marton, former ABC News correspondent, author of *Wallenberg*, wife of Peter Jennings.

In Marton's *An American Woman* (Norton), the heroine goes to Budapest to make sense of her family's silent past, and along the way discovers a frightening political plot. Unlike Graham Greene, say, or John Le Carré, Marton emphasizes the personal drama over the political—but then, life's personal mysteries are always the most compelling. —M.G.

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Celebrity Doll of the Year Award

ENTERTAINING

California dealing: art on the menu . . . the importance of being Swifty

BY WILLIAM AND CHESBROUGH RAYNER

Above: Earl and Camilla McGrath. Right: Art as centerpiece—a sculpture by Ron Cooper

During the summer, Camilla McGrath can be found at her family's villa in Tuscany, which once belonged to Napoleon's sister Elisa. Camilla and her sisters divide the task of running their enormous house; it is Camilla's responsibility to prepare the menus and oversee the battery of cooks, who work in a kitchen half the size of an airplane hangar. During the winter, while helping her husband, Earl, run 454 North, one of the hottest new galleries in Los Angeles, Camilla is again in charge of the kitchen, but in this case she does all the cooking herself in a space fifteen feet long by eight feet wide. In both places, what she serves is wonderfully imaginative and inordinately good.

When Earl bought the old frame structure on Robertson Boulevard in West Hollywood, it had a concrete front yard, in which Earl put one of Mike Balog's plastic car sculptures. The yard had an air of the last resting place of the Okies, especially if one looked up and noticed the vines hanging from the roof.

Recently the house and gallery were completely redesigned (except for the kitchen) by architect Arata Isozaki, who stayed there during the time he worked on the new L.A. Museum of Contemporary Art. Today the McGrath house is a uniquely colorful structure surrounded by a pistachio-green wall, with adjoining walls painted ochre, lilac, and pink, and sliding glass doors to a courtyard inlaid with grass-framed stepping-stones.

Camilla's dinners often coincide with the openings of exhibitions by Earl's artists: Doug Edge, Willard Dixon, Francine Matarazzo, Patrick Morrison, and others of the California school. (This gallery is an extension of Earl's dealership in New York City, where the McGraths live most of the year.) In the enamel-white gallery space, under track lighting dimmed to a faint glow and augmented by candlelight, Camilla sets tables of eight or ten, often with sculpture by Ron Cooper or Bob Graham as centerpieces. Camilla's dinners are always seated; the buffet is set out in the courtyard under the most magnificent hibiscus tree, behind which grows a stand of bamboo some fifty feet in height.

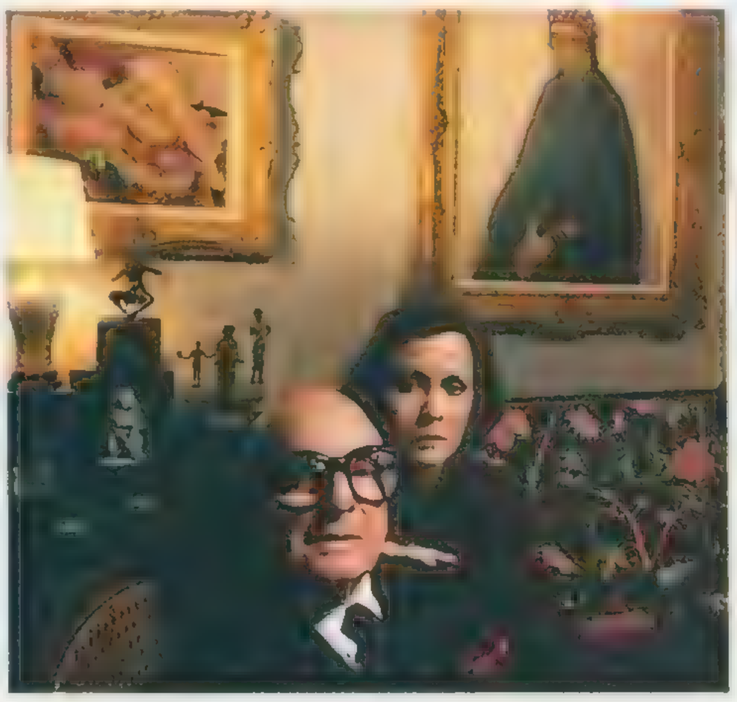
The guests, most of whom are artists, collectors, and writers, arrive about nine (Camilla is quite Italian about the hours she keeps) to dine an hour later. The evening we were there, the dinner consisted of cold filet mignon; a salad of room-temperature curried diced chicken with celery and raisins; another salad of corn and avocados; pasta with sausages and hot peppers; and for dessert, chocolate mousse cake. The wine is always Antinori—red and white—not only because it is good, but also because Camilla's family is related to that famous house.

What makes Camilla's evenings unique is their complete sense of whimsy—not only the bohemian atmosphere, but also the people with whom the McGraths surround themselves. I sat next to a charming woman named Mrs. Arnoldi, who confided that she hoped her house, when finished, would turn out as successfully as the McGraths'. When I asked how long that would take, she responded with a sigh, "It is hard to tell, because I live in a pretzel factory."

In the new L.A., searchlights and star worship still rule, though the stars are changing: California art is as hot a dinner topic as The Industry

We were sitting in Irving and Mary Lazar's drawing room, discussing the impending Oscar awards party that they have given each year for the past two decades, when the maid announced a call from Beijing. Irving—known as Swifty, the story goes, because he wagered he could get five movie contracts for Humphrey Bogart between one and five in the *(Continued on page 122)*

Hollywood's annual war games: Swifty and Mary Lazar and their Oscar seating plan



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ENTERTAINING

(Continued from page 120)

afternoon of the same day—picked up the phone. He was greeted by the voice of Betty Lord, the wife of the American ambassador to China, who apologized for not being able to attend their party. The ambassador and Mrs. Lord might not have been aware of it, but there are people in Hollywood who would have killed for those invitations, so interesting is the group who attends, and so important is it to be seen at the Lazars' Oscar evening.

These parties are a great deal of fun for the guests but a lot of work for the host and hostess, who swear every year is the last. Then, in the middle of February, people start calling to determine if their invitations have gone astray, and the whole nostalgic process begins again.

About two hundred invitations are mailed out: six weeks in advance to friends in Europe and Asia, a week later to the East Coast, and finally to California. But this work is only the tip of the toothpick. The real hassle (you might say realpolitik) begins when all the returns are in and the seating must be arranged.

Irving maintains that the evening depends on the seating, and Mary has developed a system—if not a sixth sense—to maneuver through this minefield. For example, they have two separate but equal rooms so that people don't have to sit in the same room with their ex-husbands, scriptwriters, or hairdressers. Swifty patrols the two rooms while the Oscars run their course; he himself does not have a seat because his would become the number-one room.

Once the Lazars have sorted out the crowd, their strategy comes down to tables. For example, a rising young ingenue might not be placed at the same table with an established star (God forbid they should be photographed together). Mary seats guests who have a common interest together: the publishing group; the socialites; the old-line Hollywood stars who, by this time, for the most part, have buried the hatchet.

Next job down the line is deciding who sits next to whom. Oscar-night etiquette has solved half of this problem with the quaint custom of seating husband and wife, or anything one arrives with, next to one another.

Because the Oscars start at about six-thirty, the guests begin to arrive at five-thirty—dressed in black tie or the family jewels—at the absolutely marvelous restaurant Spago, from which we in the East could learn a lot about good food. Banks of television sets are placed about the two rooms. As soon as the awards begin, hors d'oeuvres pour out: baked potatoes with Beluga caviar and crème fraîche; smoked salmon on toasted dill brioche; duck-sausage pizza with wild mushrooms. Then dinner is served: grilled veal loin with mustard sauce or grilled Eastern halibut with Cabernet butter.

Meanwhile, outside, loyal fans and a dozen or more television crews await the next round of stars, who arrive after the ceremonies are complete. At about eleven-thirty, the loyal fans become screaming fans when Lauren Bacall, Anjelica Huston, Rodney Dangerfield, Kim Basinger, Dennis Hopper et al. appear out of "stretches." They are greeted by the whir of cameras and a blinding bank of klieg lights, which turn everything a ghostly white, with the exception of George Hamilton. So begins the Lazars' second sitting, though with all the adoration and attention showered upon the stars, it seemed to me more like the second coming, or at least a run-through for it. ▽

"Swifty patrols the dining rooms while the evening runs its course; he does not have a seat, because his would become the number-one room"

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LIVING

Making summer waves: à la carte table settings . . . jungle luxe . . . great gifts for the weekend circuit. BY BARBARA PLUMB

CHANGE OF PLACE

For French designer Maryse Boxer, *right,* there are many ways to dress a table. Boxer has created an inventive "system" of classically stylish earthenware dishes that can produce different effects at different times of the day—casual in the morning, strict at a business lunch, sumptuous at night. "You can put these dishes with Bohemian crystal," she says, "or with ordinary bistro glasses. Freedom of expression is what's important."

The plates and bowls come in square, rectangular, lotus, and round shapes and in a variety of finishes: matte or shiny, black or white, pastel or metallic. Ovenproof and dishwasher-safe, they cost from $8.50 to $22.50 at D.F. Sanders, NYC.

AS THEY MAKE THEIR BEDS . . . *Once, linens came in a single color: white. Then came "designer" sheets, and beds blazed with florals, plaids, zebra stripes. But do designers sleep between designer sheets? We asked a few, and the answer was decidedly "no." Andrée Putman admitted a love for plain, exquisite linen. Interior decorator Albert Hadley fancied subtle stripes, while architect Richard Meier was uncompromising in his choice of white sheets and pillowcases. Even the "Prince of Chintz," Mario Buatta, was adamant: "Flowered sheets make me dizzy."*

et toucan?

Picture the bright colors of fresh summer fare served on "Toucans," left, Hermès' second line of porcelain. Sources tell us that the collection—with twenty-five tableaux—is being snatched up by more than just bird-watchers. $290 a place setting. . . . More news of the exotic from Christofle: silver plate, inlaid with precious tortoiseshell-hued Chinese lacquer—a sumptuous variation on cloisonné. $265 a place setting.

Top: LARRY BERCOW Bottom: JENNIFER BAUMANN

giving/getting now . . .

Of course, you shouldn't have—brought a gift for your summer-weekend hostess, that is. But of course you did, and you will again this summer, and you will wish for some fresh ideas. Here, a quick survey of experienced hosts and houseguests reveals what's most welcome on the country beat.

Geraldine Stutz: "My favorite house present is anything that grows. Some memorable ones—the flat of wild strawberry plants that has since become an enormous bed; a clutch of beautifully fragrant white lilies, especially precious to me because they are a rare strain; the bushel basket of bulbs that was the beginning of acres of daffodils."

Jill Krementz: "We live in a farmhouse built in 1740, so good friends bring gifts that suit the house: antique candlesticks, a cookie jar, pretty hangers. I adore pretty hangers, and they're usually what I give."

Jennifer Bartlett: "I like to get books: big books, small books, serious books, silly books."

Tina Howe: "If I'm visiting someone in the country, I usually bring something that has been fashioned in the city, never food, and never anything practical."

Mary McFadden: "I might give an old Japanese basket filled with sachets in different fabrics. For special friends, I have flower designer Ronaldo Maia create a basket with fruit—usually apples—and potpourri."

John Loring: "The best gifts are those that leave no trace: a wonderful bottle of wine, a pound of caviar."

Ann Beattie: "The rare times that I had a summer house, I seemed to spend most of my time picking up guests from the airport. So I guess what I'd like as a gift is a limousine service."

Rosamond Bernier: "Every time I am in Paris, I stock up on soap from Guerlain, which I think is the best in the world."

THE BEST OF WINES

RETURN OF THE BIG WHITES

Defying fashion, a few formidable white wines carry on the robust taste of the past

BY MARTIN GERSH

A resolute band of international vintners has valiantly kept alive the formula for making tasty, formidable white wines. In a marketplace now flooded with somewhat watered-down, fast-maturing whites, they are the surviving pockets of resistance.

As recently as five or six years ago, many California wineries were sending forth wonderful, exciting Chardonnays and Sauvignon Blancs resembling classic white Burgundies and Bordeaux made in the 1960s. Like their French counterparts, these California wines, when released for sale two to three years after the vintage, were initially assertive, sometimes overwhelming, unbalanced, high in alcohol, often possessing a powerful, oak-imbued fruit presence. But a little patient handling—an hour's aeration or a year of cellaring—transformed them into sophisticated, harmonious wines that I found irresistible. These vibrant whites could live in a fully mature state for another year or two.

Regrettably, many wine critics attacked the big California whites, asserting that they were "over-oaked" (aged too long in wood), thus insufficiently fruity, and that they overpowered foods. Critics also accused the wines of lacking elegance, breeding, and complexity.

In the aftermath of this widespread censure, a revolution occurred in the vinification of white table wines everywhere. The amount of time the wines now spend in barrels before bottling and in bottles at the winery has been sharply curtailed: most are released only one year after the vintage. A surprisingly high percentage of all whites today are at their peak the moment they are uncorked. Though delicious, balanced, and fruitier than ever, they are far less oaky, less fascinating and individual than the big whites I so loved in the past. A consumer has six months at most to enjoy any one of them before its decline. And they are far from inexpensive! I simply cannot bring myself to recommend wines with such limitations.

Fortunately for all of us, a handful of outstanding wineries—in France, Italy, Germany, and, yes, California—still provide other options. Their beautifully made, highly rewarding white wines are discussed below.

RECOMMENDATIONS

ITALY

Chardonnay dell 'Umbria 1985 (Lungarotti) *Intensely flavorsome, with citrusy fruitiness—a bold and admirable Chardonnay that is certain to delight you. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30–45 minutes. $9–$10.*

Pomino 1983, Il Benefizio (Marchesi de' Frescobaldi) *Refined in texture, this first-rank Tuscan white of generous size is ornamented by a mysterious, lemony taste component. Best drinking: for the next 3 to 4 years. Aeration: 15–25 minutes. $13–$14.*

GERMANY

Blue Nun Gold Kabinett 1985 (H. Sichel Söhne) *A fetching new creation revealing fine balance, substantial body, decent complexity, and an attractive, melon-like flavor that hasn't a vestige of sweetness—very nice indeed! Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30–40 minutes. $6–$7.*

CALIFORNIA

The Christian Brothers Chardonnay 1985 *Huge and splendid, this beautifully integrated, barrel-fermented Napa Chardonnay, reminiscent of a Corton-Charlemagne, shows a spectacular melony taste aspect with vanilla nuances. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 35–45 minutes. $9–$10.*

Chappellet Chenin Blanc 1985 *Terrific, provocative, delightfully fruity—a large-bodied, utterly dry Napa Valley Chenin Blanc. Best drinking: for the next 4 to 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $7–$8.*

Robert Keenan Chardonnay 1985 *Oily in texture, displaying a concentrated melon-tinged fruit element—a handsome, multifaceted Napa white. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $11–$12.*

Chappellet Johannisberg Riesling 1985 *In the mode of a superior Alsatian Riesling, this wine, blessed with mouth-filling peachy fruitiness, is simply enchanting. Best drinking: for the next 4 to 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $7–$8.*

David S. Stare Fumé Blanc Reserve 1984 *From Dry Creek Vineyard in Sonoma, a dynamic Sauvignon Blanc of important size featuring an unusual, fascinating taste element suggestive of apples and pears. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30–45 minutes. $10–$11.*

David S. Stare Chardonnay Reserve 1984 *Monumental, cohesive, classically Burgundian in style—a scintillating bottle. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30–45 minutes. $14–$15.*

Balverne Sauvignon Blanc 1984 (Stonecrest Vineyard) *From Sonoma but resembling a distinguished Loire Valley Pouilly-Fumé—harmonious, delightfully ferny, full of zest, a joy to drink! Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 10–25 minutes. $8–$9.*

Chappellet Chardonnay 1984 *Showing pinpoint concentration in its varietal fruitiness, this brilliant and extraordinary wine is the peer of any white Burgundy. Best drinking: for the next 4 to 5 years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $12–$13.*

FRANCE

Meursault 1985 (Louis Jadot) *Notably fine—satiny and medium-scaled, this exceptionally classy Meursault has a delectable flavor enriched with lemony-orange overtones. Best drinking: for the next 3 to 3½ years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $22–$24.*

Puligny-Montrachet 1985, Les Combettes (Domaine Jacques Prieur) *Adorned with a ravishing melon-like taste constituent—a vibrant, memorable Burgundy of rare excellence. Best drinking: for the next 3 to 3½ years. Aeration: 45 minutes–1 hour. $31–$33.*

Macon-Villages 1984 (Vincent) *An unusually good, no-nonsense white wine—sturdy, with lots of character and a luscious melony flavor component whose aftertaste is long enduring. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30–40 minutes. $6.50–$7.50.*

Bourgogne 1984 (Olivier Leflaive Frères) *Featuring an outspoken vanilla taste aspect embellished with a hint of citrus—big, muscular, compelling. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: 30–40 minutes. $11–$12.*

Pavillon Blanc du Château Margaux 1983 *Hauntingly beautiful, with exquisite Cranshaw melon fruitiness—a superb and unforgettable white Bordeaux. Best drinking: for the next 3 to 4 years. Aeration: 15–25 minutes. $32–$34.*

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Summer luxe—gourmet beach-reading, tomatoes at their best, cocktails alfresco . . . the spices of the Southwest. BY BARBARA KAFKA

Fresh tomatoes, the robust essence of summer

Summer has finally arrived. While that may mean freckles, poison ivy, and wet, sticky shirts, it also means no coats, the smell of damp earth when I weed my garden, and perfect berries, ripe vegetables. I love deep, dark Fairfax strawberries, tiny green beans, tart-sweet raspberries, and, most of all, tomatoes of all shapes, sizes, and colors.

I plant as many kinds as I can and have even come to be fond of the tomato vines themselves, with their fuzzy leaves and pungent perfume. I plant plum tomatoes for making sauce and paste. I plant large beefsteaks and hope that they will ripen before the frost returns. I plant little red and yellow cherry tomatoes and the still smaller, sweeter round ones that Italians dry right on the upended plant. I welcome the little pear-shaped, "shmoo"-like red and yellow tomatoes that pop with juice as I crunch them in my mouth. I slice with delight the larger, golden yellow tomatoes—normal except for their sweetness and extra color. I even grow husk tomatoes—tomatillos—which I use in acidic green sauces. Last, I plant a quick-ripening variety for immediate pleasure. At summer's end, I pickle all the fruit that remains green.

This year I cheated. I supplemented the seedlings that cluttered my windowsills with large, vigorous plants, bought at a local nursery, which set fruit almost the minute they went into the ground. With three kinds of basil in full leaf, a bushy, six-foot-tall lovage plant, dill, chives, summer savory, thyme, and parsley, I am set for self-indulgence all summer.

I start simply with tomato salad: thick red slices salted and topped with chopped chives, black pepper, very good olive oil, and tiny whole bush-basil leaves (spicier than the large leafed kind). Almost as easy is bruschetta—grilled slices of crusty bread brushed with olive oil and smothered with chopped tomatoes, onions, and garlic. From there, I go on to pasta sauces, both raw and cooked. By the time the yellow tomatoes are ripe, the hot and semi-hot peppers will be ripe, too. Cooked quickly together, they make a marvelous sauce for pasta. Use one-half cup of good olive oil with twenty long, medium-hot peppers (gypsy peppers, for instance), eight thinly sliced cloves of garlic, six cups of ripe yellow tomatoes cut in wedges, and salt and pepper. Sauté the whole peppers for four minutes in hot oil; add garlic and tomatoes and continue to sauté for about five minutes. Pour over one pound cooked linguine and season to taste while tossing. I guarantee that this will become a warm-weather favorite.

When you add tomatoes to salad, try salting them for a few minutes and then mix the resulting liquid with a little bit of oil for salad dressing. The dressing will be full-flavored, not fattening.

Salad brings up a classic dilemma with tomatoes: to peel or not to peel. I may just be lazy, but I seldom peel. Tomatoes that are wonderfully ripe fall apart easily when the skin is removed. But some tomatoes develop tough, heavy skins as they ripen. To remove these, do not dip the tomatoes in boiling water. Instead, firmly run the back of a knife blade all over the tomato. Slip the tip of the knife under the skin and pull. The skin will come off easily in strips.

Highly seasoned, grilled lobster and squab—starkly elegant as the great Southwest

Perhaps the least known—but certainly not the least deserving—of the established American star-chef/restaurant owners is Mark Miller, who for years was a part of the gastronomic hotbed in Berkeley, California. Miller always hankered after points south, though, and now he has found a home in Santa Fe, New Mexico, called The Coyote Cafe (132 West Water Street, 505/983-1615). After a series of delays over zoning and the like, he opened this spring—just in time for the opera season. (This summer's operas, starting July 1, are *Madama Butterfly*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, Handel's *Ariodante*, Strauss's *The Silent Woman*, and Shostakovich's *The Nose*.) The arts don't flourish without support. Santa Fe has become a nesting place for the wealthy. The architecture is "Southwest modern," enlivened by the nearby presence of Paolo Soleri's theater for the Indians. The new residents and the tourists drawn by all this ferment come from urban areas and have gotten used to terrific food. With the advent of Coyote Cafe, they have that right in town.

Predestination seems to be at work in this marriage of chef and community. In Berkeley, Miller restored the old Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad station and turned it into a successful restaurant. It was at the Santa Fe Bar and Grill—where Miller gave me my first taste of El Yucateco, a green pepper sauce from the Yucatan that really packs a wallop—that he began to develop his special blend of new cooking styles and gutsy Southwestern flavorings. He was doing it before the Texas chefs like Stephan Pyles, owner of the Routh Street Cafe and Baby Routh's in Dallas, had started. Miller's food is less French, less decorated than that of Pyles.

Miller's food is also beautiful; its beauty relies on the colors and textures of the foods and sauces themselves rather than on garnishes. While there is a *(Continued on page 130)*

Top CONSTANCE HANSEN, stylist, Michael Margulies Bottom: TERRY HUSEBYE

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Shampoo Rinsability Study, Neutrogena Skin Care Institute. (Excerpt from lab report).

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Fay R.
Paris, Texas

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FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 128)

definite spicy presence—various chiles, garlic, cumin, and coriander—it never overwhelms the tastes of the basic ingredients. This is some of my favorite food in the country today.

Come vacation, it is time for me to settle into a large hammock and wallow in the cookbooks meant for reading as well as for cooking. This year, I will pack *In Search of the Perfect Meal, A Collection of the Best Food Writing of Roy Andries de Groot*, selected by Lorna Sass (St. Martin's). The prose has been lovingly culled from old magazines and newspapers, and there is one excerpt from De Groot's always appealing *Feasts for All Seasons*—such a delight that it has inspired me to take along the reprint of *The Auberge of the Flowering Hearth*, his record of a love affair with the area around Grenoble, France.

Several of the best cookbooks and food books have been reprinted recently in paperback, nice for taking away. If you don't want to travel with a library of classics, try *Consuming Passions*, edited by Jonathon Green (Fawcett). The book is filled with short quotations on meat and drink that will be meat and drink for me this summer, particularly if I can keep on my diet; this book will provide my snacks. For example:

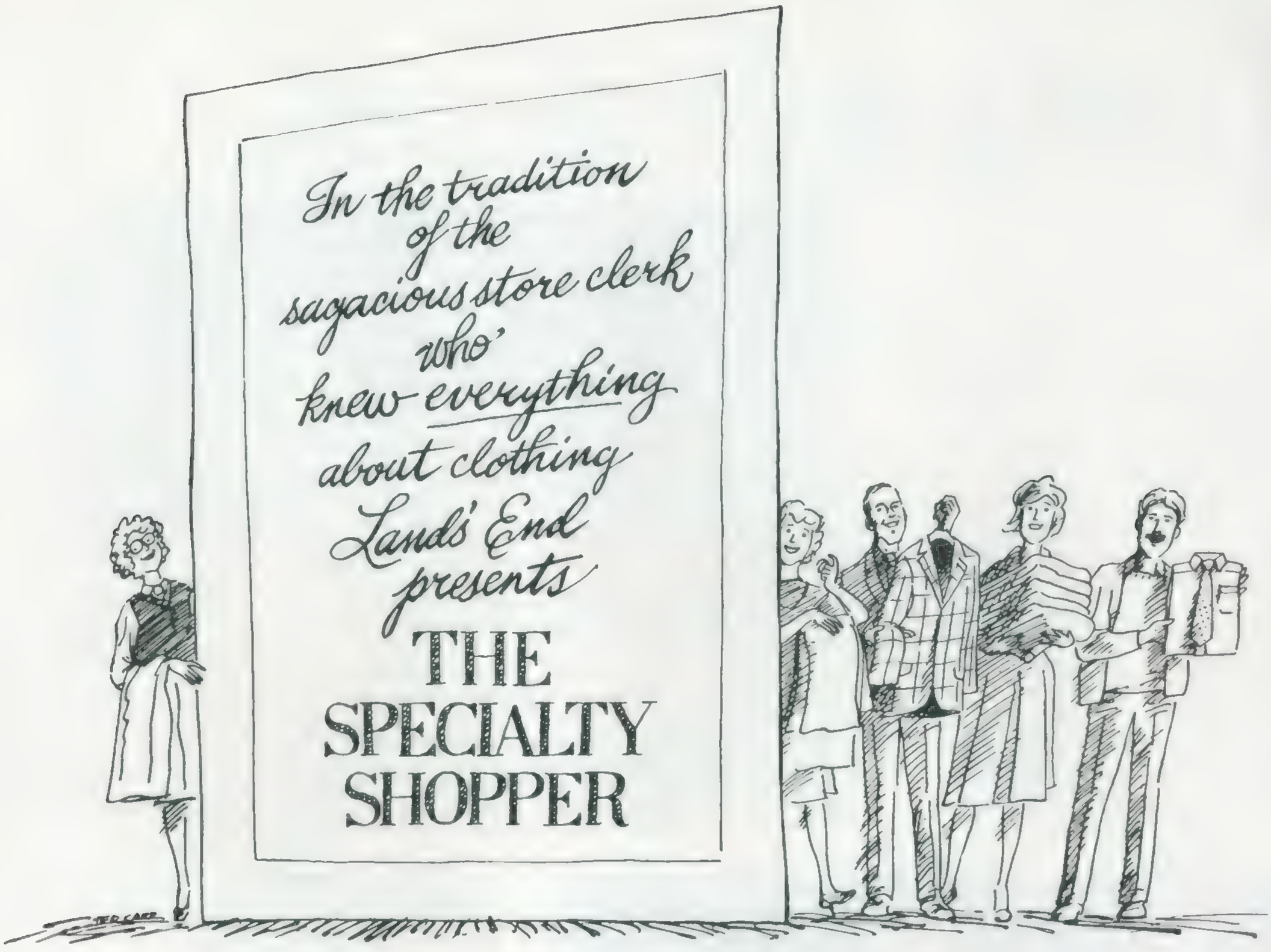
> "The English have only three vegetables—and two of them are cabbage." —Walter Page

> "I prefer not to have among my guests two people or more, of any sex, who are in the first wild tremors of love. It is better to invite them after their new passion has settled, has solidified into a quieter reciprocity of emotions. (It is also a waste of good food, to serve it to new lovers.)"
> —M.F.K. Fisher, *Serve It Forth*, 1937

Looking at the quotations makes me aware, again, how brilliantly M.F.K. Fisher writes. Any book of hers you can find should be on your reading list.

Occasionally, I will actually get out of the hammock to cook. Despite a determined stand against giving cocktail parties, I find them cropping up in the summer—often out-of-doors. José Sarrau's *Tapas & Appetizers*, translated by Francesca Piemonte Slesinger (Fireside Books) is full of recipes. Some of these dishes would make main courses for me: Spicy Stewed Beef in Puff Pastry, or Cod with Cured Ham and Hot Red Peppers, for instance; but everything sounds interesting enough to try.

I will also be tempted into the kitchen by Kenneth Lo's *New Chinese Vegetarian Cooking* (Pantheon). I love summer vegetables and I love the Chinese way with them. Dishes like Sichuan Hot-braised Stir-fried Eggplant are rich enough in flavor that I don't miss meat. That's good for summer, when I don't want to be too hot or too fat. ▽



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TRAVEL NOW

Fast pass at Russia . . . "doing" Deauville . . . Madrid's three-star table. BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

One of Europe's most fashionable summer places, the French resort Deauville (its vast beach, *right*) peaks in late August when the horsey set comes to town for a week of polo, Thoroughbred racing, yearling sales, and gala evenings. For Americans wishing to get in on Deauville's high-season glamour, a new International Polo Week program from David B. Mitchell & Co. of New York City provides seven nights with breakfast at the charming Ferme St. Simeon, seats for both the Grand Prix de Deauville horse race and La Coupe d'Or polo championship, entry to the yearling sales, plus a rental car or a chauffeured sedan. Prices range from $1579 to $2999 per person; air fare is additional, as are tickets to the black-tie Gala des Courses at Deauville's Summer Casino. For further details and reservations, call 212/696-1323.

In the lush countryside beyond Venice known as the Veneto, a new attraction: Villa Corner Della Regina, a sixteenth-century Palladian mansion that has been transformed into a posh country-house hotel. In addition to twenty-three luxurious rooms and suites, Villa Corner has a beautiful pool, gorgeous gardens, tennis, a restaurant supervised by a chef from Harry's Bar in Venice. Reservations: 212/719-4898.

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aida encore

Opera lovers who missed the spectacular production of *Aida* at the Temple of Luxor last May will have another chance to catch the Verdi opera in Egypt this fall. This time the setting will be the Pyramids and Sphinx at Giza, just outside Cairo. Dates: September 21 to 30. For information about tickets, contact the Egyptian Tourist Authority in New York City at 212/246-6960, or in San Francisco at 415/781-7676.

VISA-FREE RUSSIA

A peek at the "new" U.S.S.R.: U.S. travelers can now book mini-cruises out of Helsinki, Finland, that offer a day in Leningrad—no visa required. These new packages—which include two nights aboard ship, breakfasts, Leningrad tour and luncheon—cost from $255 to $345, depending on cabin; departures through August 31. For details, call travel agent or Cosmos International Tours in Florida at 800/556-5305.

great gardens

New from the Brooklyn Botanic Garden: a guide to some 250 of the country's best public gardens and greenhouses (such as San Francisco's Conservatory of Flowers, *right*)—with details on chrysanthemum festivals, rose shows, top times for cherry blossoms. To get *American Gardens: A Traveler's Guide*, send $4.75 to Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn NY 11225. Ask for handbook No. 111.

LEMAR MORRISON

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TRAVEL

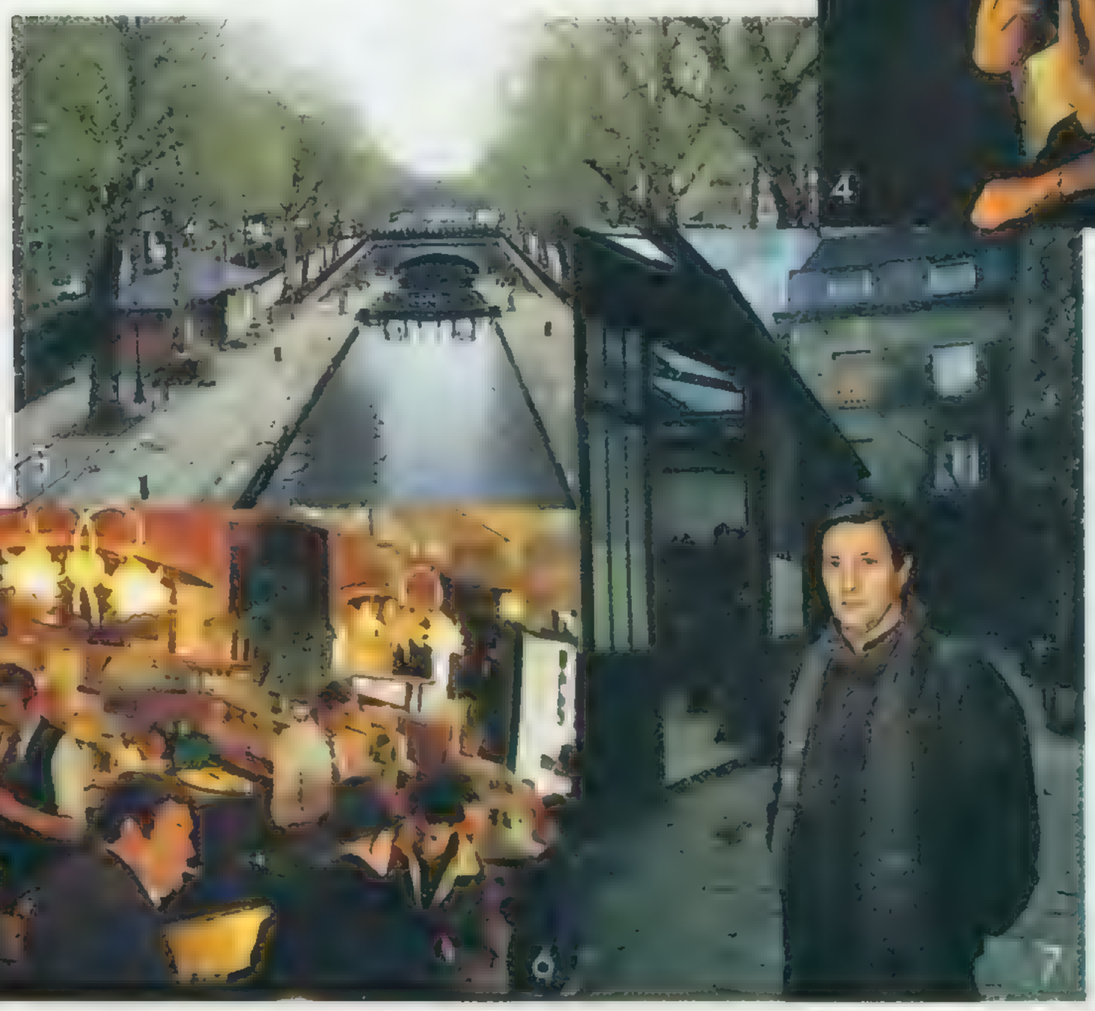
PARIS WHERE IT SIZZLES

The Bastille is hot: artists and writers are moving in; new galleries, theaters, and restaurants are coming up

BY EDMUND WHITE

1) La Colonne de Juillet, Place de la Bastille; 2) The late-night Café de la Plage; 3) Colette Bel, who works with designer Andrée Putman, in her loft with her son and dog; 4) French artist Yvaral, the son of the painter Vasarely; 5) Canal St. Martin, near Place de la Bastille;

6) Bofinger, the oldest brasserie in Paris; 7) the sculptor Janclos; 8) Christine Fersen, of the Comédie-Française, at La Mousson.



Most Americans imagine Paris as a timeless city of elegant facades and expensive shopping. If Paris were a color, for them it would be pearl grey; if a woman, a well-preserved, carefully starved, superbly dressed dowager.

But all that is changing. A new Paris has been rustling into life just beyond the Bastille monument, in the eleventh and twelfth arrondissements, a Paris that is as African, Arab, and Chinese as it is white, that speaks Serbo-Croatian as often as French, that isn't eternal but thrillingly, perishably *now*, a Paris of art galleries that opened yesterday and newly converted artists' lofts that stand side by side with couscous take-out stands and a retro record shop called Face B (The Flip Side).

You could say that the Bastille is Paris's answer to New York City's SoHo, except that the Bastille was never a deserted warehouse district. It's always been, in fact, one of the most vital areas of the city—the seedbed of every revolution since the first one, which started right here when a mob razed the Bastille prison, in 1790. It has a history that keeps on pulsating: Hôpital des Quinze-Vingt, a hospital for the blind founded in the thirteenth century, is today a huge, modern ophthalmological complex; and the furniture makers, here since the fifteenth century, are still standing out on the sidewalks trying to bully buyers into their gaudy showrooms. This is where the gallant, big-nosed Cyrano de Bergerac is buried and where the impoverished Verlaine wrote *The Accursed Poets*.

For several years this neighborhood of small artisans has been changing character. Rents just got too high in the usual artistic *quartiers*, like Les Halles, the Marais, and Montparnasse. "The painters and writers were chased out. Today the Bastille is *the* artists' neighborhood," Jean-Claude Fall, the director of the Theâtre de la Bastille, told me. "Right now it's a very friendly place, newcomers living side by side with the old-timers, a singing coach upstairs from a cabinetmaker. The rents are still reasonable. There are great little stores for knickknacks and clothes and nice cheap restaurants. It hasn't generated any snob appeal yet."

Fall's own theater is a good example of the unpretentious dynamism of the area. Just down the street *(Continued on page 140)*

Edmund White, *the author of "Caracole" and other novels, lives in Paris.*

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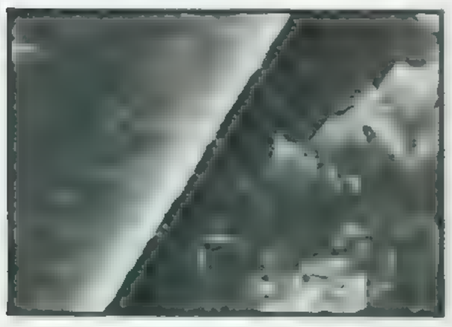

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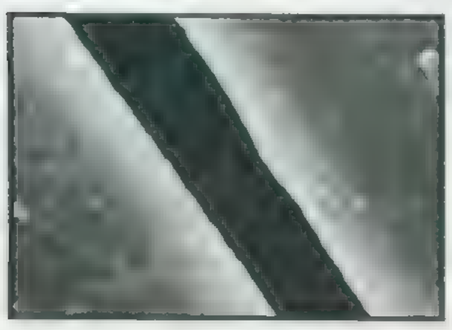

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PARIS WHERE IT SIZZLES

(Continued from page 134)

from a feminist bookshop, a tattoo parlor, a black Caribbean restaurant, a pet store, and a leather bar, the theater gives four hundred performances every year of some thirty different events on its two stages. "Our only criterion is that the work be new, contemporary, fresh. Of course, there's the official avant-garde in France—Pierre Boulez's music performance center and Antoine Vitez's theater at the Chaîllot—and that's fine, but we're trying to give completely new voices a hearing. And we think these artists deserve a decent, comfortable setting backed up by professional backstage technicians—that's our goal."

The Theâtre de la Bastille, on Rue de la Roquette, draws the bulk of its audience from the vicinity, and is the best-attended French theater for its size—it's always overflowing with young, intense audiences who during intermission down Bordeaux and puff on Gauloises while delivering the last word on *le dernier cri* at the Bar de l'Entracte just across the street. Most of the shows are plays (not long ago I saw Fall himself, in a Beckett monologue, stumbling around a motel room like Willy Loman, and later I attended the Richard Foreman–Kathy Acker *Life and Death of Pier Paolo Pasolini*). There are also performances of dance and music—"anything that requires a stage," Fall explained. In March of '86 the theater presented *Forty Fixed Landscapes*, a piece for two pianos, one painter, and four actors, directed by Carol Miles, a young American who used to be Robert Wilson's assistant.

With all its bohemian residents, the area around the Bastille buzzes like a hive after dark. Around the large, surprisingly quiet interior courtyard of the Passage du Cheval Blanc, a provincially quiet street literally just ten steps away from the Place de la Bastille, the concert pianist François-Joël Thiollier practices Stravinsky after dinner in his soundproofed basement studio; a young abstract painter known simply as Rurik stretches a canvas upstairs; next door the international theater director Peter Brook makes his home; while in an adjoining building, the rock singer Zoof Box dresses for a gig; and in another loft, all mirrors and memorabilia, the journalist Mariella Righini, Zoof Box's mother, puts the finishing touches on a French magazine article about the *risorgimento* of Italian design, movies, art, and literature.

Because the Bastille has a mixed population, it is full of contrasts—Golden Phoenix Chinese lacquerware upstairs from Dickens, importers of fine English antiques. On Monday nights, the Balajo, a dance hall that's been on the Rue de Lappe since the 1930s, is jammed with kids in 1950s drag, guys with slicked-back hair and pegged pants, girls trying to look like Annette Funicello, all jitterbugging. But on the other days of the week, even in the afternoons, it's a traditional *bal musette*: Retired waitresses with whipped-cream hair fox-trot with small African traveling salesmen while a band plays old favorites and a baritone in a Nehru jacket and junk jewelry croons along. The ancient decor shows the 1930s New York skyline in silhouette and has bits of black lace lingerie dangling out of its stage-set windows.

Just next door is the ultra-chic Tschaïka, a Russian restaurant where I saw in one night at separate tables three leading young French novelists—Hervé Guibert, Mathieu Lindon, Gilles Barbedette—each convinced he would escape the others by coming to this out-of-the-way spot. Down the street one way is the Copacabana, the "in" dancing spot for soigné blacks (the entrance is on Rue de la Roquette); down at the other end is Chez Paul, a run-down but charming neighborhood lunch spot, featuring the hearty food of the Auvergne; and in the middle, on a side street, is the Café de la Danse, where modern dancers in leg warmers strut and lunge before an audience gravely sipping espresso.

Just around the corner is Le Petit Bistro, where the arty crowd convenes to eat the daily meal (veal stew for four bucks, say) and listen to live jazz. On the other side of the Place de la Bastille is the always bustling Bofinger, a gleaming brasserie, the oldest in Paris, with an immense Tiffany glass–style ceiling; next door to it is La Mousson, a comfortable bar with leather sofas, potted plants, and a handsome Cuban bartender from New York City. There you might chat up the bewitching Christine Fersen, a *(Continued on page 142)*

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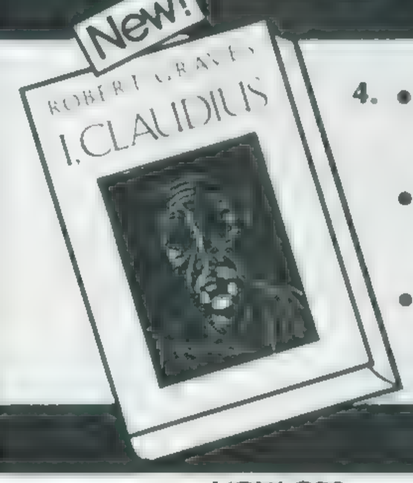

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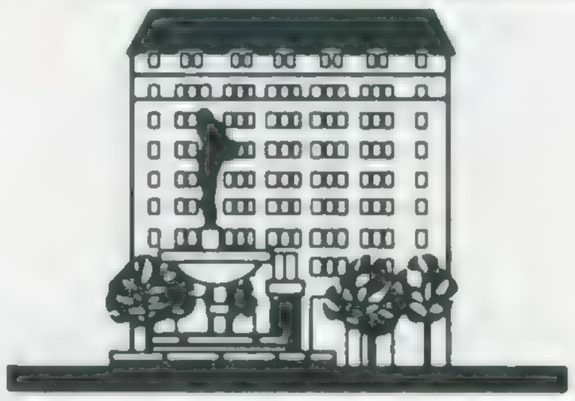

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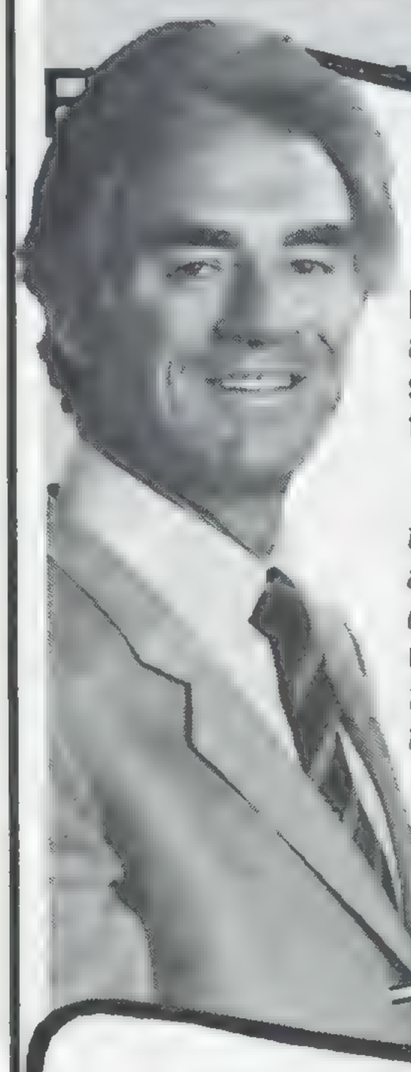

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PARIS WHERE IT SIZZLES

(Continued from page 140)

leading lady of the Comédie-Française, who played Titania in the hit production of last season, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I had a drink there with Guy Seligman, who runs a graphics studio in the Bastille where he cooks up television commercials on computers. "This is the neighborhood," he said in a confiding tone, "where an ironsmith was so good at his work he was burned as a witch." He drained his drink. "In the fifteenth century." He added without a wink, "A cautionary tale for perfectionists."

The neighborhood of the Bastille is not a tourist attraction; only real Parisians know its charms. Whereas so much of the city was leveled in the mid-nineteenth century by Baron Haussmann and rebuilt along majestic lines of straight boulevards radiating out from large squares, the Bastille is still a seventeenth-century rabbit warren of winding streets and hidden inner courtyards. Take a walk along the solemn Canal Saint Martin and you'll have the feeling you're in a more spacious Amsterdam (the canal is the traditional setting for French detective novels).

Or follow the Rue de Charenton all the way to the end and you'll drop back half a century to the Place d'Aligre, which has always been

"The Bastille is still friendly. It hasn't generated snob appeal yet"

a covered food market and outdoor flea market. It's still the cheapest place to buy food in Paris, and here almost every known language is spoken. You'll see flower stalls, pyramids of tomatoes, whole schools of fish stranded on cracked ice, a canopy designating a "Muslim butcher shop." At another, presumably Christian one, you'll see a whole boar and a row of big brown hares hanging upside down.

The neighborhood has been gentrifying at an accelerated pace ever since the new Bastille opera house was announced. Already the foundations for it have been dug; and giant cranes, taller than the Bastille column, are revolving and segmenting the sky. Designed by the Uruguayan-born Canadian-based architect Carlos Ott, the new house is slated to be finished by 1989, the bicentennial of the French Revolution. It's the most controversial of all of Mitterrand's grandiose building schemes and, in fact, Chirac's government has reduced the initial budget significantly. Even so, it will outrank in size and splendor the old opera house, the Palais Garnier. "Some people are worried that the Bastille will soon be overrun with the three F's—*frites*, *fripes*, *et flics* [French fries, clothes boutiques, and cops]," the painter Yvarel (son of Op-artist Vasarely) told me. "But right now it's still a fascinating mix."

Jean-François Bizot, the editor of the monthly *Actuel*, heartily agrees. He's a tall, smart, haggard tough guy who cracks a smile as often as a century plant blooms. His magazine—slick, radical, colloquial, a cross between *Mother Jones* and *Rolling Stone*—moved its offices to the Bastille six years ago. "It was still virgin territory then," he said. "Bofinger was always empty, but you can't budge there now—it's a lot hotter than La Coupole or any other watering hole in town. A lot of the energy here, by the way, comes from the African scene. All the stars of French-speaking Africa—the actresses and singers and clothes designers and jewelers and poets—end up in this neighborhood. Take this African designer Joe Balard [who took his last name from a Paris Metro stop]—he's the best-dressed man in town with his two-thousand-dollar gold boots and elegant suits. Paris is more cosmopolitan than ever because now it's the world cultural center for Eastern Europe, Latin America, and Africa—even Vietnam! Its underground modern-dance scene is about to make it big; in every loft some painter or poet is hatching a masterpiece; and it's all happening right here, in the Bastille! Look, face it, for the last thirty years New York has been on top but now Paris is back." ▽

VOGUE, July, 1987

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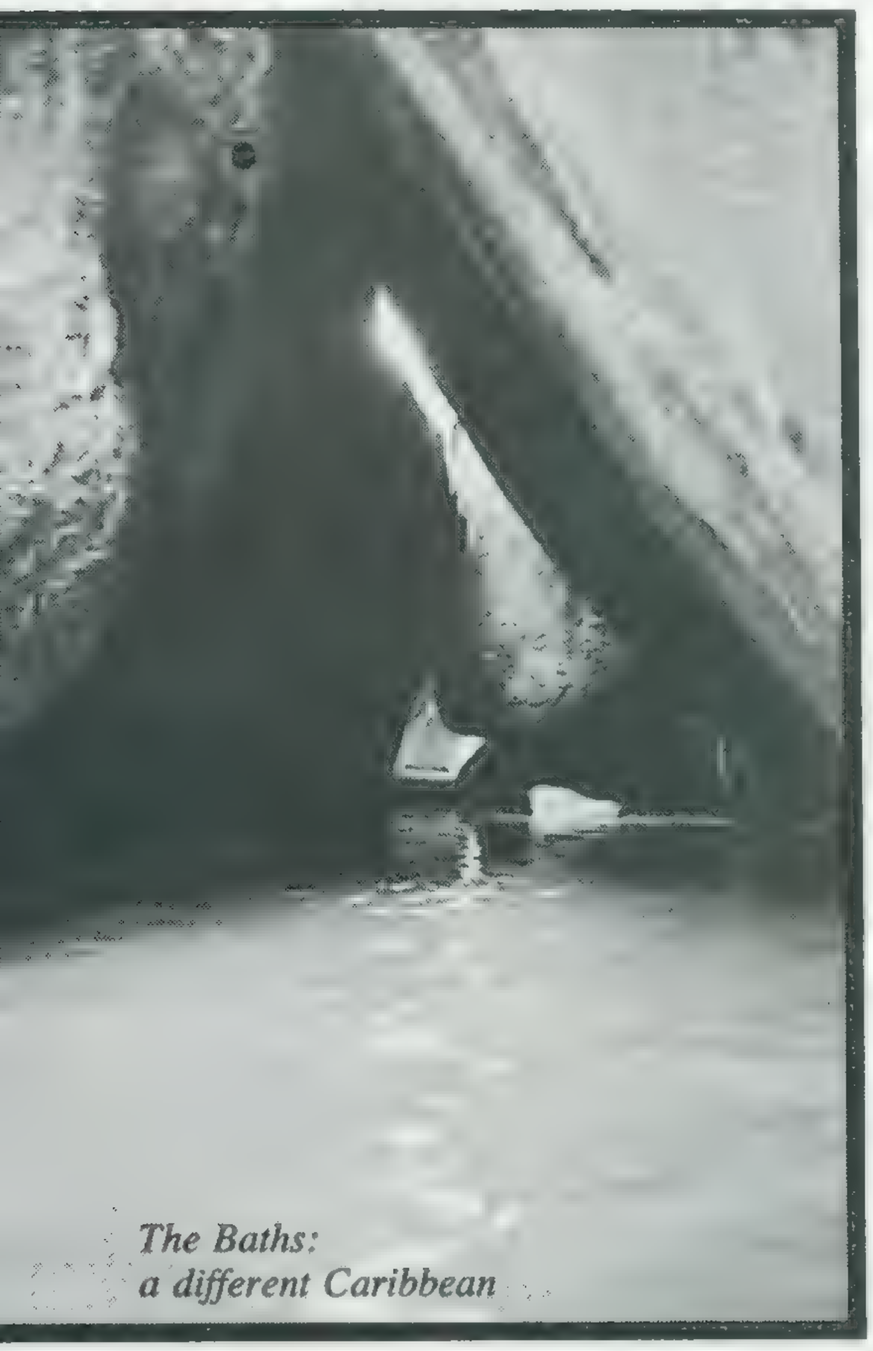
TRAVEL

BLISS ON THE ROCKS

Virgin Gorda: primal landscape, polished resorts

BY DESPINA MESSINESI



The Baths: a different Caribbean

People often ask me, What is Virgin Gorda, and where is it? My answer: an island in the Caribbean, a British Virgin Island—the second largest in a chain of about fifty. Although some are uninhabited—mere peppermint-green tufts, or simply rocks—they seem to stand guard along the Sir Francis Drake Channel, that royal-blue highway adored by sailors. Their inlets and coves provide sheltered anchorage, serenity, solitude, and lively clear waters for snorkeling and swimming.

Virgin Gorda is long and skinny, and has a split personality: mountainous in the north, flat and cactus-dry in the south. Beneath palms along the southern shoreline are The Baths, a spectacular collection of house-sized boulders, the mottled grey of elephants. This wilderness of rocks—where Vogue photographed "Summer Escape," pages 204-213—is as challenging as a jungle gym. Leaks of light play like searchlights on its grottoes and shallow pools. Inside its caves, shaped by centuries of breaking surf, muffled voices seem to rise from the bottom of the ocean. Mythological gods belong here.

A precipitous, hair-raising road over the mountains leads north to instant civilization—the established Rockresort, Little Dix Bay. Charming stone bungalows draped in bougainvillaea stand under its tall palms, on meadow-flat grounds as meticulously groomed as a golf course. Flowers edge the bike paths; the large scoop of beach glistens like diamond dust. A classic.

So many boats put in at North Sound, one of the safest anchorages in the Caribbean, that this harbor has the excitement of a permanent regatta. Here, the Bitter End Yacht Club is an institution. It can accommodate some one hundred and twenty boats, and can provide practically everything that sailors need—including simple, unpretentious villas. The Bitter End has the contagious hum of a happy crowd, with people calling each other from boat to boat, dashing about in dinghies.

From sea level, the circular stone ramparts of the resort Biras Creek could easily be mistaken for a fortress. From terra firma, its one hundred and fifty acres are an orgy of tropical plants and exotic flowers. (Signs along the paths read "Iguana crossing.") Guests generally hole up for several weeks in its comfortable suites, with uncluttered sitting rooms, broad terraces, bikes outside each entrance. The circular dining room, open on all sides to sea breezes, overlooks dazzling blue Gorda Sound and the Caribbean. Both the wine list and the food are exceptional: memorable gazpacho, tangy and chilled; fresh-from-the-oven banana bread.

Vis-à-vis to Biras Creek is The Tradewinds, a young resort. Guests require stamina to reach the peak-roofed bungalows on steep hillside terraces. From the balconied bungalows, those who have sailed to the island admire their boats rocking gently at anchor. The extra-large rooms (with two double beds) are cooled by ceiling fans, have an electric coffee maker with the necessary fixings; marble showers partially open to the sky are an enormous treat after a day of salty sea.

GETTING THERE: *Fly either to San Juan, Puerto Rico, or to St. Thomas, USVI; from there, Air BVI, Crownair, Eastern Metro Express, and American Eagle operate regularly scheduled flights to Virgin Gorda.*

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VIEW

New York Fall: The Headlines

The softest coats. Animal prints. Daytimes shot with color. New views on the smallest black dress. On these pages: the news-makers from New York, seen from the runway.

ANIMAL EFFECTS

A favorite designer amusement, this season: hot spots—borrowed from leopards, cheetahs. Trim, above, on a Blass suit; the wild side (inset), Cathy Hardwick.

A CELEBRATION OF LEGS

Of all the symbols of the season, the most noticeable difference? Shorter skirts and plenty of legs. The look of night, right: Blass's bareback top, leopard lamé mini.

"The short dress is the dress at night—if a woman has the legs for it. And women today do."
CALVIN KLEIN

OVER BLACK: HOT COLOR

News in color: the way it's worked over black—as a single vibrant piece topping a dress, a skirt, the darkest stockings. Far left: Michael Kors's dashing red coat and jacket; left, a searing orange suit at David Cameron.

PIERRE SCHERMAN

("View" continued on page 148)

KRIZIA

FOTO GIOVANNI GASTEL

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VIEW

New York Fall Headlines

STARRY NIGHTS

Newsiest idea for night: an ornamental jacket to light up everything. Right: Beene's reembroidered lace jacket.

A SOFTER COAT

Notably easier, cozier, often a wrap: The newest coats shrug on and off this season. Clockwise, from top: Shearling at Calvin Klein; a Ralph Lauren wrap; Carolina Herrera sable lining; stripes at Blass.

"A coat this year is a throw, an embrace, something to cuddle into." DONNA KARAN

BLACK DRESSES ON THE RISE

Small, smallest, with a bit of sparkle or bareness—to replace the "pouf" of another season. Below, left to right: "Tuxedo" by Carolyne Roehm; Donna Karan knit; Beene's jacket dress. *("View" continued on page 150)*

PIERRE SCHERMAN

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VIEW

New York Fall Headlines

COLOR: IN A COAT

One of the strongest hits of color comes from a coat. Wrapped heads, in black, give contrast. New color, above left, Bill Blass; Calvin Klein taffeta, far right. Center: Sant'Angelo's head wrap.

"Fantasy has loosened people up. You can do things off-center."
DAVID CAMERON

LONG AND LEANER

When evening dresses go long, the best of them move toward the body. Right: Shine at Beene; far right, Carolyne Roehm column. *("View" continued, page 152)*

PIERRE SCHERMAN

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VIEW

New York Fall Headlines

"A jacket is the touchstone in any woman's wardrobe." GEOFFREY BEENE

TAILORING: NEW KNITS

New tailoring—extending even to knits, sometimes with stretch or the surprise of a crisp white shirt (Ronaldus Shamask does both, left). Below: Chalk stripe knit suit, Ralph Lauren; his fur-trimmed sweater, center left. Below left: Blass textures.

NIGHT: COMING UP SHORT

The biggest of big-time dressing turns up short—but still ornamental. Lace plays an important part in the evening equation. At top: Geoffrey Beene's lace layers. Decorative sweater, above left, Oscar de la Renta; above, McFadden's sophisticated flirt. Right: The new trapeze, as Bill Blass does it. *("View" continued on page 154)*

PIERRE SCHERMAN

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VIEW

WITH A PLAID HAND

Taking the high road on runways for fall: the most high-spirited plaids, tartans

What this season is about, often, are classics with a new twist. If a blazer shows up in cashmere, it has an hourglass shape; if it's a traditional herringbone suit, it's newly knitted. Tartans, likewise, are unlikely to be recognized by any Scotsman. Issey Miyake puts an oversized button-down shirt in small black-and-white plaid over pants with giant black-and-white squares; green-and-black "tartan" at Chanel suits up with the reddest plaid mini. Geoffrey Beene's hooded jacket tops a cut-out grey jumpsuit. The only givens? Wit, dash, and a high kick of color. *("View" continued on page 156).*

A plethora of plaid, top: Coveri's schoolgirl mix; Martine Sitbon's shaping (far left, center). Above: Alistair Blair by night—beading on velvet; left, Byblos drop-waist skirts; right, Valentino jacket over leather.

GUY MARINEAU

M

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BRUNO MAGLI

FACE
THE NEW
FRAGRANCE
FOR MEN
FROM
CHANEL

VIEW

FRENCH CONNECTION

Joy Henderiks: young, blond, suited up for New York or Paris

Joy Henderiks, vice president, Yves Saint Laurent America, is seven days a month in New York City, twenty in Paris, four at her Belgian farmhouse; only there does she pare down to jeans, sweater. "People look at me as 'YSL,' so I have to dress well. Up near my farm, life is so simple people barely know who YSL is!" The needs of a public job—and plenty of plane travel—lead her to keep, at her New York hotel, big-evening dresses and light clothes for southern trips. U.S. evenings, she finds, are dressy. "Americans have a more intelligent way of dressing for the office," Joy says. "In France, I wear a beige suit with a hairbow and necklaces; here, with cashmere." *(Continued on page 158)*

Joy Henderiks, top left, in the "one piece I need in Paris"—a suit. Here, YSL—with the simplest Hanes T-shirt. Above: black YSL at dinner; far left: a "time out" Mexican skirt, jewelry collectibles. Left: for weekend antiques shopping—a favorite Burberry.

JEAN-PIERRE MASCLET, GUY MARINEAU. All hair by Louis G Makeup for Mascler photos by Huelan for Faces

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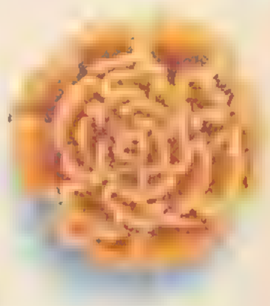

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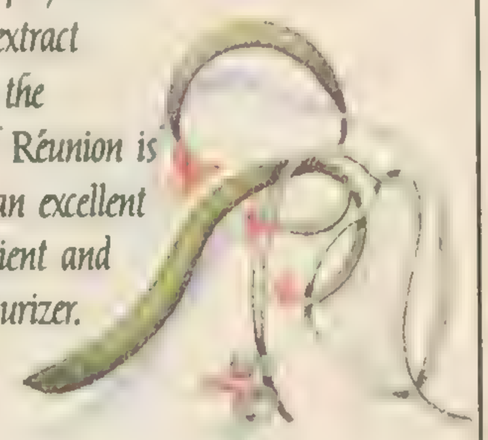

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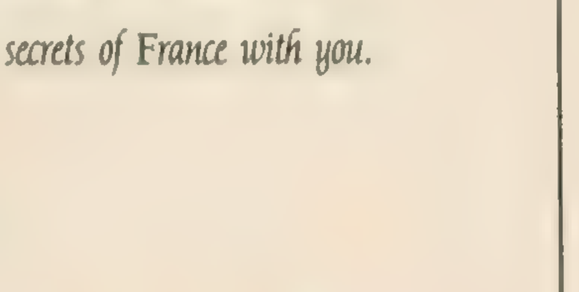

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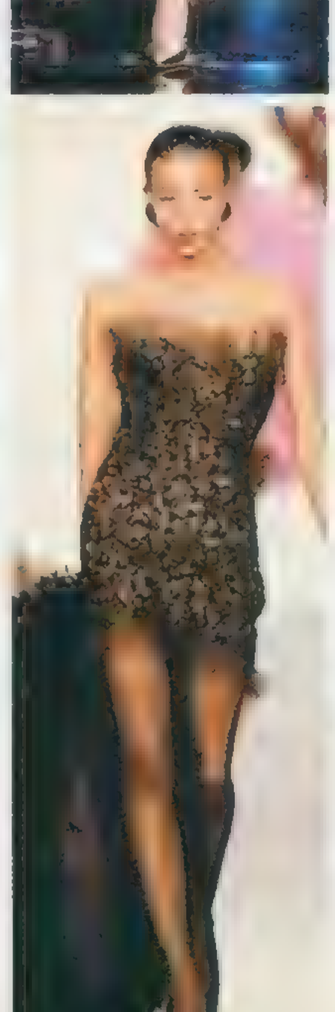
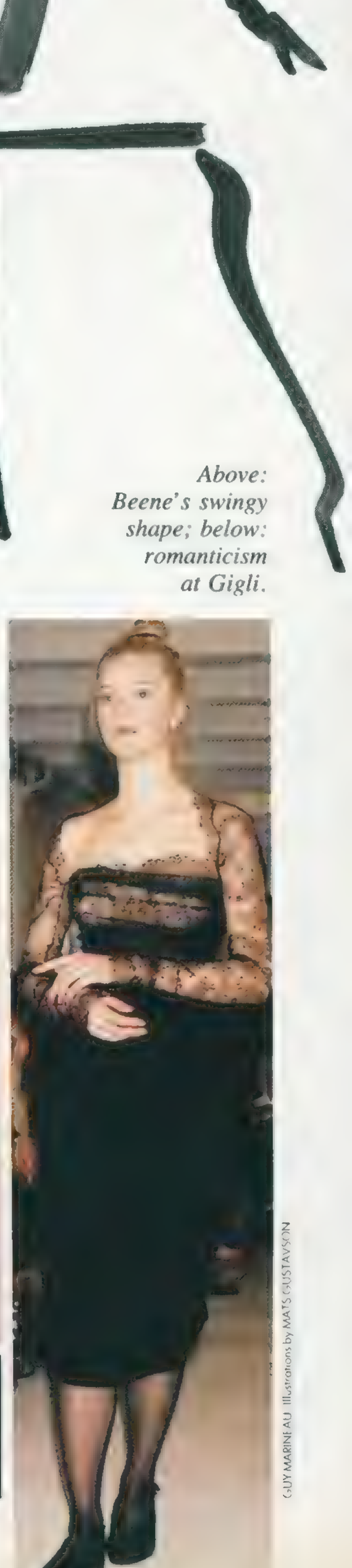
VIEW

amazing lace

Ladylike lace revs up for fall, newly flirtatious

What makes lace evening dressing beguiling—and new? "That it's such a delicate, sheer fabric treated in a modern way," says Calvin Klein, who tailors it for dinner. The lace trend begun at the couture is catching on all over now—often short, body-fitted, in black. New confections. —"View" contributed by PAUL SINCLAIRE, LESLEY JANE NONKIN





Above: Beene's swingy shape; below: romanticism at Gigli.

Change of lace? From top, left: Skirt evenings at Armani; Krizia's sheerness; YSL nights—in black, and all "body." Above left: Lace tailoring at Calvin Klein; dress (above right), Valentino.

Illustrations by MATS GUSTAVSON

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VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: colorful furs, fakes, all-Americanism...chic books, shops, designer views...upscale Gap...gifts-of-the-gods jewels

People are talking about...new categories—new definitions—of fur for fall. There's news in fakes, in fully artificial colorings, in "furry" shearlings. The coat of the season might be a shaggy brown "beast" of indeterminate (synthetic) origin at Marc Jacobs...or a Rykiel raincoat lined with a jewel-color spotted-cat "fur." Lamb shearlings stand out: really rugged (and toggle-tied) at Ralph Lauren Roughwear, nipped and neatly waisted at Fendi, or chicly black as Calvin Klein does it. Even the most familiar furs, this year, come updated in new colors: a paprika-brown Mongolian lamb at Maud Frizon, deep blue fox at YSL or Claude Montana. You'll find deep reds, delicate pastels—all of them decidedly attractive. And that may be the biggest news: new delights, amusements, nothing jokey.

In a season when hooded looks (the fashion sort) are turning up in every guise from black leather "aviators" at Sonia Rykiel to Bill Blass's double-breasted coat classics, some of the best hoods around can be found, too, as separate—special—items. At Geoffrey Beene, for one, some pull on, others button under chin; all are matched to fall outfits or sold individually (in satin, lace, double-faced wool, or jersey). Ungaro has hoods in wool jersey, herringbone, or men's windowpane checks to top his—or any other—fall suits. For big nights: a velvet hood with silk lining ($540).

This may be the year of high-heeled pumps and leggy dressing...but, too, you'll find plenty of flat boots (over the knee, at-knee, or short "booties") and streamlined flat shoes. Giorgio Armani, for one, sticks to his guns on the subject of women and heels. Says Armani: "A woman who wears flat shoes is not boring. She is brave." Translation: braving the world...not fashion-daring....In terms of jewels, many are literally gifts of the gods for fall: an updated intaglio link bracelet at Barry Kieselstein-Cord or an ancient coin reset with modern style by England's Elizabeth Gage or by Bulgari. Laurence de Vries does medallion pins decorated with the head of Pegasus, Mercury, or Zeus; Fendi's new limited-edition leather satchels, clutch bags, and luggage look forward and back. They're imprinted with a double-faced Janus....For Gap goers (who's not?): next month—in San Francisco, Chicago, and Short Hills, New Jersey—The Gap opens "Hemispheres." Shops start with an upscale "Gap" idea, house easy "European" clothes for men, women.

"A woman wearing flat shoes is not boring," says Giorgio Armani, on the subject of fall heels. "She is brave."

What's new: In Paris, on Rue de Grenelle, now there's a Miss Maud shop. For Maud Frizon fans, it stocks a younger—lesser-priced—new Frizon shoe collection....Non-stoppable Pierre Cardin, on Paris's Rue Royale, now has his first-ever boutique just for hats and jewelry....New, too: For lovers of Christian Dior lingerie (there are many), design director Carole Hochman has made Le Connaisseur—glamorous lingerie classics (of silk jacquard, embroidery, lace, wool damask). Robes to bikinis, there's a sense of "retro." At "investment" prices....The look of a Levi's jacket is fast becoming one of fall's standard jacket shapes. Often with a short skirt for fun, "jeans" jackets turn up in black-and-white tweed (Willi Smith), glen plaid (Cathy Hardwick), almost everything in addition to denim. At Girbaud, even a faded denim jacket reverses to multicolored quilted satin.

AT A TIME WHEN PEOPLE TALK ABOUT HOME COOKING AND REGIONAL CUISINE, ALL-AMERICAN SPORTSWEAR, TOO, IS A RECURRING THEME: PERRY ELLIS AMERICA GOES SO FAR AS TO MAKE FOR FALL A STARS-AND-STRIPES SWEATER. THE LURE AT DOWN HOME AMERICA, A JUST-OPENED NYC SHOP? MEN AND WOMEN'S SPORTSWEAR PIECES THAT ARE *ONLY* MADE IN AMERICA.

For doggin' it: Prada, ever-upscale Italian maker of leather goods, offers new dog collars and leashes at New York City's Prada shop. In black or brown leather with large-link chains—or in crocodile—it's Milanese chic for all competitive pooches....To watch for next month (from Harry N. Abrams, Inc.): a book called "Beads: 30,000 B.C. to the Present" by Lois Sherr Dubin. For bead lovers, jewelry lovers, all fashionable followers of the power of crystals....Vivienne Westwood for fall has little girl jumpers; short skirts can give a baby-doll look. Now high-waisted pants and skirts held by wide suspenders are on the return: pin-striped wool pants at York & Cole, a gabardine suspender skirt at Arlequin, Paris. On the boards at WilliWear: suspenders on a taffeta pinafore.

All's fair: As more and more fashion-makers are turning their extra energies to creating costumes for stage and dance, it's only fitting that performers would turn their creative eyes to design, too. Opening this month at the classical arena of Verona, Italy, is *Madama Butterfly*—staged and costumed (in cotton and silk, with lamé details) by star and soprano Renata Scotto.—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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Calvin Klein Footwear

What's really news this fall

Despite what you may have heard, there's more to the season than hemlines. The best of what's new—the changes that count—are what this issue is all about.

for day

There is a different look, a different feel to fashion this fall, and it does start with a shorter skirt. But it doesn't end there. What's key: the shape of the skirt—never too tight or too tapered—and the way it's worn...

- With the right stockings—dark, semi-opaque, untextured, evenly colored; sometimes with a slight shine.
- With the right shoes—a terrific new pair of high-heeled pumps in ostrich or alligator or suede.
- With the right jacket—longer, defined at the shoulder, indented at the waist, shaped over the hip. Sharper. Dashing. When you put it all together—then, you have something different.

The strength of the daytime jacket continues—whether as a movable, separate piece or as part of a suit. And this is very much a "suit season." The newest—contrasting in some way: same color, different textures for the jacket and skirt.

Clue to a season's character today: its textures. Name them, and you instantly set a mood. Think back to last fall—soft cashmere knits, jerseys were in abundance. This season, everything is much crisper, sharper, gutsier: covert, twill, barathea, leather. Textures that lend themselves to another kind of tailoring.

More of a change—the element of stretch—key ingredient now in a variety of texture mixes. Benefits: the way stretch allows for a body-close but not tight fit; the way stretch fabrics bounce back, maintain shape; the way something stretch lets you move.

Color takes on a different role. The preference still for darker colors, for black. Yet there are designers who have picked up on very appealing colors—deep, bright shades—and have used them for wonderful effects. At Calvin Klein, the perfect jacket in citron yellow, a new-shape suit in muted red...at Oscar de la Renta, the prettiest pink suit...Gianfranco Ferre's knockout coat in hot pink. And where you always expect to find color used in unique (glorious) ways—at Saint Laurent, at Ungaro—you're not disappointed.

Another—more traditional—color role: as accent. This fall, the hit of a colored glove—bright blue against a yellow sleeve or against a more subdued background for contrast. The surprise of a small, shaped bag in vivid color—precise, geometric—enough of a surprise to turn daytime dressing (something simple, something black) to dinner dressing.

What you like best about coats this fall: what's unexpected. The shapes to watch:

- The trench—softer, shorter, belted—great over "legs."
- New jacket-like coats. The only difference—the heavier weight of the fabric.
- Coat shapes borrowed from the world of active dressing—parkas, duffels—in inviting textures/colors—quilted red satin reversing to fake leopard...black satin with white (the best at Sonia Rykiel).
- Softer, smaller coats—Valentino's small-waisted checked wool as "neat" as any dress...or Azzedine's back-pleated, soft-falling coat in stretch wool with rubber stripes (!).
- One-of-a-kind coats—exceptional, unique. A wrap of Paisley lined in fur...a big multicolored "rug" coat...collectors' items to go on, to wear forever.

at night

The star at night: the short dress. The look of legs prevails for every kind of evening—from dinner at a restaurant to the season's biggest "event." What sets the best new short dresses apart—their gentleness, smallness. These are not exaggerated poufs of taffeta, exaggerated anything. To look for instead: the barest slip of a dress in black lace...narrow, strapless satin (bareness in all its guises goes on at night)...a ravishing leopard-print sequin skirt and bare cashmere sweater.

With "legs" at night, sensational new evening shoes. Ornamental. Colorful. Irresistible. Perfect example—pink satin slingback pumps with rhinestone-studded bows!—evening jewels. Or black satin pumps with green satin heels and bows.

Details that make a difference. At the start of any new season, there are certain elements that signify change, markers that identify new territory. Find them... and you've found the fastest, easiest way to make a transition. This season...

- A crisp white shirt—a shirt to sharpen the edges of any look.
- A colorful glove—yellow suede, pink satin—to contrast with black, with tweed, to give an instant "lift."
- A bold, bronze African cuff to add a different character to everyday dressing. And fall's best jewel "finds" are in this world of ethnic/exotic/unique pieces—a world removed from commercial/cookie-cutter designs.
- The perfect just-black-enough stockings and perfectly balanced black suede pumps to "carry" any short skirt.

As much as anything this fall, one of the strongest signals of change—the look of hair. Hair that's easier, uncontrived, with an emphasis on health, on texture. There isn't one new length, one particular "style"...but certain looks come across, looks that characterize the season. Hair that's longer rather than very short. Hair with straight-cut ends rather than uneven, "straggly" ones. Hair that's freer rather than overcontrolled—when it's pulled back, hair is gently held, smooth rather than being tight or slick.

Even with a freer attitude—in hair, in fashion—there are guidelines. Every season establishes its own "boundaries" of style within which there are certain recognizable looks. There isn't one "right" way for hair to look, there isn't one "right" short length—this is 1987, not 1967. But that doesn't mean that anything goes. There are always things that look and work better, are better in the context of a particular moment. Whether they're smaller "details" or bigger headline-makers, they give the season its special flavor.

HEADLI

Arthur Elgort

NEWS

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP LEGS

First things first—and this is where the action is: shorter skirts...nonstop—dark-colored—legs ...great-looking new pumps. Any way you look at it—it's a definite lift, a different feeling, starting from the ground up....
From the left: Jean Paul Gaultier skirt; suede pumps, Stephane Kélian for Jean Paul Gaultier; Dim stockings.... Saint Laurent Rive Gauche skirt; alligator pumps from Yves Saint Laurent Footwear; Yves Saint Laurent stockings.... Skirt, Azzedine Alaïa; suede pumps, Alaïa by Diego Della Valle; stockings, Pierre Mantoux for Alaïa....Chanel skirt; Chanel wool-covered pumps; Hanes Coloralls stockings. Details, stores, last pages.

HEADLI

SHORT STUFF: SKIRTING THE ISSUE...

Eighteen women—all of a certain age and income—gather for a more-than-somewhat swank lunch in New York. Dress for the day runs heavily to dresses and suits from YSL, Valentino, Blass, and Ungaro. When a fashion editor comes into the room, a noticeable quiet comes on. "Let's see how short *her* skirt is," one woman says. And **that notorious non-conversation—about hemlines and *the* length of the season—is suddenly, again, the talk of the season.**

Has nothing changed?

Fashion *has* changed, designers say: designers, admittedly, fully versed in supplying some logic to the creative illogic that's, seasonally, fashion. Short skirts—even thigh-high ones, when they occur—are all part of a quite different clothing setup now. Rigid little A-shape skirts and dresses of the late 'sixties have, mercifully, grown up to an adult woman's look: this fall, to clothes with a distinct shoulder line, a skirt that falls close to the body from a small (but never cinched-in) waist. Twiggy's white legs and par-

HAIR TODAY, CHANGE TOMORROW?

That there are still fashions in hair, in '87, seems oddly passé. Hair is hair, one might say—good, bad, or indifferent in color, curl, and coarseness, something to work out in a way that suits a specific woman. Yearly, we clip and prune trees, watch them go russet or gold; do we also need to mark seasons by hair color, by style? Yet **hair, even more than hemlines, can date a woman and flag a date.** When locked in time, it proclaims a woman's best year—'68, '74, '52—as clearly as does a wine vintage.

The prevailing look of hair clearly changes—it complements the appearance of clothes, it stamps a fashion time. (Tribute evenings to aging actresses, in fact, often end up as reviews of past hairstyles as much as film clips.) Designers focus seriously and hard with each new collection on the look of runway makeup and hair; as much as clothes shown, it can reflect an evolution of thought. Calvin Klein and Oscar de la Renta, for fall, pull back hair in unobtrusively minimalist manners; Chanel ties and bows loose ponytails; Armani brushes waves off a model's face. At Armani, there's always the impression, simply, of hair with soft body. **As each designer has his or her own fashion signature, an overall message about hair comes through, too. As with clothes, finally, there's a seasonal theme. There's simply not one message.**

According to Kenneth, who's seen untold hair fads and fashions come and go at his New York City salon, "Hair has changed in the

NES

ty Mary Janes have evolved to sculptural high-heeled reptile pumps, a sleek expanse of dark matte legs.

The whole vocabulary of the skirt conversation, noticeably, has changed. **Nowhere are there voices of outrage.** No one—woman or clothes maker—is likely to summon up lip service to runway dicta or dictators of style. Appropriateness, age, economics, options: these are the words and the questions. Specifically: "Am I about to let myself be harassed on the street?" Does one chop off a $10,000 Galanos—or an $800 Gloria Sachs—for a season's charm? A girl who easily shows off her legs dancing puts on a long skirt one night, for fun and funk: What's the problem?

The problem: Are men (or women) up to a minuscule-skirted lawyer—or physician? What do legs have to do with trust? Carol Channing shows her style at a dinner at Mortimer's—with dark legs, great legs, a skirt three-or-four inches above kneeline. She looks terrific. A young IBMer—linen suit skirt three inches above ankle, in running shoes—appears grounded in cement. So much for "short" simply as an age question.

Is it a question at all when designers send models down a fall runway with more thigh than skirt showing. . . clearly making a "short" statement. . . and then the designer-as-businessman ships those skirts to stores and customers at a comfortably negotiable knee length? Months ago, when the fall season existed more as an idea than as pieces of clothing, Rifat Ozbek's notion was already, definitively, "legs, legs, legs." For night, "The short dress is better," Ungaro said. But **how short is "short?" And who decides it?** Ungaro—Calvin Klein—the woman—the dry cleaner's tailor—the saleswoman in a store dressing room who's seen runway photographs and tells a customer, "It's running long on you, dear. Short skirts are 'in' this season"?

Does it matter? In a voice, women tend to say, "No." There's an established fashion, in fact, for being wisely above all this. If this is fully so, why is everyone talking about short skirts? **Why do they turn up on the ten o'clock news? Hemlines offer a change—a diversion—not a global statement**. . . but they regularly feed both our insecurities and follow-the-herd desires. The reality is that hemlines, for quite some time now, have often dragged on for too long. "Shorter," for most women for fall, will boil down to something briefer than her skirts have been, something sharper-looking, now: just-above-knee just might be an executive answer. Young girls—with different requirements in their daily lives—will take it all, as they tend to, with a lot more fun.

"Surely these things lie on the knees of the gods," Homer once said—Homer, the fashion philosopher.

sense that fashion has changed. Fashion now is more pulled together." With a greater sense of "dressing," with women changing their look more noticeably from day to night, hair needs a bit more to get by, too. Stylist Sergio Valente sees fall's clothes as "more controlled, more classic, more feminine"—and working best with hair that requires more effort. More often than not, what that "extra effort" consists of is "finish" (that indefinably definitive difference)—added to a good cut. It's a trade-off: in order to get more from a good cut, a woman is going to have to do more herself—not in hours but minutes.

Kenneth explains: "It may be just a twist or lift with a brush while blow-drying your hair. Or using hot rollers—not all over but just on top for extra height." A soft French twist, equally, is new. For fall, among creators of new products for hair, there are warm amber or chestnut colors for glint, new moisturizing glosses.

That "it all starts with a great haircut" is both the cliché and common reality: whether "a great haircut" is necessarily explainable (or only sightable) is something else entirely. "In the 'sixties," says stylist Gad Cohen, "the cut was based on precision. Stylists concentrated on cutting hair evenly, on perfecting a sculptured cut, but they ignored the way the hair naturally wanted to go." Precision remains, Gad says; but, today, it's in precisely cutting for the client, not cutting one haircut on everyone.

Because of this, fewer cuts today look the same. Each woman has different needs and requirements. "You have to consider the hair, the face, a woman's total look, and her life," says Gad. "For me, there are only three or four basic haircuts, and although I do them on almost everyone, they tend to change on almost everyone as well."

Women—in or apart from this world of fashionable hair—know pretty clear-headedly what works for them and what does not; it's a fact that's obvious, today, with models. Famke clips her short smooth hair and sideburns herself. Mary Mize puts on henna for added hair strength and texture. Estelle Lefebure has her wheat-colored bangs cut like a cap—but curved in a way that also allows her to brush them back for the look of one length. Even among today's top fashion actresses, there's a very personalized play-out of 'eighties attitude.

Attitude, in fact, is what much of the style of hair is all about; and "attitude" also proves the unwieldiness of today's hair descriptions. Rather than "length" or "coif," people talk of cutting layers for "texture," for "volume," for ease and fullness. Hair is freer. . . looser. . . individual. . . imprecise. Get the message?

The message: **The best hair at this moment is not "set," ramrod straight, excessively tidy, or wildly maned. It has shape and healthy style.** It looks as good—if not better—when a woman moves as when she sits still.

As fashions go, it's a pretty good one.

Starting here, the things that count most for fall. And what counts equally on these pages—the look of the fashion and the look of hair. Different—complementary—elements of style. The fashion...always reflecting the season's changes to watch, both large and small. The hair... reflecting a change in attitude. It isn't a question of one new length, one new look. There's an underlying difference in feeling—hair that's freer, less contrived, less "done," both day and night. What follows: what looks best...

fall SIGNALS

THE CLOTHES, THE HAIR, THE LOOK

These fourteen pages, hair by Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange. Makeup, here and next page, Maria de Schneider. Manicure, Larisa. Details, last pages.

Left: Symbols of a new season. The hair—"freer." The heightened naturalness of the makeup. The new coloring—Calvin Klein's double-faced cashmere coat worn over black. The exotic jewelry—here, an African bronze cuff (about $800) and Indonesian bracelet (about $450) from the Tambaran Gallery, NYC.

Wayne Maser

fashion
COLOR

Approached differently...And the perfect jacket becomes the perfect accessory

hair
LENGTH

Not for "news," but for style. What counts more—texture, shape

Left: The jacket of the season—for its color, its shape, its more charming finish—Calvin Klein's citron-yellow double-faced cashmere. With black on black—his stretch turtleneck, abbreviated skirt, just-right dark stockings, suede pumps. Turtleneck and skirt, about $142 each. Turnout, late August at Bergdorf Goodman. Stockings, Calvin Klein Hosiery. Shoes, Calvin Klein Footwear. Details, see last pages of this issue.

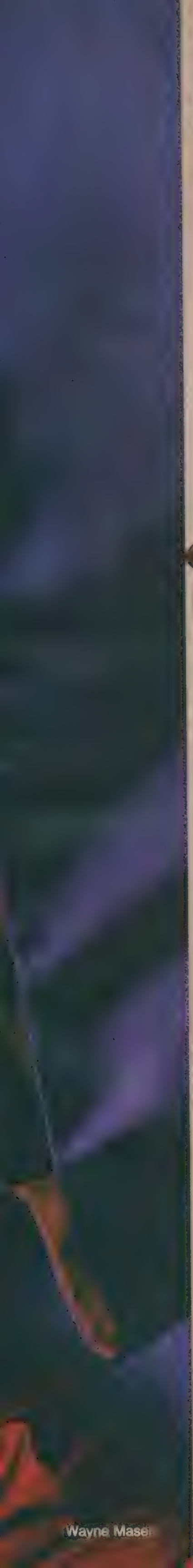
hair

SMOOTH

Without being slick...
controlled without being rigid...
the look of "less" at night

fashion
SHAPE

Defined by color!
And legs all the way...



Near left: In red wool barathea, the new look of a suit at Calvin Klein. The jacket—longer, double-breasted, strong at the shoulder, fitted over the hip; the briefest of skirts; the perfect blouse. Jacket, about $665; skirt, about $185. Brown silk radzimir blouse, about $475. Late July at I. Magnin. Shoes, Calvin Klein Footwear. Stockings, Calvin Klein Hosiery....

Opposite: Jewel colors at night—Calvin Klein's romantic evening coats, hooded or not. The makeup coloring—in warm jewel tones—left, by Revlon; right, from Ultima II. Makeup: *this page,* Maria de Schneider; *opposite,* Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages.

Wayne Mase

Wayne Maser

hair TWIST

As in French twist...as a modern option
...gently lifted and pinned

fashion LEATHER

In black...shaped strongly,
assertively...sharpened by white

This page: Claude Montana's shiny black leather 7/8-length coat with an oversized shawl collar/hood. Late July at Barneys New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin....Classic white shirt from Charvet. About $145. Bergdorf Goodman. Striking color in a jewel—Paloma Picasso's emerald-cut citrine on an 18k chain. For Tiffany & Co. Makeup by Andrea Paoletti; manicure by Larisa. Details, last pages this issue.

This page: From a collection where color and proportion were used to maximum advantage—Calvin Klein's—another standout look. His double-faced cashmere coat in coral that "clutches" closed—nothing to spoil the line. September at Bergdorf Goodman. The dark legs, from Calvin Klein Hosiery. Pumps, Calvin Klein Footwear.... *Opposite:* A few of the season's singular sensations —Fendi's chinchilla-lined coat. And bigger, bolder, more dramatic rings—continuing the ethnic, one-of-a-kind direction in jewelry. Both, from Tambaran Gallery, NYC. Index finger ring, about $150; middle, about $200. ...Singular hair color—golden, wheat-blond. One way to add that kind of golden highlighting—Majiblond from Keralogie L'Oréal Laboratories, which conditions as it colors. Makeup, both pages, Maria de Schneider. Details, last pages.

fashion
SCALE
Key to a new coat dressing... color—key to a new feeling

hair
LAYERING
To give dramatic effect...versatility... extra dimension

Wayne Maser

fashion

LACE

And legs...and bare skin—terrific at night. Ditto—black shearling

Left: Something short, racy, revealing—Calvin Klein's slip dress in embroidered black lace. And his hooded black shearling "clutch" coat—modern answer to the question of evening coverings. Dress, about $1000. Turnout, August at Bergdorf Goodman.... *Right:* With a glorious spill of hair—bare skin, red satin, and gold. Bill Blass dress. The chunky pebble necklace and earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Necklace, about $870; earrings, about $170. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin (earrings); Holt Renfrew of Canada. Makeup, Maria de Schneider. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

hair

SWEPT BACK

With bounce, elasticity... it holds up, no matter what!!!

hair

VOLUME

Always "amplified"
with the right cut
. . . glorious texture

fashion

BARE

And leggy—the new turn to dinner dressing. . .the ultimate sweater-and-skirt

Right: Easygoing—and dazzling—Bill Blass's red cashmere wraparound sweater and sensational skirt in leopard-patterned sequins and bugle beads. August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore; Montaldo's; Frost Bros. To order at I. Magnin. . . . *Left:* Focus on hair's texture with a cut that highlights natural curl, adds volume. The coat-dress, Jean Paul Gaultier. Isabel Canovas earrings. . . And for gentle lift—new alcohol-free Moisture Rich Styling Mousse from Vidal Sassoon. Makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

hair SIGNALS

STYLE AND SOMETHING MORE...

More from mousse, "shiners," finger-paint colors, gel—the new science of hair

By SHIRLEY LORD

From New York to Los Angeles, London to Sydney, women today are using the same hair-care/haircolor lingo; and the words give away the look. It's "sculpting gel" (no more "setting lotion") and "shiners"—for hairsprays with silicone that give plenty of shine (but no more stiffness). Instant "comb-through" or "finger-painted" color with mascara-type wands or mousse means that "weekend dressing" for a woman can just as easily be a painted-on Saturday night/washed-off Sunday haircolor as some attractive sneakers and sweats.

The overall signal, coming through loud and clear: better products allow for a new, relaxed approach to style, texture, and color. "It's show-and-tell time," says David Cannell, group vice president international, research and development for Redken, headquartered in California. "Today's products are easier and faster to use; yet, through the miracles of high-tech, they still provide masses of benefits and terrific performance."

Innovation in hair products has often originated in California. Hair industry statistics, in fact, have long indicated that West Coast women are much more likely than women anywhere else to try something new—especially in terms of haircolor.

Geri Cusenza, who runs the Sebastian hair company with husband John Sebastian, heads to fashion collections in Paris, London, and Milan twice a year—not, as she describes it, "because I have clothes so much on my mind—but to absorb the line, the proportion and colors. Hopefully, from these ideas will 'springboard' hair products that can deliver style, care, color as quickly and easily as a woman today wants." Over the past twelve years, Geri's forays to European runways, museums, and art galleries have produced some Sebastian best sellers—such as Wet, the first liquid gelatin created for a "wet," sleek hair look; the ammonia/peroxide-free, translucent Cellophanes haircolors; and Cellofix, leave-in texturizer with leave-on shine. The latest—Systema Haircare, shampoos, and treatment and Fixx products—were introduced, says Geri, "to add some fun to hair care. All products literally change size, shape, and color as they are used on hair to transform it." Sebastian's new Coloré is "haircoloring inspired by *(Continued on page 268)*

Wayne Maser

Inviting changes at night: the look of hair that's relaxed, brushed forward, "unstyled." And the barest slip of a dress in black lace from Calvin Klein. . . . A change in the way hair —brunette, dark brown— takes on new luster, subtle gleam: three new gel colors—Ultress Burgundies from Clairol. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup by Maria de Schneider. Details, last pages.

Getting off the ground!

Gudnason

great shoes! great legs!

With skirts short to shorter now, day or night, all eyes turn to legs... to shoes and boots! Here—with darker, semi-opaque stockings balancing those new lengths—the season's best....The charm of an evening shoe. Definitely ornamental. Colorful. Very much a "star" accessory. *Left to right:* Maud Frizon's gleaming red satin pumps with black satin heels. About $340. Maud Frizon Boutiques, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Evan-Picone Hosiery....Manolo Blahnik's plum suede sandals with ankle straps, glittering clasps. About $360. Barneys New York; Posh, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Evan-Picone Hosiery....

Roger Vivier's fanciful evening shoe—high-heeled, in black satin with green satin heels, bows. About $285. Roger Vivier Boutique, NYC; Alter Ego, Rumson NJ (late Aug.); Posh, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; David's, Canada. Panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

great boots!

Coming on strong: the dash—
the swagger—of a boot. Always with
something extra. Show-stopper, *left:*
Andrea Pfister's thigh-high boot
in red. With presence, scale. . .with a shorter skirt!
About $495. August at Mr. Jay,
Millburn NJ; I. Magnin. To order at Barneys
New York. Panty stockings, Danskin. . . .
And one of the prettiest boots around,
right: Andrea Pfister's charming fur-topped
taupe suede. About $1395. August at
Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ,
La Jolla CA; Amen Wardy,
Newport Beach CA. To order
at Delman at Bergdorf Goodman.
. . .Trousers, Azzedine Alaïa. Natural
leather carryalls, Hermès. Details,
more stores, last pages.

Gudnason

great pumps!

Day or evening, the pump:
the shoe to watch—to go for—
this season. Always with a higher heel.
With the special character of texture,
of shine. Standout example, *opposite:*
the pump by night—one of the prettiest,
in sizzling pink satin, with slingback heels,
rhinestone bows. Yves Saint Laurent
Footwear, about $250. Saks Fifth Avenue;
Neiman-Marcus, Chicago; I. Magnin.
Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for
Trimfit. . . . *This page:* For day
and later—Walter Steiger's good-looking
grey suede pump with his distinctive, shiny metallic
heel. About $245. Walter Steiger
Madison Avenue, NYC; Joseph, Memphis TN,
Chicago, Portland OR; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC.
Panty stockings, Hanes Silk Reflections, about $4.
Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's;
Meier & Frank, Portland OR.
Details, last pages.

Gudnason

great pumps . . . go on!

More pumps! In rich browns, off-greens. And in rich textures like ostrich, alligator. . . . *Left to right:* Andrea Pfister's sleek brown lizard high-heeled pumps, about $560. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hue Hosiery. . . . Joan & David's ostrich pump on a stacked heel in a totally neutral green. Joan & David Couture, about $800. Joan & David, NYC; Neiman-Marcus; Femina, Phoenix AZ; Creed's, Toronto. Hue Hosiery. . . . From Prada, brown ostrich pumps on a high black heel, about $500. Prada Shop, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; I. Magnin. Panty stockings, La Leg. . . . And Manolo Blahnik's "step-in" alligator/suede pumps, about $795. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Posh, Chicago; Capriccio, Scottsdale and Phoenix AZ; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Panty stockings, La Leg. Details, last pages.

The legginess goes on . . . with shorter lengths for everything, day or evening. Starting here with new-shape cont[illegible] jacket[illegible] Valentino's—small-on-the body, as pre[illegible] as any of his dresses. And Chanel's "classic"—on a gut[illegible] sier, more [illegible] swinging scale

[illegible] shapes heightened here [illegible] and in almost every [illegible] action—with checks, [illegible] solids, tweeds in bold [illegible] [illegible] with wool, [illegible] pops; Valentino's coat; Valentino Boutique. Mid-September at Bergdorf Goodman; Valentino Boutique, Manhasset NY; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase MD; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Beverly Hills; Younker's, Omaha; Helen's of Course, Seattle.... *Opposite*, a jacket that goes over everything, by Chanel. Neiman-Marcus, Boston; Frost Bros., Austin and San Antonio TX; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Sweater and skirt at Chanel Boutique, NYC. Sweater at Saks Jandel. On these twelve pages: makeup by Mary Greenwell. Hair, *this page*, Yannick d'Is, Paris; *opposite*, James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David. Details, last pages.

paris:

the news is short. dashing, racy

Arthur Elgort

...nt! This time, ...softer. Two ...from body-...dine Alaïa, ...cted coat—...—unusu-...in grey ...ped with ...for the ...city-to-...for ...coat at ...—soft ...ered, ...col-...ture ...dressing.

...short and racy!

...odine ...palette ...apes, ...bout ...laïa ...orly ...olly- ...go: ...at, ...but ...

...date AZ ... Ungaro Boutique, Beverly Hills; Helen's of Course, Portland OR, Seattle WA....Hair: *opposite*, James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David; *this page*, Yannick d'Is, Paris. Details, see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Arthur Elgort

...jacket, the shirt...in chocolate leather. At Jean Paul Gaultier, impeccably tailored and unexpected—the long...

paris: short and racy!

Left: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche's jacket and skirt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Fourrure, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Boston, Dallas, Costa Mesa and Beverly Hills CA; Dayton's....By Jean Paul Gaultier, right: jacket, about $980; shirt, about $400. Late Aug. at Bergdorf Goodman, Jacket, Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Bonwit Boutiques, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago. These two pages: hair, Yannick d'Is, Paris. Details, last pages.

Turning up everywhere: snappy takes on men's dinner dressing—smoking jackets, tuxedos, tail coats. At Comme des Garçons, a jacket cropped to pinpoint the waist, Bermudas....At Issey Miyake, a graceful twist on a tail coat over "city shorts." A different direction in a season of very feminine dressing ...but these menswear-inspired clothes are clearly made for a woman, and just as appealing in their way.

pause/duet/duet

Opposite, wool jacket, Comme des Garçons by Rei Kawakubo, about $[illegible]; wool shorts, about $[illegible]; blouse, about $[illegible]. Lois Jury at Comme des Garçons Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco; Kate Wu, Philadelphia; Maria-Luisa Boutiques, Coconut Grove FL; Linda Dresner, Troy MI....From Issey Miyake, *this page*, wool tail coat, about $1180; shorts, about $400. Turnout, mid-September at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus....These two pages: in Paris, Saint-James and Albany Hôtel; hair, James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David. Details, last pages.

Two modern approaches to [illegible] dressing—ref-
lies somewhere our ultrafe-
minine, naughty, and
luxury. Ungaro's—in his
on in blue silk crepe
fold of the waist a fluid
its pattern leaving skin.
Yves Saint Laurent's—
figure-hugging, evoca-
ing—with strong shoulde
these gleaming "looks" by
the hint of the [illegible]

paris short and racy

This page: Saint Laurent
Rive Gauche ribbed wool
turtleneck (about $360),
satin mini (about
$980)...pink suede
gloves, satin pumps.
Bloomingdale's; Saint
Laurent Rive Gauche
Boutique, Washington
DC; Kaufmann's; Rich's;
I. Magnin....Hair: *this
page*, James Bradshaw
for Jean Louis David; *op-
posite*, Yannick d' Is, Par-
is. Location, *this page*,
Saint-James and Albany
Hotel, Paris. Details, see
last pages of this issue.

Al [illegible]

Outstanding in an outstanding coat season—the success of Paris! Sonia Rykiel's big padded "cocoons"—shaped at the waist with drawstrings or ribbons—punched-up with the season's texture news (quilting, fake fur score high this fall). With a throw-on ease that ga[illegible] over anything anyti[illegible] They make m[illegible]

paris: short and racy!

From the left: Th[illegible] definition of cozy—bri[illegible] satin reversing to [illegible] fur. About $1350. L[illegible] September at Sonia Ry[illegible] kiel Boutique, NYC and Beverly Hills CA; Saks Jandel; Macy's, Atlanta; Marshall Field's....A parka you don't save for the country: short, quilted black satin—shaped, sharpened with white. Matching satin jacket. Coat, about $1095. October at Sonia Rykiel Boutique, NYC and Chicago; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA....Warm and quilted: what this black silk coat is all about (and the words stitched in gold on its front!). About $1600. Late September at Barneys New York; Higbee's. These two pages: hair by Yannick d'Is, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Summer escape

You, the whole family, the perfect clothes

Summer in an ideal setting—on these ten pages, Virgin Gordo. And dressing that's cool, comfortable, uncomplicated. Pretty. Touched with lace. And white!—opposite, far left: hooded cotton sweatshirt with a charming tonal petticoat skirt. Top, The Gap, about $28. Select Group stores. Skirt, Betsey Johnson, about $75. Available at select retail stores. More on Virgin Gordo, page 145. These pages: hair and makeup, Marie Madeleine Savin. For dressing family clothes, see last pages.

Summer escape

When it's too hot for anything else... cool, inviting lingerie too pretty to hide. Calvin Klein for's white rayon eyelet... ap... lace bustier. About $110. Barneys New York, La Belle Amie, Philadelphia...

Beauty Note: Protection-plus for a sun-smart face. Estée Lauder's Ultra Screening Creme (SPF 15) and Pink Melon Lip Creme. For details, see next to last pages of this issue.

Summer escape

Everything you need, *opposite:* a little sun, a little shelter, a little slip of a swimsuit—with a tiny ruffle, just enough flourish. Dorotennis' graphic-print strapless bikini, about $60. 109 St. Mark's Place, NYC; Aqua De Blue, Philadelphia; Magenta, Long Beach CA. *Beauty Note:* At the end of a lazy day, a body pampering, skin-soothing bath. Heightening the experience, Chanel's new Coco-scented bath essentials. For details, hit clothes, see last pages of this issue.

Beauty Mark

Summer escape

The appeal of something breezy—something cotton. Even more attractive: pairing gutsy with sexy, opaque with transparent, *opposite page*. The classic sleeveless shirt and lacy V-front bikini with embroidered floating-leaf motif. Top, The Gap, about $18. All Gap stores. Bikini, Hanro USA. About $38. Mid-July at Goods Lingerie, Boston; Jacobson's; Barbara Newman, Chicago; Lisa Norman Lingerie, Santa Monica and West Hollywood CA. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. For details, family clothes, see last pages of this issue.

Summer escape

The most relaxed, casual approach to summer days, *below*: no contrivances, no confinements—just pretty colors and no-fuss components. Pale peach cotton knit dancer's wrap top with little white cotton gym shorts. Top, Michelle Nicole Wesley, about $40. Michelle Nicole Wesley, NYC. Shorts, The Gap, about $12. Select Gap stores. Bikini Nail, Too much sun can spell disaster for [illegible], especially on neck, upper chest. Solution: a sunblocking [illegible] (SPF 30) moisturizing cream that's formulated for outdoors—Lancôme's Creme Anti-Rides, Decléor. For more details, see [illegible] of the issue.

Sheila Metzner

gigli's

BRAVE NEW WORLD

At Romeo Gigli, another sensibility, another voice in fashion—instantly recognizable, increasingly influential. Points of difference: The fundamental simplicity, the extraordinary smallness and elongation of line, the unexpectedly poetic touches. . . Evening from a different perspective, *left*: his "one-of-a-kind" black taffeta coat—billowed, held, billowed. An intricate play of shape and shadow over a typically Gigli strapless dress. Coat, of wool/silk; dress, of wool Linda Dresner, Troy Mi... Galloy, West Hollywood CA; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Bacci's, Canada. To order at Barneys Goodman. . . . And his idea of a suit for day, night—more than a change in proportion, a radical change in attitude. Jacket and matching pants of lined wool/linen; cotton blouson thr... cropped wool sweater, Barneys New York; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Tracy Turner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Parenthese, Chicago; ... Los Angeles; ...

People are talking about...

DEMOCRACY is alive and well and living in Argentina, where President Raúl Alfonsín is making good his promise to end a violent chapter in Argentina's history by bringing to trial the crimes of the old military regime. A few months ago, Alfonsín impressed fans and foes alike when he coolly quelled a potential mutiny by some rebel army officers—and avoided certain bloodshed—by visiting the rebels in person. This is real presence, as opposed to the screen presence that seems to work so well for U.S. Presidents. . . . In a speech a while back, Mario Cuomo told the audience that his *mother* was bugging him to run for President. What we have here may be the Pushiest Parent in Politics. She's certainly no Rose Kennedy. . . . *Time* magazine readers were justifiably annoyed that the story on Jim and Tammy Bakker was filed under Religion, not Entertainment. . . . Christopher Hampton's play *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is smart, sexy, and cruel—the sort of event, rare for Broadway, that makes you understand why people still go to the theater. . . .

SCANDAL BUNNIES like Jessica Hahn, Fawn Hall, and Donna Rice have turned politics into current affairs, and made us nostalgic for the original political party favor, Marilyn Monroe. . . . Gary Hart isn't the only one treating women like bimbos. Women are dressing the part, in tight skirts and showing lots of cleavage. It's a bit like the 'fifties, when sluts had sex and the rest of us scared rabbits had to settle for titillation. . . . Speaking of animal magnetism, hip Manhattan dog-groomers, inspired by cartoonist Lynda Barry's poster of a "Poodle with a Mohawk," have been creating post-punk coifs for erstwhile sober spaniels, shy Shih Tzus, and hard-core pugs. What next? How about body waxing for cats? A surefire way to keep hair off your all-black clothes. . . .

HEADACHES OF THE RICH & FAMOUS are brought on by the stress of tax evasion, for one thing, especially since the IRS and the SEC cracked down on Swiss accounts. Now foreign deposits are being funneled into Luxembourg, a country with so few resources that it is willing to risk becoming a haven for crime-related money. . . . Under editor Jane Amsterdam, *Manhattan, inc.* treated business bigwigs with an ironic hand in a velvet format. With Amsterdam gone—she walked out when her editorial freedom was threatened—will *Manhattan, inc.* fall prey to the current publishing trend of fan mags for the wealthy? . . . Among the fabulous, funerals are out and memorial services are, well, theater, as *glitterati* put together a sit-down luncheon for Andy Warhol, or book a gospel group to perform at the memorial for Antonio Lopez. . . . Why does every third person you meet have a fantasy of being a stand-up comedian—other than the fact that it makes a nice change from investment banking? Whatever the reason, they would do well to listen to Ruth Draper, the 'twenties monologist whose characters inspired generations of funny ladies. . . .

FREE BABY M! because the real issue at hand is selfishness, not surrogacy, especially on the part of feminists who seized the opportunity to see their names in print after yea so many years. . . . Virgins are the Big Men On Campus, says *Her Say*, the feminist newsletter. Of fourteen hundred college students surveyed, most said they'd rather a partner be safe than savvy. . . . Jonathan Demme's film *Something Wild* was most memorable for its soundtrack and Melanie Griffith's Louise Brooks hairdo. About that hair, when will some semiotician tell us what it means? Is it a winning combination of the pristine and the depraved? And why is it turning up on everyone from club maven Nell Campbell to Corinne Drewery, lead singer of the hot new band Swing Out Sister? . . .

IN PRAISE OF THE BIG BLOND: DARYL HANNAH. . . What makes an actress an archetype? Since most movie stars are disappointingly short, it helps if you're five foot ten. Incandescent skin and the kind of hair that inspires jungle similes don't hurt, either—nor does a tendency to play mermaids and prehistoric women. In fact, Daryl Hannah is the creature Hollywood would have created if it were into genetic engineering instead of image mongering. Daryl Hannah is Ur-Blond. But she is something else as well. For starters, she bites her nails. After making *Clan of the Cave Bear*, she admits, "I thought I'd never work again." She is also very serious. Talking about *Legal Eagles* makes her frown: "God. I thought I could do something better with my time."

And she has. Last month she turned up in *Roxanne*, an update of Cyrano De Bergerac written by costar Steve Martin. (It was a part she tried to give away to Christine Lahti.) Next she plays an interior decorator in Oliver Stone's yuppie apocalypse *Wall Street*, due out in December. And if these two roles don't make the right kind of splash, she's set up her own production company "to make a movie I can be proud of." Call it Blond Ambition.

...etc

Herb Ritts

Undressed for success

For today's yuppie hookers, prostitution is just one of the better career options

By MIMI KRAMER

Bree Daniels, the high-class hooker Jane Fonda played in *Klute*, was the sort of girl who could talk tough and dirty, misbehave in all sorts of ugly, unsavory ways, and still get rescued in the end by Donald Sutherland. She was also a girl who kept her head—even on her back, if you know what I mean. Clutching her "trick" in a passionate embrace, she sighed, "Oh my angel, my angel!" and then checked her watch over his shoulder to let us know that she wasn't really involved.

That scene made a big impression on me in 1971, when *Klute* came out. I was only thirteen at the time, but I was no fool. I knew a political point when I saw one, and with that gesture—Jane Fonda looking at her watch in the middle of a faked orgasm—I knew a political point was being made. So even though I hadn't the least idea what the movie was all about—sex being just something that grownups always did in the movies—I laughed knowingly when Fonda checked her watch and filed the image away for future reference.

The wristwatch scene in *Klute* must also have made an impression on filmmaker Lizzie Borden, who co-wrote and directed *Working Girls*, the controversial film about prostitution that opened this spring at New York City's trendy, sophisticated 57th Street Playhouse. *Working Girls* isn't a thriller like *Klute*. Nor does it glamorize prostitution. With a clinical, almost documentary interest in procedure and detail, *Working Girls* shows us a day in the life of Molly, an ordinary (fictive) middle-class woman—with two degrees from Yale, a darkroom, and a lesbian lover—who works part-time in a Manhattan brothel.

It's not like the escort service that Sydney Biddle Barrows described in her book *Mayflower Madam* (Arbor House), or the

"The economic alternatives for women are not all that extensive," says Lizzie Borden. Her film "Working Girls" explores one of the more lucrative options for middle-class women: prostitution. How the women in the New Orleans red-light district—photographed by E.J. Bellocq, circa 1912 (inset)—would have laughed.

Evelyn Hofer

E.J. Bellocq/Lee Friedlander Collection

London escort service Sigourney Weaver worked for in the 1986 movie *Half Moon Street*. Nor is it like the outfit Faye Dunaway ran in *Beverly Hills Madam*, the television movie broadcast on NBC last year, or the real-life Paris agency of "Madame Claude" (which a recent article in *Vanity Fair* described as "a call-girl service of such high quality and exclusivity" that its proprietor "became almost an extension of the French state . . .").

The place where Molly works isn't an escort service at all; it's a dive—a windowless duplex apartment where clients are serviced in dark little upstairs rooms. The girls do their work on the premises. And they're not played by Jane Fonda or Sigourney Weaver: they look like women we've met and women we've known. But they do charge by the half-hour and the hour, so it makes perfect sense when Molly, in the middle of her first trick of the day, surreptitiously checks her watch over her client's shoulder.

It is, if you like, an homage to Jane Fonda's Bree. But where the heroine of *Klute* was an anomaly—a woman whose idiosyncratic fascination with prostitution was what made her interesting to us—the heroine of *Working Girls* is not. The whole point about Molly is that she is Everywoman. Like the Universal Soldier, she's you and I.

Lizzie Borden's Molly differs from Bree Daniels in another important sense. The heroine of *Klute* was a woman with problems. For starters, she was being stalked by a psychotic killer, and the fact was that she really didn't want to be a whore at all. Or she did and she didn't. Bree Daniels couldn't help herself, couldn't help enjoying the feeling of power over men that "going out on a call" gave her. It made her feel like "the best actress in the world."

"That's what's nice about it," Bree tells her analyst. "You don't have to feel anything, you don't have to care about anything, you don't have to like anybody. You just lead them by the ring in their nose in the direction that they think they want to go in. You get a lot of money out of them in as short a time as possible and you control it and you call the shots and I always feel just great afterwards," says Bree. But the premise of *Klute* was that there is something wrong with Bree for feeling this way. She was in that doctor's office, after all.

I had a long conversation about Bree and Molly with Lizzie Borden one day last spring, when I interviewed her at her loft in SoHo. Over tea and taco chips, she explained that the interesting thing to her about *Klute* (which she said she "loved as a movie") was that it presented Bree's "need to be in control as her psychological problem." One of the things she had wanted to show in *Working Girls*, she said, is that "the feeling of power is O.K. and is not to be seen as a problem or a sickness." That was why she had "stolen" *Klute*'s wristwatch scene: it was about "the theater of sex," and "the theater of sex" was what *Working Girls* was really all about. To Molly, sex with men is simply a way of making a fast buck. Prostitution is like any other job: it has its drawbacks and inconveniences, but the fact that it demands the simulation of sexual feeling is not, in itself, a problem. For Molly doesn't need men: she has a female lover waiting for her at home.

What Borden has very cleverly done here is to turn on its head one of the basic tenets of 1970s' feminism, transforming the faked orgasm from a mopey symbol of downtrodden womanhood into one of revenge. Her Molly is a way of saying to men, "The hell with Erica Jong's 'zipless fuck'! Orgasms with you are as silly, disappointing, and inconsequential as you are. Oh, we'll give you sex; we're just going to make you pay for it. And what's more: it's *all* going to be theater." If you think about it, Molly is the ultimate "fuck you."

The new-age prostitute apparently has a bank balance instead of an analyst, and a pocket calculator instead of a burden of inferiority and guilt. For Molly is no isolated instance; rather, she is part of a zeitgeist that wants suddenly to legitimize prostitution as a perfectly reasonable career option for a middle-class woman in 1987.

You hear it in Sydney Biddle Barrows' account of the fan mail she received when she got busted, and in her description of the "college graduates from stable, upper-middle-class homes" who worked for her at Cachet. "Margot's father was a judge," writes Barrows. "Suzanne worked for us between Radcliffe and medical school. Barbara, who had a graduate degree in journalism, joined Cachet after working as an intern for her congressman. During the day Alexia was the manager of the American branch of a German business. . . ."

You hear it in the cynical laughter of Broadway audiences at *Les Misérables* when one character counsels another: "Join your sisters: make money in your sleep!" You hear it in other theaters, too: in David Rabe's *Hurlyburly* (in which Judith Ivey played a suburban divorcée-turned-hooker), and in Caroline Kava's *The Early Girl*, a play about why an English major from UCLA would end up working in a Nevada brothel.

You hear it in *Half Moon Street*. As a Harvard Ph.D. living in London, Sigourney Weaver made £150 a week and couldn't afford to *(Continued on page 272)*

A new-age prostitute has a bank balance instead of an analyst, a pocket calculator instead of a burden of guilt. Here, Sigourney Weaver as a Ph.D. turned call girl in "Half Moon Street."

Phototeque

Lovers leap

Behind the scenes with Baryshnikov

Ballet's reigning matinee idol and a seventeen-year-old beauty make magic together in Herbert Ross's *Dancers*—a modern version of *Giselle*—that proves it's possible to survive a broken heart

By HOLLY BRUBACH

It is mid-November in southern Italy, and though the sun is bright, it is not as harsh as in summer and not directly overhead; its rays enter the piazza in Trani, a small fishing town on the Adriatic coast, at a slant, casting long shadows. The square is bordered on two sides by eighteenth-century palazzi, now municipal office buildings; on the third side by a cathedral surmounted by a cross with a whale-shaped weather vane at its base; and on the fourth side, spectacularly, by the sea. These are the final days of filming for *Dancers*, the story of a ballet company making a movie of the Romantic classic *Giselle*, directed by Herbert Ross and starring Mikhail Baryshnikov and members of the American Ballet Theatre. The ballet sequences are finished; the dancers have all gone home, save for *(Continued on page 222)*

Outside the Teatro Petruzzelli, in Bari, Italy, Mikhail Baryshnikov (opposite), the star of "Dancers"; and Julie Kent (left), who plays his innocent young lover; (inset, from left) Leslie Browne, who dances the ruthless Queen of the Wilis, Kent, Misha, and Alessandra Ferri, who dances the role of Giselle.

Arthur Elgort

(Continued from page 221) Baryshnikov and Julie Kent, a seventeen-year-old apprentice in the company, who plays his love interest in the story surrounding the ballet. The pace is hectic and the few pivotal scenes that remain to be shot are for the most part fraught with tension and emotion, but the mood of the cast and crew is jovial, buoyed by the scenery, the weather, and the prospect of good local cooking at lunch.

In fractured Italian (all verbs conjugated in the first-person singular or, in haste, left raw in the infinitive), in English, and in sign language, Ross discusses the next shot with Ennio Guarnieri, a cinematographer famous for his work with Federico Fellini. Both men keep an anxious eye on the storm clouds gathering in the background. In the foreground, Baryshnikov stands gazing abstractedly out to sea, delivering lines about his memories of childhood in Russia ("When I was a boy, we used to spend summers . . .") to Kent, a fragile-seeming girl with translucent skin, long auburn hair, and a grave set to her fine, even features. In this scene she has little to do but listen and let the camera linger on her face, which it does gladly. No one in the cast has seen the dailies, but the talk among Ross and others who have is about how gorgeous Kent looks on film, what a "natural" she is. Her beauty is not lost on Baryshnikov. "Look at her," he says. "I first saw her two years ago, when she was fifteen, and I thought then, Here is the beauty of a woman in the body of a child."

> "At lunch in a restaurant just off the piazza, Baryshnikov and Kent sit together, talking, laughing often. 'Julie's mother is so worried about Misha,' Nora Kaye confides. 'Wouldn't you be?' I ask."

For her part, Kent seems taken with his charm and humor, both *(Continued on page 270)*

The prince of ballet addressing his troupe (from right): Baryshnikov, Kent, Browne, and Ferri, leaning on a chivalrous member of the cast.

Arthur Elgort

Elizabeth Murray: the shape of things to come

Elizabeth Murray is much too publicity-shy to be an art world "star," but her witty canvases about the lunacy of everyday life have made her one of the most respected artists of this generation

By BARBARA ROSE

The stunning drama of Elizabeth Murray's works seems at odds with her physical presence. A small, fragile, sensitive woman, Murray is the unlikely author of a series of huge painted canvas constructions that have brought her international acclaim. She is an anomaly on the current art scene—a homebody who hates publicity. Born in Chicago in 1940, she is married to a poet and is the mother of three children; she produces work slowly, according to her own rhythm and not to popular demand. Yet, among her fellow artists, among critics and curators, she is perhaps the most widely respected painter of the generation that took the spotlight in the 'eighties.

Now, the first major retrospective of Murray's painting will, as it travels around the country, bring her work before a wider public.

Perched high on a ladder in her vast, bare TriBeCa loft in downtown New York City, Murray concentrates on paint-

ing and repainting a small fire-engine-red rectangular area at the top of her latest construction. She attacks her task with energy and confidence, finally arriving at the precise degree of vibrating crimson she wants to contrast with an adjacent acid-green. She speaks softly, seemingly oblivious to the outside world; like her paintings, Murray's words come slowly and they mean something. "My paintings evolve in an organic way," she says. "I have no set of preconceived ideas in mind. Certain kinds of shapes emerge, are changed, modified until I feel they are integrated and resolved. I started painting on flat canvases, but gradually they became split, then fractured, then shaped. Now, they are more and more three-dimensional."

Murray's bulbous, humanoid forms, which seem to communicate with one another, are unmistakably her own—witty and wild transformations of things seen in art and contemporary signs and symbols. Neither dogmatic nor self-consciously involved with the principles of "high art" or Euclidian geometry, she has no need to proclaim her obvious seriousness and commitment.

Within the tradition of modernism, hers is one of the most original expressions in contemporary art; yet Murray freely admits the influence of Pop Art's boldness and Minimalism's insistence on structural coherence—as evidenced by Frank Stella's shaped paintings, for instance—as well as many other past artistic innovations. Her aim is not to deny the achievements of history, but to confront them head on. Murray is not petty: her ambition is not for trivial, ephemeral "stardom," but for a permanent place in the pantheon of the masters. And this is the niche she has gradually, systematically carved out for herself by synthesizing the most

(Continued on page 271)

Elizabeth Murray and her daughter Daisy, in her studio with "War and Peace" (left) and "Pompeii" (right), both 1987.

FIVE STYLES OF SUMMER

These are the lazy weekends we've waited for: lighter menus, entertaining at its most personal

By CHESBROUGH & WILLIAM RAYNER

On those long summer weekends when America is out of gear and ambition is on holiday, we alter the patterns of our lives and respond to simpler pleasures. We become closer to the soil or the sea. Our sleeping hours change, as does our dress. Our priorities tilt toward living for the moment rather than planning for the future. Summer is our reward for winter; whatever our school may be, it is out.

Summer weekends redefine our individuality. Some of us putter in the garden, while others sail Long Island Sound, play tennis with the neighbors, take long walks on the beach, or just curl up in a hammock with a book. For many of us, one of summer's great pleasures is being able to eat out-of-doors.

Bill Blass starts off his Sundays by taking his two golden retrievers, Brutus and Kate, on a long walk through the acres of apple trees that lie behind his 1770 stone house in Connecticut. By the time he is through kicking stumps and winging stones for his inexhaustible puppies, it is nearly lunchtime; friends will be over. Ruth, who has *(Continued on page 229)*

Sunday in the park with Blass

Noon, Bill Blass's garden:
with Brutus and Kate,
he awaits guests
in his whimsically "furnished"
outdoor parlor.
On the buffet: meat loaf,
potatoes with dill,
sauteed zucchini "flowers,"
a salad of tomatoes and
mozzarella. White wine,
Champagne are cooled
in a porcelain lion's head.

Karen Radkai

(Continued from page 227)
worked for Bill for six years, sees to it that chairs and tables have been set in the garden beyond the pool; when Bill returns from his constitutional, all he has to do is inspect his designer meat loaf (a blend of beef, veal, and pork) and put the finishing touches on the table—perhaps replace the silver with a horn-handled service, or the tumblers with stemmed glasses, which are as good for milk as they are for wine. Bill has a director's eye for harmonizing details, so only when completely satisfied with "the look" will he settle back with his Sunday paper to await the guests. That is, if Brutus and Kate give him a break.

Throughout the year, Jerome Robbins, co-ballet-master-in-chief of the New York City Ballet, is in Spoleto one week, in Paris or London the next, choreographing and staging his works. When he manages to escape to his beach house on the end of Long Island, he likes to have a few friends over to crack lobsters and sip white wine. But Jerry never leaves the theater far behind. He plans his lunches, maybe unconsciously, as if they were three-act ballets.

The first act takes place on his deserted beach, where guests swim or take long walks. For the second act, they return to his deck overlooking the beach, where he has staged—with the concern for nuance that has made him famous—a buffet almost entirely in reds and greens. Lobsters, tomatoes and basil, marinated red peppers, a green salad—all are set on a wooden table elevated to just the proper height, so that when viewed from the chairs, they are silhouetted *(Continued on page 230)*

Choreography by Robbins

Act two of a Jerome Robbins luncheon at the beach: a light buffet—lobster, salads, cheese—brilliant against an ocean backdrop. Inset, left to right: guests Louis Begley, Mica Ertegun, Robbins, Anka Begley, Ahmet Ertegun.

Jesse Gerstein

(Continued from page 229)
against a blue sea. In the final act, everybody sits on his porch, listens to CDs, and chats until the sun goes down.

Up the coast in Newport, during August's full moon, the Cushing family gives a clambake every year on the rocks below their enormous white frame house. The present generation—Howard, Freddy, Tommy, their sister, Minnie—begins preparing early in the morning by collecting wood for the great bonfire on which clams, lobsters, and chickens will, *(Continued on page 232)*

Newport: gathering of the Cushing clan

Top: a day of tradition at The Ledges, the Cushing family's Newport house. The family arrives in horse-drawn carriages, above, while staff, right, brings provisions for the clambake down to the rocks. Facing page: a bonfire under a full moon, a stroll on the rocks, a dessert table of cakes and ice cream—symbols of an all-American summer.

Jennifer Baumann

FIVE STYLES OF SUMMER

(Continued from page 230) after the sun has set, be steamed in seaweed under a tarpaulin. Guests, almost all of whom are related to each other, begin to arrive at seven in the evening, some in horse-drawn carriages (Newport loves nothing more than its traditions). Descending to The Ledges, as the house is known, they are greeted by the sound of bagpipes—a subtle reminder, if one is necessary, that this is a gathering of the clan.

As every clan member knows, Newport is a community of extremes insofar as its dining habits are concerned; the only two acceptable forms of dress are black tie for a seated dinner or a turtleneck for a night on the Cushing rocks. Because evenings can be chilly even in August, people don sweaters and gather about the fire to keep warm; they chat and accompany the bagpipes in song. And occasionally a really hardy soul may take a midnight swim.

Bill Buckley, as even liberal Democrats know, is a great sail-

Karen Radkai

FIVE STYLES OF SUMMER

The Buckleys: sailing à deux

On summer weekends, Pat and Bill Buckley forego their frantic city pace, board their sloop "Patito," and head out to sea. There they find private pleasures: top, a glass of wine sipped to Bill's electronic serenade; above, a picnic lunch of bread, cheese, sausage, and fruit (stored securely in case the sea turns rough). Left: the "Patito" sails with Bill at the helm.

or. What hasn't gotten around is that he's an accomplished musician whose favorite pastime is setting to sea with his wife, Pat, and a Casio synthesizer on which to practice Bach. On weekends, they sail from Connecticut early in the morning on their sloop, *Patito*, accompanied by picnic baskets with provisions sufficient for a voyage to the South Seas: bread, cheese, wine, an assortment of hard salamis and wursts (bratwurst, kalbs-leberwurst, touristenwurst), paté, tomatoes and salad, fresh fruit, and an apple tart. There was a time when men went down to the sea and women remained at home. According to Pat, that is no longer true—women now bring the lunch.

One of the most romantic places in this country is outside of Charleston, South Carolina, on the Toogoodoo River, where Julie and Tony Merck have a farm. In the summer, they often invite friends for lunch under the oak and magnolia trees, all covered with Spanish moss. Spread out on blankets, guests "take their ease," sipping mint juleps—made with a local bourbon named Rebel Yell—from chilled stirrup cups, while chatting or listening to bluegrass music.

For lunch, there might be boiled shrimps and crabs (from the Toogoodoo), red rice boiled with tomatoes, cole slaw, corn bread, corn on the cob, blueberry cobbler, and watermelon. In this remote Arcadia, they have not a worry in the world, other than how to get home after the Rebel Yells.

Carolina garden party

At the Mercks' farm near Charleston, high life in the low country: top, a pony-cart ride through fields of hay; above left, fishing in the Toogoodoo; above center and right, picnicking under ancient trees with baskets of corn bread and a roast of freshly caught shrimps and crabs.

Mark Jenkinson

THE FITNESS-GOERS

What happens when a nonathletic forty-year-old woman joins her husband at his sport . . . and triumphs

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

We were, I suspect, a motley-looking group that first grey morning at the rowing school. Nothing came even close to resembling a uniform, and our T-shirts advertised everything from soft drinks and resorts to prep schools and musical comedies. Our bodies, regrettably, were hardly advertisements for the new aerobically conscious America. By and large, we did not look like rowers; nor, in fact, did many of us look like athletes.

In addition, we were all, I suspect, like kids at the first day of some strange new camp, filled with all the long-forgotten fears of dealing with new faces in a strange setting. If that were not bad enough, there was an additional anxiety—that of successful middle-aged people about to expose themselves not just to failure but, even worse, to looking foolish in front of fellow adults. My wife and I and about a dozen others, ranging from a teenage rower from Deerfield Academy to a retired New York University professor of seventy, had arrived at the Florida Rowing Center in Wellington, Florida, for a brief course in sculling.

Jean Halberstam and I possessed different levels of skill and different levels of apprehension. I had rowed and sculled relatively well in college some thirty-two years back; had let my skills, such as they were, atrophy; then had come back to the sport in 1984, when I had written a book about America's best scullers. In 1985, I bought an Alden shell, a recreational boat that I had rowed with rare pleasure over the past two summers in Nantucket. Having written about the nation's best scullers, and become a friend of some of them, gave me additional anxiety. I was, at the age of fifty-two, exposing my true vulnerability; I did not want to make a fool of myself in front of these teachers as well as my fellow students.

Jean faced a somewhat more primal dilemma. She had never before rowed a stroke. She was about to be forty, and she wanted more control over her body and more strength. In the preceding seven months, she had gone to a demanding gym in New York City and by dint of exceptional diligence had gotten herself in excellent shape. She still had not found a summer sport that gave her much pleasure.

For years, I had bored Jean about the pleasures of sculling, about how good it made you feel about yourself, about how sweet it felt when you did it right with the entire body—shoulders, back, and legs—working as one, with the stomach as the linchpin; how you could do it on your own terms, to your own specifications, without needing anyone else; how it was probably, in terms of aerobics and body toning, the almost-perfect sport for someone approaching middle age. In addition, I had told her (and this, for a woman whose husband works at home, was particularly persuasive) that there was a solitude to rowing that was particularly attractive, a sense of being utterly by yourself and with nature that I found uniquely calming. Finally, not without considerable misgivings, she had agreed to lessons. In addition to the normal fear of a grown woman trying a relatively complicated sport for the first time, Jean had—and I never knew it before—a deep and abiding phobia of being on the water, stemming from a serious accident when she was young. She was about to enter a wonderful new sport which, for all the pleasures it can generate, has been known for how easily its boats can capsize. She was not just anxious, she was also terrified.

But the world of rowing has changed, as I repeatedly pointed out to her; and the boats, at least the ones for beginners, are more stable now. Until quite recently, it would have been impossible to have a camp like this. Sculling, an almost perfect aerobic sport, remained a sport for those who had come to it very early—by and large privileged upper-class Americans whose fathers had rowed, who had gone to a handful of selected prep schools or (as in my case) one of the few colleges in the country where rowing and sculling were important. In the past, one rowed racing sculls—graceful, slim, paper-thin craft twelve inches across at the beam and weighing perhaps thirty pounds. They were *(Continued on page 268)*

The man behind the woman: David Halberstam, former New York Times reporter, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his Viet Nam coverage, and an enthusiastic sculler (he's written a book on the subject). Here, with his wife, Jean, at the Florida Rowing School, where she (a nonswimmer and water phobic) went, with his support, to learn his sport.

Harry Benson

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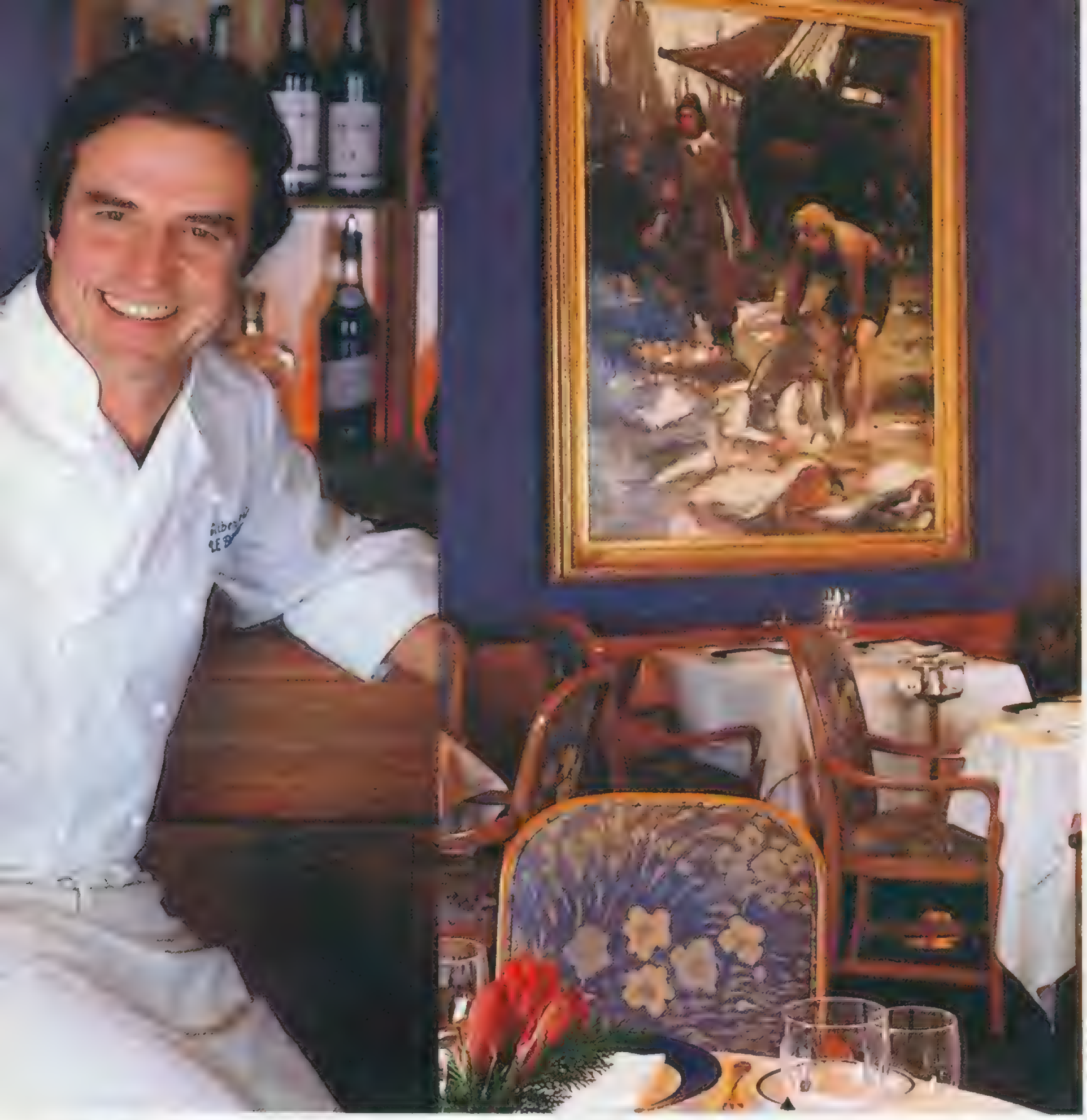


THE

Fish is Gilbert Le Coze's passion, and his restaurant, Le Bernardin, is one of New York City's triumphs

By MARY CANTWELL

In the beginning is the hot dog. Followed by the hamburger, the lamb chop, and, eventually, the steak of one's own. By the time the average American is ten years old, she is a committed carnivore. Gilbert Le Coze would change all that. "Fish," he says, "is a *wild* produce. I never saw a black bass looking stupidly at a train, but I've seen cows do it." If his listener is so fortunate as to be eating Le Coze's black bass appetizer—a translucent fillet dressed with olive oil and strands of coriander and basil—when he delivers this pronouncement, she can only agree. Next to that slice of elegance, a slab of beef looks, and tastes, dumbo.

Mary Cantwell *is a member of the editorial board of The New York Times.*

Gilbert Le Coze is a handsome forty-one-year-old whose heart is in the kitchen of Le Bernardin, his chic Manhattan restaurant. True, he is given to sentiments (expressed in enchantingly broken English) such as, "All the meeting in the life between a man and a woman is around the table. The first level is 'When will you be free for dinner?' not 'Come in my bed, I have a nice pillow,' " but one doubts he's uttered either sentence lately. In the nearly two years that he's been in New York City, he's seen only the Fulton Fish Market, West End Avenue where he lives, and Le Bernardin. Never mind; Le Coze is a veritable volcano. "When food becomes a passion, sometimes it's a little crazy. It's completely my life. It's the *story* of a life. The difference of a flavor, a texture. . . it's *poesie*!"

If Le Coze's accent evokes a French actor—a Jean-Pierre Aumont or an Yves Montand—so his childhood evokes a French movie: Gabin/Belmondo's *A Monkey in Winter*, about a little town near Deauville that rolls up its sidewalks come November. Le Coze grew up in a village on the coast of Brittany that dwindled to two hundred inhabitants once the tourist season was over. In the summer he worked in his father's hotel and helped on the family fishing boat, while yearround he was trying out what he calls his "crazy fish recipes." (Unlike most heralded chefs, Le Coze has never apprenticed with a master.)

In 1972 he and his sister, Maguy, a thin, chic woman with a Louise Brooks haircut, left the provinces for Paris and launched a small restaurant on the Quai de la Tournelle. He cooked, she stalked the dining room—as she still does—monitoring the service, and in six months they'd caught on. They stayed there for nine years, then moved to a bigger place on the Rue Troyon, where they stayed for six. By now they had two stars from Michelin and a substantial American clientele. New York City beckoned. *Les enfants* Le Coze surrendered. So did *The New York Times*: its restaurant critic gave Le Bernardin four stars on his first visit.

Le Bernardin is in the Equitable Tower, an extravaganza with a giant Lichtenstein in the lobby and an annex of the Whitney Museum of American Art tucked into its southwest corner. But the restaurant is as far from the standard American fish house as silk is from burlap. There are no lobster bibs, saucers of oyster crackers, or bottles of horseradish at Le Bernardin; neither *(Continued on page 272)*

Karen Radkai

YOUNG MAN AND THE SEA

"All the meeting in the life between a man and a woman is around the table," says Frenchman Gilbert Le Coze, above left, caught in a rare activity—sitting down. His drive to make Le Bernardin the ideal place for any assignation, any meal, keeps him running—to NYC's Fulton Fish Market, say, to check on what's fresh that day. Above, Rouelle of Salmon—a fillet cut into strips and molded into a circle—with Fennel Julienne. For Le Coze's customers, the only struggle is between eating and people-watching—perhaps at the large window into a perfectionist's kitchen, left.

milan: easy, luxurious, perfectly tailored

Fall's best Italian fashion is based on what Italians traditionally do best: modern, perfectly tailored "real" clothes with an emphasis on jackets, coats. From there . . . it takes off! With low-key but unmistakable luxury, a new sense of decoration, a certain easier attitude. The most attractive, on these twelve pages. The setting: a romantic villa near Padua . . .

Gianfranco Ferre sums up the season's take on "classic": "The cleaner the outline, the more emphasis on the language of decoration." And decoration can be color, luxurious fabric, an unexpected element in design, a unique accessory. The idea, *opposite*, in his short wool/cashmere coat—a single button, sharp but unexcessive shoulders, perfectly pure—in a knockout pink! Here over a simple white shirt (a star again!), a straight black skirt. About $1895. Martha; Hirshleifer's, Manhasset and Forest Hills NY. . . . *Beauty Note:* "Classic" makeup now—low-key with emphasis on lips—Avon's Vibrant Scarlet lipstick, Plum Wine pencil. These twelve pages: hair, Bruce Libre for Jean Louis David; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, last pages of this issue.

milan: easy, luxurious

Ornamentation of all kinds, everywhere. But on the simplest forms and shapes. And in varied styles. At Gallotti, the jewelry is outstanding—exotic, ethnic, warm in multiples. Romantic (example opposite, top) are reproductions of antique Italian buttons; a ring of silver Moroccan coins. News from Scala: their interpretation of romantic notions, combined by decorations from Hong Kong, Paris and Switzerland. All by Gallaghan Fox, Inc. of Chevy Chase, Md. Striking in a very different way: Gianfranco Ferre's strong, dramatic approach. He completely turns the look of a "basic" black merino wool sweater, *this page*, with a trompe l'oeil necklace of gold and large, chunky stones. Barneys New York; Ultimo, Chicago; Liberty House of Hawaii.

Beauty Note: Fundamental "ornamentation" for hair: good care. Sebastian's Systema offers a complete regimen. For details, last pages.

Neil Kirk

milan: easy, luxurious

In the tapestry of Italian fashion today, a tremendous range of looks, moods. Jackets, for example. Genny's brown leather, *this page*, with a back belt and shearling collar, fitted with almost military precision, is the epitome of strength and sharpness. Jacket, about $1690. Bergdorf Goodman; Sophy Curson, Philadelphia; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; Bacci's, Canada. . . .Totally different, totally charming, *opposite*, Giorgio Armani's berry-red jacket in plushy wool and silk—dropped lapels, a single button slightly dégagé. Giorgio Armani Couture. Jacket, about $1243. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Burdines, Mayfair FL. Details, more stores, last pages.

Neil Kirk

milan: easy, luxurious

In the Italian tradition—in the Giorgio Armani tradition—of perfectly tailored jackets, the perfect extra jacket, *opposite:* classic wool covert, amply scaled, with a quilted lining . . . it would go over anything. These and man's clothes, Giorgio Armani Couture. Jacket, about $1200. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. . . . Strong point of the season: shearlings with a new flair, a new scope. Gianni Versace's olive-green shearling "blazer," *this page,* as sleekly cut, as impeccably tailored as wool, with a shearling stole (!), gabardine pants, argyll sweater. Blazer at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Chicago, San Francisco. Details, last pages this issue.

Neil Kirk

Another super shearling, *this page*: Krizia's dream of a jacket—small, rounded, fitted at the waist—in black leather with rust shearling showing through. About $1730. Mid-July at Krizia, New York, Palm Beach, Denver, Dallas, Toronto. . . . Nobody would argue that a wardrobe's best friend is a wear-everywhere, over-everything coat. Unbeatable, *opposite*, Mario Valentino's short, straight-falling leather coat with a big collar and cuffs—for its versatility, its season-after-season quality. Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. For details, see last pages of this issue.

milan: easy, luxurious

Neil Kirk

milan: easy, luxurious

In addition to sharpened classics, there's another world of coats. On these pages, two of the best. Unique: Romeo Gigli's exotic big, long, multicolored "rug" coat, *this page*, to wear any day or night as you would a fur. About $1000. Late August at Bloomingdale's; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Linda Dresner, Troy MI. . . . And, by Missoni, *opposite*, a long, striking, multistriped mohair/nylon coat with a button front and high collar—easy, soft, sweater-y. About $1755. Missoni Boutique, NYC; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; Liberty House of Hawaii. Details, see last pages.

Neil Kirk

dashing!

all the way

On these six pages:
an upbeat, slightly offbeat,
affordable eye on the season's news.
Dressing that's short,
spirited, leggy—that works
day and night. . .

Pivotal pieces for day: a terrific white shirt. Of cotton broadcloth, about $78. By Agnès B. Agnès B., NYC....With it: a short skirt in a stretch fabric for real fit. Of wool/cotton/elastic. By Ronaldus Shamask, about $240. Saks Fifth Avenue; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. To order at Saks Jandel. These four pages: Hair, Alex Hilliard for Xavier salon, NYC; makeup, Jim Brusock....
Beauty Note: Pivotal makeup—Ember lipstick blended with Brown lipliner pencil to deepen the color; both by Christian Dior. Details, more stores, last pages.

Elisabeth Novick

NEW-SHAPE, NONSTOP SUIT

dashing!...all the way

Small, bare, knockout! *Above:* Cathy Hardwick's leopard-print dress of cotton/viscose. About $226. . . . *Insets, top, left to right:* Suit news: a fitted jacket, "pouffed" skirt in black and white checked wool. By Cathy Hardwick. Jacket, about $140; skirt, about $92. . . . Real look-changer: leopard fake fur cropped jacket. By Cathy Hardwick, about $230. . . . Patricia Clyne's heather navy wool jersey dress to shirr up or down, about $275. . . . Unexpected combination: Adrienne Vittadini's black silk taffeta bubble skirt, about $248; a crisp white cotton shirt, about $78. Agnès B. . . . *Beauty Note:* The knockout makeup, *above:* Merle Norman's Gold Plated Bronze lipstick. Details, stores, last pages of this issue.

Elisabeth Novick

CHANGING SPOTS: AM/PM "FUR"

BODY DRESSING: THE CLOSEST

KEY: THE UNUSUAL MIX

VOGUE PATTERNS

BOTH, VOGUE PATTERN #1614

dashing!...in the rain

The coat to own—to sew—right as rain, right all the time: short, sleek, sashed...an unexpected fabric in an offbeat color. *Opposite:* Nonstop—the coat in leopard-printed nylon by Frantissor for Strachman Associates. Vogue Pattern #1614.... *This page:* Totally different—the same coat in mustard yellow polyurethane/spun rayon/cotton. Fabric by Limonta for Strachman Associates. Hair, Danilo for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Leslie Chilkes. Details, sewing information, stores, last pages.

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

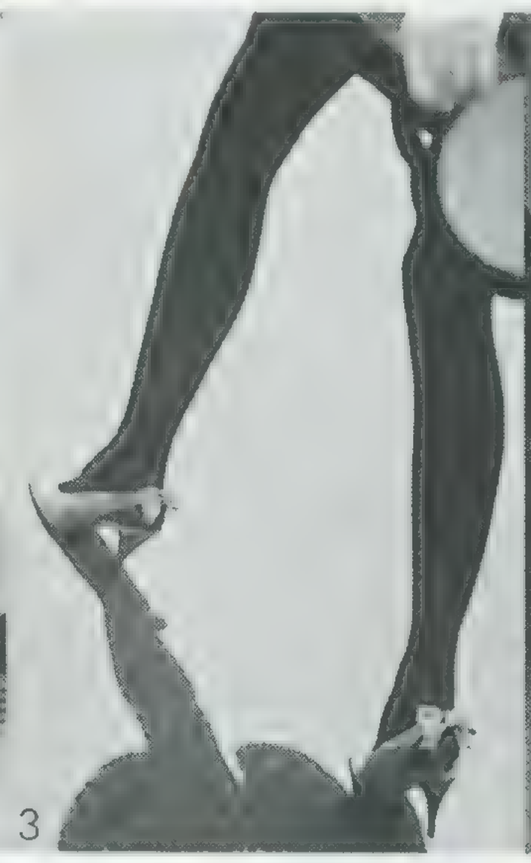
ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

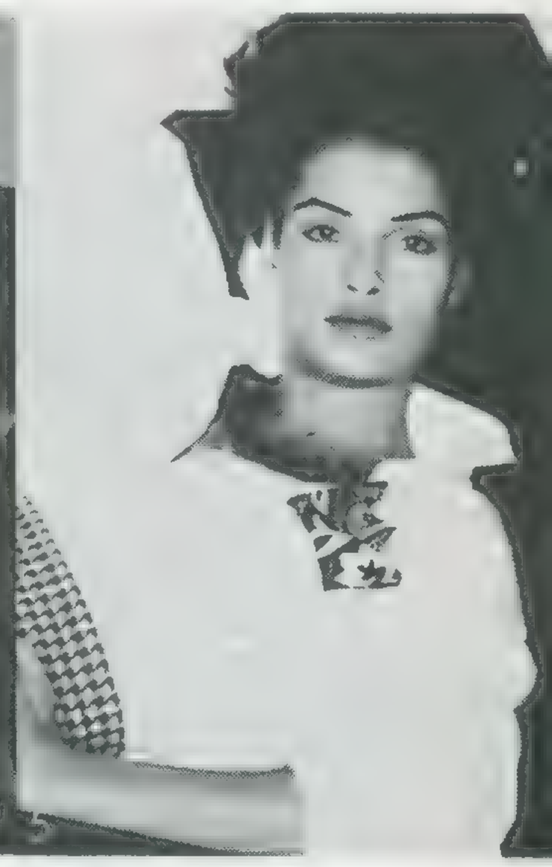
What works? First choices—easy changes—for the start of a new season: news in a crisp white shirt. . . adding effective color. . . the look of great legs. . . evening's new sweater and skirt options

What works? At this point in the year, the thought of getting into a new shearling coat or fully turned-out fall suit is still something for months to come; making some bit of change, though, is an appealing notion. One very real—noticeable—change in dressing for coming months is, at night, the look of a small, short skirt and plenty of legs. When you put on one of these new skirts, you know you've stepped into something quite different.

Look at Bill Blass's new cashmere sweater and sequined leopard skirt (1). The top, in a voluptuous red, is cropped, fitted, tied at the waist and sleeves. The skirt is slim, shaped, in shimmery spotted-cat fabric. They easily stand as symbols of some **quite luxurious sweaters and short skirts that are around this season for evening—at all levels of dressing:** look for tops—small-on-the-body, sometimes in a bright color; skirts that are short, simple in shape, in fabrics as glamorous as black satin or lace, as ornamental as black-and-white pony. **These pieces are as "gala" as any big-shouldered full-skirted dress but as modern—and versatile—as daytime separates.** Add sheer black stockings, slim high-heeled shoes, and sculptural gold earrings and you're dressed for decidedly big evenings.

In a season when legs and lengths are in close focus, the stockings that work best are black—by day, with a degree of density; by night, in a sheer weight. What's key: stockings that are truly black (never off-shade), that are smooth in texture for a long—even—expanse of leg. High-heeled pumps—mostly simple in shape—add an interesting other texture or color; always, a sense of "finish" to the look. Look at Yves Saint Laurent's bright-pink jeweled slingbacks (3): we put these shoes with a red mini, orange coat, and blue leather bag. Some women can carry off this sort of color mix; most women, in reality, will like those brights anchored by clothes in a dark neutral, in black. A good example of a dark base (2)—Yves Saint Laurent's turtleneck and narrow skirt, plus semi-opaque stockings—worn here with pink satin pumps and pink suede gloves. Single shots of bright color are some of fall's most charming dressing changes.





This idea—of bright color used as an accessory—is something we haven't seen for a while and it's a highly appealing idea. Electric, brilliant colors (raspberry, blue, chrome yellow) are brightening up gloves, bags, a jacket. What holds true, consistently: this season, **color is decoration, a flirtation—especially at night.**

One of the most appealing—and most useful—pieces around, too, is simply a crisp white shirt. With a starched pointed collar and cuffs, a gutsy scale, it showed up again and again on runways.

What makes this sort of white shirt more than a man's shirt? The way it's worn—in a noticeable, almost ornamental way: the collar folded out over a sweater or pulled up from a suit-jacket collar, cuffs turned down at the wrist. Perfect examples: Agnes B.'s (5)—worn with a daytime wool skirt—and (4) Charvet's men's shirt (here, with a black leather jacket)—both in a cotton with real substance.

What's appealing about white shirts such as these is their lack of fuss—their spareness, simplicity of cut. And, they can stand on their own with almost any tailored clothes this season. They're also a terrific foil for accessories: a few pieces that are big, bold, and clean-lined work best. An oversize bauble necklace and patterned handkerchief such as the one we used with Agnes B.'s shirt are sufficient ornamentation for day. Appealing alternatives: big gold hoop earrings, a sporty watch and gold chain bracelet worn *around* the shirt cuff; for evening, one extraordinary necklace such as Paloma Picasso's gold/citrine (4) and two pairs of cuff links. Unfussy, attractive, these ideas can set up a modern way to look at night or late day. And that's a good way to start this or any season.

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VOGUE'S

health style

Weight control: what works...at-home checkups... sweetener debate...how persuasive are you?

Keeping body weight under control—and avoiding repeated, rapid weight loss and regain—may be more important to long-term fitness, health, and stamina than achieving a specific "ideal" weight, research suggests. Yet until recently, little was known about the factors that help "normal-weight" women to stay that way. What experts are learning: that a balance of habits, not "magic" foods or dietary restrictions, seems to make the difference.

For example, while experts have told women that the only way to stay slim is to exercise more and eat less, evidence now indicates that the more active you are, the more you can eat without weight gain. Peter D. Wood, Ph.D., D.Sc., of Stanford University's Center for Research in Disease Prevention, compared caloric intakes of a group of ideal-weight women who played tennis regularly with sedentary women who were approximately 14 percent overweight. His observation: *the normal-weight tennis players ate almost 1000 calories more per day than their overweight sedentary counterparts.*

"Other studies have shown that people who begin to exercise also gradually change their eating habits, choosing more foods that are low in fat and high in complex carbohydrates, despite the fact that they do not perceive themselves to be 'on a diet,'" said Dr. Wood. "Part of the reason for the diet change may be psychological—a carry-over effect from improving one health habit—but there also may be a physiological explanation, reflecting the fact that carbohydrates are a more efficient energy source than fat."

A woman's eating style, it seems, may also affect her ability to control her weight. The modern reality of eating on the run, grabbing a muffin now, a frozen yogurt later, and never sitting down to a relaxed meal literally may "short-circuit" the body's satiety signal, according to Thomas A. Wadden, Ph.D., of the University of Pennsylvania Obesity Research Group.

"It takes about twenty minutes for the signal that hunger has been satisfied to travel from the stomach to the brain," said Dr. Wadden. "Fast eaters may outrace that signal; consequently they never feel full." When our mothers told us to chew food rather than gulp, they were advocating more than politeness; eating slowly increases satisfaction, helps to control body weight.

What also may be a help: choosing foods that are high in fiber, which not only take longer to chew but may also speed up satiety by absorbing water and "bulking up" in the stomach. Another bonus of slow eating, said Dr. Wadden: it helps digestion, makes a meal a chance to relax.

Waking "Tired" Backs

Eighty percent of all adults, estimates one expert, will suffer from a backache at some point—a statistic many doctors blame on sedentary habits rather than bone structure. That's an opinion shared by the authors of "The American Medical Association Guide to BackCare" (Random House), who point out the prevalence of "tired back syndrome"—weak abdominal and tense back muscles that result from too many hours spent sitting and too little movement. Key: getting up to walk or stretch once every hour. In fact, walking, fast becoming a top exercise choice, puts less stress on the spine than does sitting, something to think about when you're tempted to rest instead of work out.

body smarts

Conclusion of a new survey of over one thousand women ages eighteen to thirty-four: that most women who exercise regard their fitness goals and regimens sensibly. According to a Gallup poll sponsored by Caress, most physically active women work out two to three times per week, and do a fitness regimen that is "fairly strenuous"—an approach that many experts would regard as both sensible and effective. The big payoff for this regular exercise? A majority of these women (65 percent) think they feel more comfortable with their bodies than their mothers did at the same age.

NUTRITION IN A PILL?

Few health areas have been as prone to "mixed messages" as dietary supplements. While the estimated 40 percent of American adults who take vitamin and mineral supplements daily believe that this will promote good health, in fact the opposite may be true: a significant number of us who take supplements consume potentially dangerous—even toxic—amounts.

"The irony is that people who take dietary supplements tend to be those who need them least—health-conscious adults whose diets contain the nutrients they need," said C. Wayne Callaway, M.D., director of the Center for Clinical Nutrition at George Washington University School of Medicine. "Many people regard supplements as 'insurance' that they're getting Recommended Dietary Allowances (RDAs) of nutrients; but the RDAs don't have to be followed daily if you take in a balance of nutrients over several days. People who take single-nutrient supplements are more at risk for side effects than those who take multivitamin/mineral pills."

The American Dietetic Association, in association with other nutrition and consumer groups, has released a statement on safe use of supplements. Some important points:

- *Healthy adults and children should try to obtain adequate nutrients by consuming a variety of foods in moderation, not supplements. (It's difficult to "overdose" on nutrients from foods.)*
- *Consult a doctor or dietitian before taking any single-nutrient supplements.*
- *Safe intake levels vary widely from nutrient to nutrient and with a person's age and health; high-dosage supplements can interfere with normal metabolism, medications' effectiveness.*

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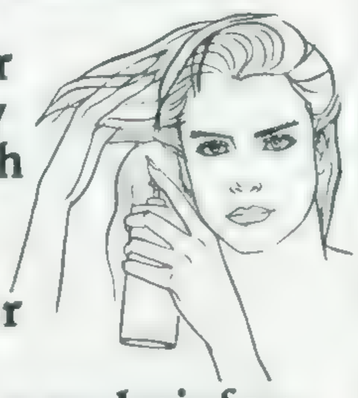

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health style

Despite our growing knowledge of the health benefits of not smoking cigarettes, women who smoke have a harder time giving up the habit than do men. One factor in this disturbing gender gap, according to Mary Jane England, M.D., president, the American Medical Women's Association, is the fear that quitting smoking inevitably leads to weight gain. In fact, only one-third of women put on weight after they stop smoking—and even then, say experts, added pounds usually can be taken off through stepped-up physical activity. "You would need to gain *more than seventy-five pounds* to offset the health advantage of quitting smoking," said Dr. England.... More support for breaking the smoking habit comes from the first International Conference on Smoking and Reproductive Health. In addition to emphasizing the dangers of smoking during pregnancy, researchers presented evidence that cigarettes also take a toll on the *length* of a woman's reproductive capacity: Women who smoke even half a pack of cigarettes a day undergo natural menopause a year earlier than their nonsmoking counterparts—a significant concern in light of evidence that estrogen (produced by a woman's body in much smaller amounts after menopause) helps to protect cardiovascular health and bone strength.

Shall we dance?

The emotional power of dance—its ability to "transport" the dancer and the audience—has been recognized since ancient times. Little wonder, then, that more and more experts are turning their attention to the benefits of dance as exercise for body *and* mind, as a means of helping a woman to improve both her fitness and her body image and to achieve emotional balance.

As a result, "dance therapy" increasingly is being used to help women with eating disorders, as part of post-surgical rehabilitation programs (especially for post-mastectomy patients), and as a way to help pregnant women feel more at ease with the changing shapes of their bodies. Unlike traditional dance classes, which focus on learning technique and specific steps, in dance therapy classes a woman may be encouraged to role-play, to act out different emotions, or to "dance the way she's feeling."

Part of the message in these programs, says Claire Schmais, coordinator of the Dance/Movement Therapy program at Hunter College, NYC: that while each of us has a personal movement style—and some of us *are* more graceful than others—working on "freeing up" one's sense of movement can often have an impact on other areas of one's life. For example, a woman's movement that seems hurried or tense might reflect her overall stress level; in learning to slow down her motions, to feel more relaxed as she moves, she may release some of the inner stresses as well. Similarly, a woman who feels awkward when dancing may be physically manifesting a poor body image. By learning how to be more fluid in her motions, she may actually improve the way she feels about herself.

"Dance allows you to notice how things feel in your body," said Jarl Dyrud, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the University of Chicago. "You realize that anger, sadness, and joy all may be reflected in body motions."

Where to find a qualified dance therapist? Hospitals and colleges often sponsor programs; or contact the American Dance Therapy Association (ADTA), 2000 Century Plaza, Suite 108, Columbia, Maryland 21044. (To be ADTA registered, a dance therapist must have a master's degree in dance therapy and additional clinical training.)

TRACKING YOUR HEALTH

One of every three women in the U.S. has used an at-home medical test, reveals a marketing survey by NFO Research—a statistic expected to rise if the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) okays do-it-yourself tests for assessing blood cholesterol levels and diagnosing strep throat and other illnesses.

How do experts feel about the value of at-home medical tests? "While the validity of certain tests—such as those for pregnancy or monitoring of a diabetic's glucose level—is well established, there is a danger in overreliance on self-diagnosis," said Norman Loomis, M.D., chairman of the American Academy of Family Physicians' committee on drugs and devices. "Ovulation-predicting tests, for example, don't replace the need to discuss pregnancy planning with a doctor, nor is any test a substitute for regular medical checkups based on a woman's age, family history, and overall health."

The fastest-growing category of home medical tests are those that promise to signal early signs of certain illnesses. Experts point out that these tests, while potentially valuable, are not 100 percent accurate (most have a 5-to-10 percent error range) and the precision of the tests varies. For example, some tests for urinary tract infections (UTIs) detect the presence of nitrites in the urine, a signal of some infections but not of others. Similarly, a positive result on an at-home fecal occult blood test does not necessarily indicate colo-rectal cancer, as blood in the stool can also be caused by other less serious conditions—and false negatives can occur in the case of a cancer that is not bleeding. For this reason, the American Cancer Society recommends that such tests be used only under medical supervision.

In some cases, errors in test use also lead to invalid results. Here, some guidelines from the FDA:

- *Check the package for storage instructions that should be followed on the trip home. For example, if a test needs protection from heat, don't leave it in a sunny car window.*
- *Read all instructions well in advance of using the test and observe any recommendations on diet or activities before testing. Check questions with a pharmacist or the manufacturer (many list toll-free phone numbers on package inserts).*
- *Check the expiration date—not only before buying but before using an at-home medical test.*
- *Be aware that precision counts; being "off" by even a few seconds in one of the steps could upset some test readings.*
- *Store test and discard used test materials out of children's reach.*

Finally, said Dr. Loomis, regardless of home test results, always bring any worrisome symptoms to a doctor's attention.

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Your diet: sweet talk

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Americans spent over ten billion dollars last year on foods and beverages with artificial sweetening—most of which were consumed by women trying to control their weight. Increasingly, however, experts are raising questions about whether artificial sweeteners deserve such a prominent place in the American diet. Is this "sugar-free" approach to weight control valid? Could it be detrimental to developing healthful eating habits—or even dangerous to overall health?

As long as thirty years ago, experts questioned the usefulness of artificial sweeteners in weight control. A 1956 study at Harvard University School of Public Health, in fact, concluded that there was no significant difference between artificial sweetener use in overweight adults who lost weight and those who gained or stayed the same.

Weight-loss questions

Last year, the American Cancer Society published findings that added to the artificial sweetener debate. After analyzing the diets of over seventy-eight thousand women, researchers found that *those using artificial sweeteners were more likely to gain weight* than nonusers. This study is not without its critics, including those who note that rather than keeping subjects' eating records, researchers asked the women to *recall* what they had eaten.

Studies conducted at the Monell Chemical Senses Center in Philadelphia have suggested that for animals, consuming artificially sweetened foods may actually promote hunger rather than satiety. A similar mechanism may be at work in people, suggests a study conducted at England's Leeds University in which ninety-five adults were given water sweetened either with glucose (natural sugar) or with aspartame (artificial sweetener). Volunteers drinking the artificially sweetened water experienced "heightened hunger." While subsequent eating records were not kept, the author speculates that this increased hunger could lead to a loss of control over appetite in some people.

Among the favorite "foods" of dieters are low-cal soft drinks, which comprise about 75 percent of the products in which artificial sweeteners are used. Research suggests that while sugar-free sodas often become a habit during a diet, they don't necessarily contribute to the diet's success or failure. When Susan Kayman, Dr.P.H., R.D., of Stanford University surveyed over one hundred women, she found that only 9 percent of those who *never* had a weight problem drank diet sodas; in contrast 33 percent of successful ex-dieters, and 41 percent of women who had lost but then regained weight habitually drank artificially sweetened sodas.

Sweetener safety

All the evidence is not yet in on the effectiveness of artificial sweeteners as factors in weight loss, but in the meantime there is still the issue of the *safety* of artificial sweeteners.

In 1981, when aspartame was first introduced (as "NutraSweet" when used in prepared foods, and as "Equal" when sold as a powdered sweetener), the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) set the maximum "acceptable daily intake" at 50 mg./kg. body weight, an amount equivalent to about twelve cans of soda daily for a 110 lb. woman. Aspartame is composed of two amino acids —aspartic acid and phenylalanine. Because phenylalanine in large doses has been shown to affect neural transmission, some experts have been concerned that it may affect brain function even in smaller amounts. There's anecdotal evidence that aspartame consumption is associated with neurologic symptoms including headaches, feelings of panic, and seizures. While there are not yet any conclusive studies examining these symptoms, several well-controlled studies are in the works. If you think you may be experiencing headaches that are precipitated by use of aspartame, discontinue its use and get in touch with your doctor. While evidence does not indicate that the amount of aspartame usually consumed during a normal pregnancy affects the unborn child, it is well-established that very high blood levels of phenylalanine can. During pregnancy, some doctors advise a maximum intake of no more than two to three cans of diet soda per day, if any.

Saccharin, revisited

Saccharin, the other artificial sweetener currently in broad use in the U.S., is being replaced by aspartame more and more in diet soft drinks and other cold foods, but is still used in some cooked foods. In 1977, a Canadian study showed that male offspring of rats fed very high doses of saccharin had an increase in bladder cancer. Such results have never been shown in any controlled studies of saccharin intake in humans. Current FDA regulations stipulate that saccharin-containing products carry warning labels indicating that the ingredient has been shown to produce cancer in laboratory animals. Most experts feel, however, that if there is a risk of cancer in people who consume saccharin-containing products, the risk is extremely small.

Another sweetener used primarily in sugar-free candy and gum is sorbitol. It has the same number of calories as sugar (about 4 cals./gram) but does not promote tooth decay. When eaten in large amounts (30-50 grams per day) sorbitol may cause diarrhea because of its slow absorption by the intestine; for this reason, sorbitol-containing candies and gum should be consumed only in moderation.

How "bad" is sugar?

Studies show that some people do have an inborn desire for sweet tastes. The one subgroup of this population who may profit from the addition of artificial sweeteners to foods are diabetics, who may want to consume sweet-tasting foods but cannot metabolize sugar effectively. For the rest of us, although eating sugar once in a while may not be a great cause for concern, the important fact is that sugary foods often provide only calories without other nutrients. While a report from the FDA states that tooth decay is the only health hazard of sugar as consumed by the average American, some evidence indicates further dangers. Highly sugared foods when eaten alone can produce energy "highs" followed by inevitable "lows." A more serious concern is that some studies suggest high sugar intakes in some people may increase blood levels of the fatty substances called triglycerides—a risk factor for heart disease. The best way to satisfy a sweet tooth: choosing foods that not only are sweet but provide important nutrients as well, such as fruits.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California, Davis.*

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health style

Your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Are you good at persuading others to accept your ideas, plans, or wishes? Are you *comfortable* being persuasive? Persuasion is the art of convincing people that they should do what you want them to—clearly a powerful asset in all areas of life.

For a few naturally brilliant persuaders, the art comes easily: these individuals are charismatic, expressive, and intuitive about what influences and motivates others. For most of us, persuasiveness is an underdeveloped asset. We want it to be there when we need it; but we're not sure about learning specific techniques of persuasion, such as those used by successful salespeople or fund-raisers. We have a rather quaint and appealing notion that the value of a good idea should speak for itself; and we fear that persuasion might become manipulation. Underneath it all often lies a profound ambivalence about whether we have the *right* to influence others, and whether we want the responsibility for swaying a decision that might turn out to be wrong.

"I think you have the *right* to persuade others as long as you're being ethical and not exploitative," says Robert B. Cialdini, Ph.D., professor of psychology at Arizona State University and author of the classic *Influence: The New Psychology of Modern Persuasion* (Morrow/Quill; textbook edition, Scott, Foresman). "A lot of people fail to recognize that those who are *not* persuaded to do the beneficial thing also are harmed.

"In order to be ethical and effective, you need to find out what resources and advantages you have to offer that are persuasive to people, and then raise those to the surface, to convince by virtue of their information.

"Suppose you want to persuade your boss to let you set up a project in a new way. Besides explaining why the change will be an improvement, you will of course want to present your *credibility* in the area: your previous track record, experience. Then you might use the 'scarcity' principle of persuasion: opportunities seem more valuable to us when their availability is limited. You could point out to your boss how your fresh perspective would let you try this project in a way no one else has suggested before. On the other hand, if you know of another company where the approach you're suggesting is being used, mentioning it will place 'social proof' on your side: people tend to see an action as more correct and appropriate when others are doing it. Finally, if you're weighing an ambitious versus a more modest proposal, start with the larger version. Should your boss say it's too extensive or expensive, you can fall back to your modest plan, making a concession and thus calling into force the principle of *reciprocity*. The other person will be inclined to repay your concession with one of her own—possibly letting you try your scaled-down plan."

How persuasive are you? Ways to make others believe in your ideas

But you may fear that your project won't work. Fear of recriminations from the person you persuaded, and even from yourself for leading someone else into a mistake, can freeze you out of ever trying to influence anyone. It's perfectionism that paralyzes effort: you need a guaranty that doesn't exist. "Whether you've consciously learned how to be persuasive, or intuitively experimented, the key factor that should enable you to sway people and to feel good about it is knowing you had the best *available* information, you presented it fairly, and the evidence suggested that the other person would benefit from following your proposal," sums up Dr. Cialdini.

There is a discomfort that women especially may feel over the idea of influencing others. Unlike men, who have been socialized to overcome somebody else's resistance and try to be influential, women traditionally have been expected *not* to try to control other adults. Overt persuasion can feel pushy, controlling, "unfeminine"! But doing anything you haven't been trained to do can cause discomfort. You have to wait it out. Experience helps. So does associating with people making similar efforts. But above all, you need to believe in whatever you're championing, so that you'll be filled with that sense of authenticity which flows when your inner conviction and outer behavior are consistent.

VOGUE, July, 1987

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health style

SWEATING IT OUT

Once, no proper woman would perspire. Today it's (often mistakenly) a badge of courage.

BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

At the end of a long workday, I race to the gym and change into a bland grey sweatsuit. The androgynous garb is deliberate; exercise, for me, is—as I imagine it must be for many women—a serious, unsexy business. It's a time for intense physical work, for release; a time to sweat. After ten minutes of pedaling on the stationary bike, liquid beads pool on my lashes, matting my bangs to my forehead. This is what working out is all about, I groan—but I love it. . . until I glance at the woman next to me. Her white leotard is spotless, her brow dry.

In the dressing room, I am still blow-drying my just-washed hair when she comes in, changes, and dashes off into the night. For her, exercise does not entail my "post program": at least forty-five minutes of showering, shampooing, drying off; of sponging off makeup only to put it back on again; of drying my hair, then redressing. This fortunate female does not sweat—or at least does not appear to. (An informal survey among friends reveals that many women do not perspire enough during exercise to need a shower afterward. Some don't even change clothes: one woman's cotton tank leotard doubles as a bodysuit under her clothes for office.) I console myself by assuming dry bodies are not reaping the same benefits as moist ones, but a little research proves me wrong.

More than a few women mistakenly believe that a worthwhile workout is one that makes you sweat. "The association between sweat and health has led to the popularity of saunas, Jacuzzis, plastic jogging suits, and other paraphernalia of the 'perspiration cult,'" says Grant Gwinup, M.D., chief of endocrinology and metabolism, University of California, Irvine, Medical Center. Feeling as though you have to sweat—like going for the now-disqualified "burn"—makes exercise more arduous (and time consuming) than it need be; the exercise hour grows into hours for "getting back together" afterwards—and leads to frustration, boredom, and drop-out.

SWEAT: FACT AND FICTION

Myths about sweating abound. Many well-intentioned trainers, for instance, spout a wholesome-sounding, yet completely inaccurate, axiom: that sweating rids the body of toxins. "There was a time when we thought sweating did excrete toxins," says Rodney Basler, M.D., clinical assistant professor, internal medicine, division of dermatology, University of Nebraska Medical Center, "but the idea has since been discounted." Sweat, a combination of water and chemicals including salt and urea, also has limited ability to cleanse the complexion. "Sweating simply turns on a water pump," says Dr. Basler.

The sole physiological purpose of sweating is to regulate body temperature and keep the body from overheating. As active muscles burn fat, 30 percent of the energy released fuels action; the other 70 percent escapes as heat. Blood vessels near skin's surface dilate in order to allow warm blood increased access to cool air; sweat glands speed up the cool-down process by releasing body fluids that remove heat as they evaporate. "Sweat is like a portable shower," says Dr. Gwinup. "It allows you to cool down even when air temperature is ten degrees above that of your body."

> "Women have been gaining access to men's roles. Permission to sweat is part of that."

The amount a woman sweats is an individual one; it varies by rate of metabolism as well as a number of other—external—factors. For instance, on a warm, humid day, when air is already saturated with moisture and cannot absorb much more, sweat evaporates more slowly and stays on skin longer, making it more difficult to regulate body temperature. On a less humid day, outdoor, high-movement activities—such as jogging or bicycling—create a breeze that may evaporate sweat before droplets have a chance to form on skin. Another factor is overdressing. "It's better to be underdressed when you start," advises Jack H. Wilmore, Ph. D., professor of physical and health education, University of Texas, "because when you're cooler you don't sweat as much."

Other "sweat lore" includes the popular perception that perspiration increases the amount of fat burned: not true. "Such weight loss represents dehydration. Extreme exertion can produce sweat at the rate of one quart an hour," says Dr. Gwinup. "It is quickly regained as soon as fluids are taken." Another: that some people don't sweat. Except for rare syndromes, everyone has a level at which they perspire. Says Dr. Basler, "Some people are just more successful at dissipating heat." Nor does sweating reflect aerobic benefits: "That is determined by heart rate."

Do men sweat more than women? "When men and women were placed in 105-degree heat at 80 percent humidity, the men began to sweat earlier and more profusely than the women," says Albert M. Kligman, M.D., Ph.D., professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania Medical School, who conducted the study. "But we are not sure why." Some theories suggest that efficient sweaters are more adaptable to environments with increased temperature and humidity, or that they may be less likely than others are to overheat.

Sweating, on the other hand, is not a signal of being out of shape. "Some people sweat more when they're in good condition," observes Dr. Wilmore. "And as you become better conditioned, the more diluted sweat becomes as the body begins to conserve salts and minerals. Being in shape increases ability to sweat and keep cool at earlier stages."

SWEAT: MIND BOOST

The most interesting aspect of sweating, however, is one exercisers and researchers overlook: its psychological benefits. "The chance to get out of the office, change clothes, elevate heart rate, open pores, shower, and return offers tremendous psychological benefits," says Michael O'Shea, Ph.D., director, Sports Training Institute, NYC.

Sports Training's reputation for seriousness evolves partly out of the notion that they encourage women to sweat. One notable change: the current general move to less strenuous exercise—which, in some cases, "may drop the ideal workout range from a high of 75 percent of maximum heart rate to about 60 or 65 percent." Fewer beats of the heart mean initially fewer beads of sweat; but since the workout continues over a longer period of time, the same amount of heat is produced and, eventually, says O'Shea, "the same amount of sweat."

"Some women feel sweat is a sign of commitment and accomplishment," says clinical psychologist Rita Freedman, Ph.D. "For two decades, women have been gaining access to men's roles, including the role of worker. Permission to sweat is part of that: women who enjoy sweating may feel proud to prove that, once again, they can do it, too."

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FALL SIGNALS: HAIR

(Continued from page 182)

a marathon art gallery tour in Paris . . . the thickest color gels ever.'' Vibrant and fadeproof, the colors don't drip or ''bleed,'' and they allow for totally precise color placement. More innovation: together, the Sebastians have developed a unique salon information computer (now arriving in eighteen hundred Artistic Centers) that allows a woman to punch in personal data and facts about her current hair problems and receive answers that she can also use at home.

HAIR: INSIDE TIPS

More and more, women are seeking information and expert advice. Across the country, top hair pros no longer keep their ''magic solutions'' to themselves but share their knowledge about coping with climate, naturally ''poor'' hair, plus—an increasing professional need—how women can make that fast transition from working day to gala evening.

In Dallas, where humidity can be a daily hair snare, Don Iles of the Jungle Red Salons passes on this advice: ''With humidity, hair 'fills up' with moisture like water in a bottle, which makes straight hair limp and lifeless. With natural curl or wave, it can make hair unmanageable. We use and recommend products that ensure hair isn't 'dried out' but that 'coat' the cuticle to give extra body, firmness.'' Jungle Red choices: Jhirmack's E.F.A. shampoo; Aveda Elixir conditioner with natural thickeners, aloe vera and flax seed, that remain in the hair; Redken's Climatress hair spray.

One of the busiest experts in the country is Bryant Renfroe, the stylist choice of Barbara Walters, Kathleen Sullivan, and Kathie Lee Gifford, for on- and off-camera good-looking hair.

His tips: ''After shampooing, let hair partially dry on its own—it behaves better that way. For instance, fix your makeup, *then* blow hair dry, turning head upside down and concentrating on roots to make hair spring up naturally. Women usually pay too much attention to ends, when roots are what count for shape. The speed with which you comb or brush is important—too slowly and hair 'stretches' out of shape and out of curl fast.''

Bryant's essentials? Paul Mitchell's Super Clean Sculpting Gel, a very wide-toothed steel comb, Sebastian's Shaper hair spray or Focus 21 Splash, an extra-firm-holding hair spray. ''When hair is straight and 'skinny,' I use a perm— like Zotos' Bain De Terre—on the underneath hair only, to form a foundation for the style on top.''

Growing out layers—is there a trick to doing it well? At NYC's Roget Resca salon, where Bryant can be found when he is not committed to TV, the approach is: ''You still need regular haircuts to keep the balance. First, I cut the bottom hair edge, then the top layer—but always at an angle, as one cuts a rose stem. This guarantees fullness and body. For more movement, I use what we call 'triple action rollers'—the largest size takes up three sections of hair in one. This is the way we grew out Kathie Lee Gifford's layers; but once they were all one length, she went back to layers again!''

COLOR: NEW AND NEWEST . . .

More and more leaders in the hair product business understand that what women really need—as much as anything that is happening in fashion—finally determines what they search out. One of the greatest ''needs,'' women say, is finding natural-looking color. Feedback from Clairol's remarkable computer, Color Visions—where, at the press of a switch, a woman can see how she looks with a new haircolor in any number of different shades—has led to a new stream of consciousness in color research labs . . . and to the development of the most subtle shades yet—for brownettes/brunettes in Clairol's Ultress Gel Colourants; in a streamlined approach to highlighting hair at home in Clairol's new Highlighting collection. The big plus: instructions are so easy to follow that results are virtually guaranteed to be good ones—providing you leave the phone off the hook and a ''do not disturb'' sign on the door.

''Strategically placed highlights can be just as effective as makeup,'' says Louis Licari, color director of New York City's La Coupe salon and a color consultant to Clairol. There are many tricks. ''Add light around the forehead, and it creates the illusion of 'opening up' and 'lifting' a forehead that's too small or too low. Add a few bright highlights on bangs, and the illusion lifts droopy eyes, lightens a heavy look. When a face is too thin, highlights should be concentrated around the sides of the face with just a few highlights on top to create an impression of added width. Highlights on one side of bangs that are softly, asymmetrically fringed diminish the effect of a large nose.''

''Many people don't realize that natural hair color plays a big part in the type of haircolor product used,'' says Imo of New York City's Regency Hotel, a favorite of professional women with no time to spare. (The salon is open 8:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M., six days a week.) ''Red hair has more sulfur, reacts faster, and is trickier to color and perm. Blonds have finer hair than brunettes and need different products.'' (Those Imo counts on: L'Oréal's Colours Fantastiques and, to give just the right amount of body to delicate hair, Lamaur's Perma Soft. As the name implies, it's the minimum perm for maximum natural effect.)

At Vidal Sassoon salons, there is a new haircolor chart that is a miracle of instant info, making haircolor choice so much easier. It lists sixteen temporary haircolorings, all keyed to makeup and clothing color choices. Heidi's salons (twenty-eight across the country) now bring a ''Confidentially Yours'' package of beauty services to home or office . . . .

HAIR: MULTIPLE (MODERN) CHOICES

Is there a point of difference in the hottest ''newcomer'' products? Not one, but many. Products roll out dual, treble benefits: Mastey's Prot-Ege, for one, not only screens hair from sun but also protects from chlorine and pollution, stabilizes moisture balance, and staves off color fade in ''chemically treated'' hair—hair that's been colored, permed, or straightened. Alberto VO5 no-alcohol styling mousse and spray with extra hold/extra body are meant to be used on damp hair, then blown dry to give wonderful fullness.

Guesswork gets eliminated with Helene Curtis's Salon Selectives: four shampoos, four conditioners that can be mixed and matched to give optimum performance for every kind of hair, even severely damaged. Dep Glaze works for styling a longer hair length; when the temperature starts to climb, Dep Styling Gel for Damaged Hair (PABA-sunscreened) is super protective.

There is a lot going on for those who have special needs. For women who want both color and perm: the Matrix Synerfusion Salon Perm. To protect hair that has already been permed and colored, Zotos offers color-protective shampoo, sun shield, and conditioner.

What is the ''last word'' product? It may well be Redken's Hair Cleansing Creme—the first ''spot remover'' for hair suffering from chlorine exposure. ▽

THE FITNESS-GOERS

(Continued from page 234)

exhilarating to row (on days when I was rowing at my best, I felt that the boat was not even touching the water), but they required considerable skill to handle. One bad stroke by even an expert oarsman and the scull could flip over. What changed—and democratized—the world of sculling was the arrival, sixteen years ago, of Alden recreational shells. Made of fiberglass, these are not as slim nor as fast as racing shells, and they are nearly impossible to flip; they are the almost perfect introductory craft for someone new to the sport or someone, like me, who has to row in relatively rough water off Nantucket. Now, with a minimum number of lessons, many people who had once watched from a distance can learn to scull and get as much fun from doing it as a champion. Anyone with a lake, a pond, or a relatively tame river now can scull; hardier souls can even try the ocean. For that reason, Jean and I had finally gone to Wellington, just west of Palm Beach, to row on Lake Wellington, a small invented lake of protected water about a mile and a half long. While there we, like most students at the school, stayed at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club.

The Florida Rowing Center is the brainchild of Arnold Guy Fraiman, a retired New York State Supreme Court justice. Judge Fraiman, who is sixty-one and looks about ten years younger, opened the center two years ago out of a lovely mixture of self-interest and altruism. A serious runner who had competed in forty-three marathons, he had found in recent years that his running had worn out his knee cartilage, that his days as a jogger were over. At age fifty-eight, he took up rowing. Evangelical about the sport, Fraiman thinks that every serious amateur athlete should learn to row; by opening the camp, he also now has a place to row during the winter.

At the camp, Fraiman is the founder, all-purpose manager, cheerleader, chief of operations, and reassurer of the parents of teenage students—responsibilities he handles with exceptional goodwill. Coaches are Peter Sparhawk,

for fifteen years head coach of men's crew at Princeton University; John Marden, one of America's premier scullers; John Murphy, a young man with boyish good looks who was hoping to win the Canadian lightweight singles title this year; and Marlene Royle, an excellent young American sculler hoping to make the national team in the lightweight double shells. The club can handle sixteen scullers at a time. Students come for either three or five days. The routine at the school is simple: two lessons a day, the first one starting at 7:30 A.M.; then a break for breakfast. At a midmorning meeting, coaches show videotapes of the morning workout; then a late-morning session is followed by a voluntary row in the afternoon.

The first day is not an easy one for Jean. Normally a strong, confident person, she has grown increasingly nervous about the project, and this first morning she starts out with her heart in her throat. The day is not a complete success. The boat seems an adversary to her, not an extension of self; the strokes that seem so easy for some of the others come hard for her. She constantly thinks of flipping over; she repeatedly bumps into the shoreline.

I first try a Vespoli, a step up in speed from the Alden, and I do not row well. Frustrated, I try seeing myself through the strokes but it does not work. Later, I realize I have rigged the boat badly and that has significantly thrown off my strokes. During the videotape session, the coaches note that I am using my arms too much instead of letting them serve as hinges and using my shoulders and back to apply the power.

In the second session, I set the rigging right and row well. I am pleased. Out of the corner of my eye, I watch Jean. She is still struggling, and it is hard. I know this is not fun for her. A little later, at lunch, she is still uneasy. "But there was a moment when I did about four strokes in a row that were just right," Jean says, "and it was wonderful." Ah, I think, the first glimmer of the rower within. In the afternoon, I watch as Jean returns to row again. Already there is sign of improvement, more good strokes than bad. At the end of the day, she is more confident and talks less of flipping.

On the second day, there are beginnings of genuine camaraderie. Bonded by our anxieties, comforted that no one in our group is either a super sculler or a boastful gamesman, we help put the boats in the water and begin to root for each other. Jean, with some misgiving, is rowing a Vancouver. The coaches have told her that they think it will be easier for her to handle but also a little easier to flip, clearly a mixed blessing. She accepts it as such.

That morning I am not pleased with my own rowing. The coaches come by and critique me: I am still using my arms too much and am cutting off a major supply of power. When Jean comes back from the first workout of the morning, she is frustrated; she has run into the bushes on the side of the lake several times. But looking at her videotape later that morning, I am impressed: she is slow and self-conscious, but her strokes are strong and her form is good. I am watching a rower. By the end of the day, Jean says that rowing is very good for women like her, who fear any exercise that builds the upper body, particularly the shoulders and arms. Sculling, if done properly, strengthens not only the arms but the legs, the lower back, and the abdomen.

By the third day we can joke about our nervousness. The rain has no effect on me; I am finally rowing well. The last two days have served as a crash course of good, simplified instruction; the videotape, a marvelous coaching instrument showing us how we row, not how we think we row. On what is, for me, surprisingly flat water, I am now doing twelve miles a day rowing a Schoenbrod, a sleek boat, virtually a racing shell; and I love it. I take twelve quick strokes, and it is like going back thirty-two years in time; I am rowing as I had thought I might, and I am thrilled by the speed of the boat. I have pledged to myself that I will not be competitive, but I am rowing so well that I soon find my eye—not me, but my eye—measuring the distance between myself and some of the other equally experienced scullers, trying to see if I have opened any water on them. Shameful stuff. I also wonder privately whether it will be hard to go back to the slower Alden once I get back to Nantucket.

Captivated by the pleasure of my own rowing, I have paid no attention to Jean. As I row back to the dock, I spot another boat. A Vancouver, moving quite nicely. It is my wife, and she is putting her body into it. As she comes up to the dock, her pleasure is self-evident. These are real strokes, and this is real rowing.

Technically, the school has three- or five-day classes; but Fraiman and Sparhawk are nothing if not flexible, and Jean and I decide to stay for a fourth day. The wind is up, and it is a very hard day to row. I stay somewhat closer to Jean, and I am pleased; she is frustrated by the coming of the wind, a new adversary. On this hard day, I see a young woman who has gone from absolute beginner to novice; her strokes are not just good, they are strong and she drives her entire body into them.

When we reach the dock, there is a new confidence to her voice. "In three days," she says, "you can feel that you're doing it right and take real pleasure from it. That doesn't mean you're a great sculler yet—only that you are doing it correctly enough to take pleasure. If I were starting out in tennis at my age, it might take six months or more of very hard work before I felt good about a serve." When she gets back to New York, Jean says she intends to take swimming lessons for people who have serious fear of the water. (She does.)

Everyone seems pleased as they leave, but I think I am most pleased of all. There may be few things as sweet in this world as watching the person you love come to appreciate and like the sport you love.

(The Florida Rowing Center is open from November 15 to May 15. For more information, write: Florida Rowing Center, 1140 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10128, 212/996-1196; or Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, 13198 Forest Hill Boulevard, West Palm Beach FL 33414, 305/793-1113.)

David Halberstam, *author of the recent best seller "The Reckoning" (William Morrow & Co.), is also a sportswriter whose books include "The Amateurs."*

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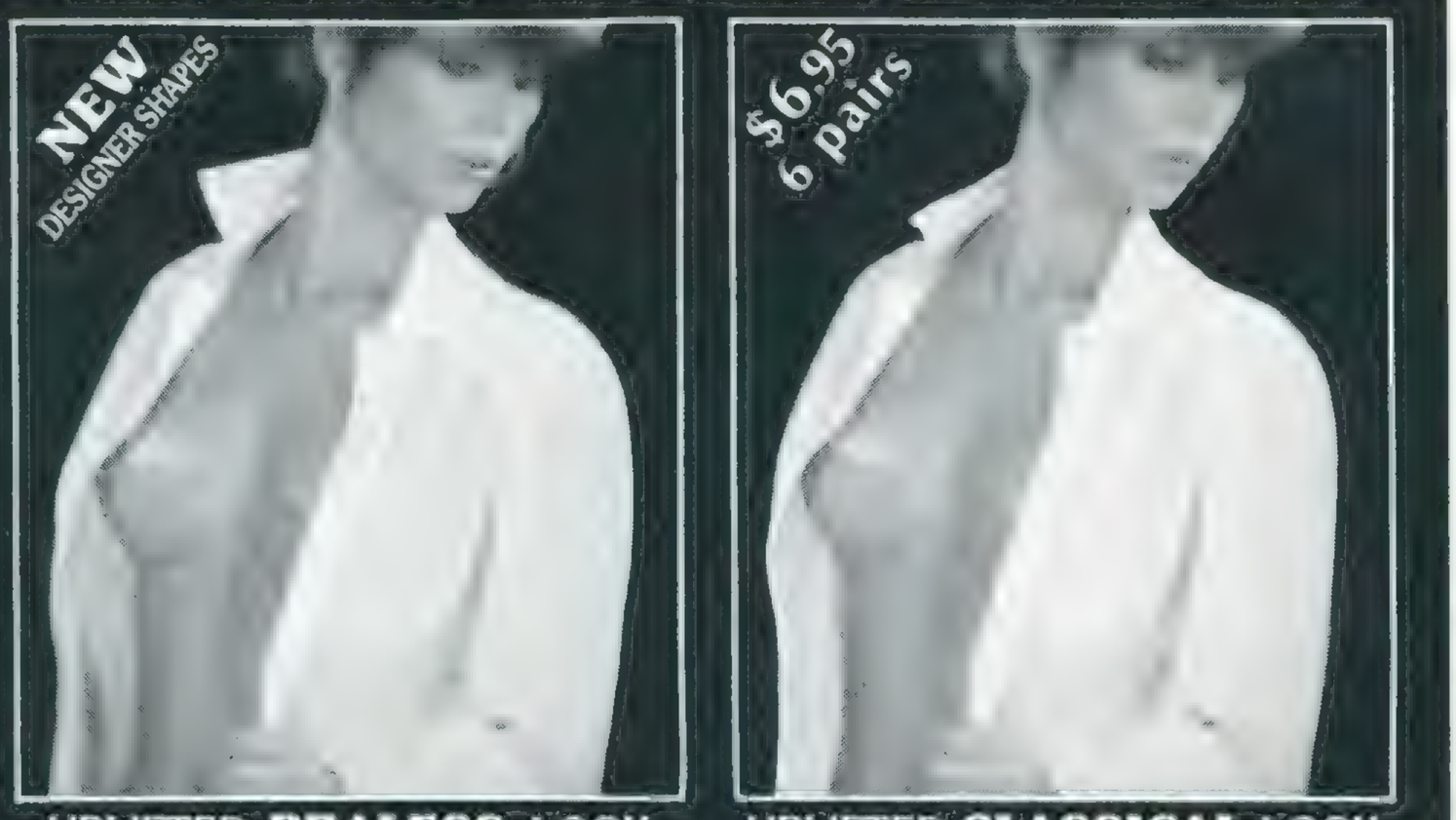

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(Continued from page 222)

of which are considerable. When the camera dwells on Baryshnikov's face, it zeroes in on his clear blue eyes—Ross likens them to Paul Newman's. If eyes are windows on the soul, then one looks into Baryshnikov's and sees some deep, unspeakable sadness; and women everywhere imagine that they, perhaps, could somehow ease the chronic pain. Asked about his work in films, which has catapulted him to matinee-idol status, Baryshnikov shrugs. "It's like when you buy a used car. 'Well,' people tell you, 'for a third car, it's O.K.' Well," he says, self-disparagingly, "for a second career, this is fine."

Nora Kaye, the great dramatic ballerina of the 1940s and '50s and Ross's wife of twenty-eight years, sits in the sun watching the action from Ross's chair. For the better part of the past six weeks of filming, she has been ill, rarely appearing on the set. This morning, Ross attends her, seeing that she's comfortable, that the breeze isn't too cold. Their relationship, the obvious respect and deep fondness they have for each other, is regarded with unanimous amazement and curiosity by members of the cast and crew, who seem determined to learn from their example.

It was Kaye who instigated the project and, as with *The Turning Point* and *Nijinsky*, which Ross also directed, got it off the ground. In this case, she persuaded Cannon Films, the company behind such disparate movies as *Superman IV* and *Otello*, to produce it. The film is being shot in Italy, because Ross liked the sense of dislocation created by the idea of an American ballet company on tour in a foreign country, a context that forces the characters to draw together. Part of the deal struck with the American Ballet Theatre is that the company will inherit the costumes and stage sets designed for the film's version of the ballet. Consequently, the dance sequences have been filmed at the Teatro Petruzzelli, an ornate turn-of-the-century opera house in Bari, because its stage is one of the largest in Europe and one of the few anywhere that comes close to the size of the Metropolitan Opera's, A.B.T.'s home in New York City.

It was Ross's idea to surround the dancing with a plot, one that mirrors the story of the ballet and brings it up to date. The screenplay, by Sarah Kernochan, revolves around the same themes of innocence and betrayal, the same lesson in the redeeming value of love. Giselle, a peasant girl, falls in love with Albrecht, a count in disguise; when she learns that he is already engaged to another woman, she goes mad and dies. In the film, Lisa (Kent), a young dancer in the corps de ballet, falls in love with Anton "Tony" Sergeyev (guess who), a womanizing Russian superstar—the modern-day equivalent of a nineteenth-century nobleman—only to discover that he is having an affair with an Italian countess, played by Mariangela Melato, famous for her performance in Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away*. Albrecht finds in Giselle a true heart, a girl who loves him for himself. Tony sees in Lisa someone whose response to him is, for a change, completely ingenuous. "I ask her, 'Can you think of me as just a regular guy?' " Baryshnikov says. "And she says, 'I'm trying, but I can't pretend that I do, because you're a great artist.' She says it openly, because of her innocence, and that answer sets her apart from all the others."

At lunch in a restaurant just off the piazza, Baryshnikov and Kent sit together, talking easily and laughing often. "Julie's mother is so worried about Misha," Kaye confides, looking on from a nearby table. "If you were Julie's mother, wouldn't you be?" I ask. "Yes," Kaye says, "I would."

"Tony's interest in Lisa," Baryshnikov explains, "is totally innocent. His involvement is based on pure amazement at this girl's purity—and with her looks, too. He wants to be near her, because he feels like a different person when he's next to her. He has forgotten that these emotions existed. It's a story of the man who thinks that he has everything, but obviously something important is missing in his life, and the lack of it affects what he is doing—his job, his work. What's missing is true emotional involvement."

The consensus among everyone who has worked with Kent on this film is that she is a level-headed, hard-working girl, enabled by a solid family background to take all the attention in stride. Ross describes her as having "an impeccable sense of truth," and he handles her gently, holding her chin in his hand as he studies her face, stroking the rabbit-fur collar of her jacket as he talks to her in a low voice. In one scene, he says, her reading lacked a certain nervous edge, and he set out to provoke it in her. "Think of everyone you'll be disappointing if you don't do this right," he scolded. "Think of your mother, your teachers, your dog Skipper. . . ."

> For Misha, acting is fine—as a second career

"We were a little nervous about someone so young, with no experience, doing a leading role," Jack Brodsky, an executive producer, says, "but the chemistry between her and Misha is so terrific that they're magic on the screen."

In a scene that is the counterpart to Giselle's mad scene in the ballet, Kent is required to run, sobbing, through the piazza at night. "Once I start to cry, I can go for a while," she says. "I never used to cry at all. But now I do because my life's changing a lot, and I'm homesick. It used to be that whenever Misha talked to me, I would start crying. My mother is very excited and supportive and happy for me, but also very scared, because I'm leaving home so young. Like, before, my parents had complete control over me, and now they have none. But I'm really fine," she insists, as if I'll be seeing her mother before she will and can give her the message.

The title role in the ballet is danced by Alessandra Ferri, the young Italian ballerina now a principal with A.B.T.; in the surrounding story, however, she plays the part of Francesca, whom she describes as "quite different from Giselle. Francesca is a modern girl—she doesn't believe in love so much, whereas Giselle lives for it. Now, in 1987, women are in charge of their careers, and that's a very important side of our lives. Francesca chooses to have an affair with Tony, but she's not in love with him, and it suits her fine. She would not allow him to step over her. And Tony can respect that in her, but it doesn't make him fall in love. He falls in love with Lisa instead, because she has the joy of life."

Leslie Browne, who played the ingenue opposite Baryshnikov in *The Turning Point*, dances the role of Myrta, the ruthless Queen of the Wilis, in the ballet's second act; and in the offstage story she plays Nadine, an embittered woman, jilted by Tony, now raising her daughter to hate men. "Nadine has made it," Browne says. "She's successful, but she really went through the mill to get to the top—bad love affairs, new people moving ahead of her in the company. She's angry and bitter as a result—and I understand that. I've made it just by sticking it out."

One might imagine that, on the surface at least, these characters are more or less true to the lives of the dancers who play them, but Kent is quick to insist that she is wiser than Lisa; Ferri that she is more romantic than Francesca, if not as romantic as Giselle; and Browne (who has no children) that she likes men just fine. Baryshnikov says that for a long time he disdained the role of Albrecht because Albrecht is such a cad.

The script demands a good deal of acting from dancers who have had little or no experience in it. "It was hard for me," Ferri says, looking back, "to have to use my voice, instead of using the music as my voice."

Dancers, Ross explains, "are not used to expressing a dramatic idea verbally. They want to externalize everything, which leads to a kind of falsity, and they recognize this. The difference between actors and dancers is that actors have a technique to internalize emotion and re-create it; dancers don't. They operate on instinct."

"Leslie, Julie, Alessandra, and I are all amateurs," Baryshnikov says. "This is like our college play, our Shakespeare in the parking lot."

Before shooting a scene, Ross rehearses it, adapting the dialogue if it seems awkward, often finding some action that the dancers can use to help them to express what's being said. The result is, perhaps, that the performances are more physical than they might be if the movie starred, say, Meryl Streep or William Hurt; still, it seems perfectly in keeping with the film's characters, who are, after all, also dancers. "Dancers," Ross says, "have a nobility of carriage, a dignity that I find oddly moving."

It is well past midnight when he begins shooting the last scene, in which Tony comes upon Paolo, a local boy who has been vying for Lisa's affections, holding her jacket, found washed up on the rocks. By this we are meant to assume (as do Tony and Paolo) that Lisa, distraught over Tony's betrayal, has thrown herself into the sea or met with some foul play at the hands of the tattoo man, a sinister character played by a local resident, a leather-skinned sailor who lives in the old town in Bari. Of all the members of the cast, it is perhaps he who has taken his role most seriously, dogging Ross's heels all day long, asking, in Italian, "When is my close-up?"

The wardrobe staff empties three bottles of mineral water into a bucket and dunks Lisa's white linen jacket in it. Baryshnikov, wearing high-style sweat clothes that look like an Italian costume designer's idea of how an American

dancer would dress, and Leandro Amato, a young Italian stage actor in the role of Paolo, rehearse the scene. Amato holds out the jacket, in reproach. Baryshnikov, clowning around, looks down and reads the label in mock amazement, as if impressed that Lisa wore clothes by Gianfranco Ferre. Ross gets in on the act, taking the jacket and reading the label himself. "Ah," he says, "*cinquanta millioni lire*." Then everyone gets back down to business, and the scene is blocked and shot with the jacket in the foreground: Tony runs into the frame, sees the jacket, looks at Paolo's face, at the jacket again, snatches it and runs off in search of Lisa.

Ross embraces Amato, embraces Baryshnikov, and, sipping a cup of hot chicken broth, walks back to his trailer. I ask him if he has ever before shot a movie in six weeks. "No," he laughs. I ask if he'll ever do it again. His expression changes, suddenly serious. "I did this for Nora," he says. Three months later, at their home in Santa Monica, Kaye died. The film is dedicated to her.

The end of the movie is deliberately ambiguous. Lisa, as it turns out, hasn't met with foul play; unlike Giselle, she survives her broken heart. According to Ross, Tony has recovered his ability to feel and to care—that much is clear. But whether Lisa and Tony go on together or go their separate ways is open to question. "In my mind," he says, "they don't go on. It's a happy ending for him—he loses the girl but finds that he has a heart."

In Baryshnikov's opinion, "The film ends, and it's a question mark whether they get back together again."

"Lisa grows up," Kent says, "and in the end, she's more like me, not as naïve. She forgives him, and realizes that she made him change, that she accomplished something, that he's a different person now." Kent believes that Lisa, like Giselle, will love her man forever. But what happens to Lisa and Tony—do they go on together? "Oh, yeah," she says. "Definitely." ▽

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

(Continued from page 225)

critically innovative changes in painting since Cubism. Passing up the current modishness of easy art, dumb art, bad art, she makes difficult art, intelligent art, beautiful art, without annihilating art history with insults, stealing its reproduced images, or rupturing continuity with the rich legacy of modernism simply for the sake of chic cynicism.

Taking me over to a corner of the studio where a carpentry shop is set up, Murray shows me the small clay models, maquettes for the large constructions. Again, she shapes the contours in an intuitive rather than a conceptual fashion. Then, an assistant enlarges the undulating maquette by building a complex wooden chassis. Seen from behind, the stretchers resemble the scooped-out hulls of boats; once the canvas is anchored tautly over the spiny armature, a subtly curved, streamlined surface is ready for Murray's offbeat shapes and colors.

Murray's constructed paintings, unlike Stella's fabricated metal reliefs, are not assembled as collage from a series of angled plates. One of the mysteries of her work is how she manages to create uninterrupted surfaces that billow out into space with the naturalness of breathing.

Nothing machine-made, mechanically applied, or repetitious is involved in her way of thinking and working; each piece is a struggle whose resolution cannot be achieved in a series that merely duplicates the initial discovery.

In her commitment to the uniqueness of each individual work of art, and her rejection of the mindless repetitions and formulas of Pop, Minimal, and Color Field painting, Murray aligns herself with the generation of her "artistic" grandparents: the "action painters" like Pollock, De Kooning, Kline, and Krasner. For them, each work was a battle for harmony, a battle that could be won only by resisting the impulse to give way to undisciplined expression.

Looking at Murray's funky, organic, twisting forms, fitting together like a puzzle, or like Plato's version of true lovers who seek their other halves for completion, one feels the intense erotic metaphor that gives her art its strange power. The miracle is the subtlety of Murray's statement, and her ability to communicate content through allusion that sets her apart from artists with less poetic temperaments. But it is her personal honesty, as well as her generosity to other artists (whom she embraces as openly as her bulging forms hug each other), that makes her refreshing in today's hypercompetitive environment.

For a soft-spoken person, Murray is unusually intense. Her face, with its strong, mobile features, is framed by long, grey hair. Her expression suggests a compassionate spirit that has loved deeply and learned much about the give-and-take relationships that inspire her coupled creatures. She radiates a kind of experiential wisdom, achieved at a price few are willing to pay now that we acclaim artists who spend their hours pursuing comfort and avoiding suffering.

In short, Murray is the imaginative custodian of a tradition she is helping both to keep alive and to change. Her work is strong but not aggressive, whimsical but serious, allusive and open to personal interpretation rather than closed in a system of arcane meaning. Sophisticated but not snobby, it operates simultaneously on many levels. Murray has a highly formal understanding of how color and structure can be united in a three-dimensional image; but she breaks new ground in the way she foreshortens shapes into disappearance while ironically using literal protrusions to snap the eye back and forth between real and illusionistic space. Color, structure, space, shape, as well as emotional content and the life-enhancing feeling of looking at forms that dance and move to the rhythms of our times—that is what authentic art is about. And Elizabeth Murray is not about to let anybody forget it.

The Murray retrospective opens at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles on July 28 and travels to the Des Moines Art Center, the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, and finally to the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City. A beautiful, fully illustrated monograph (Harry N. Abrams) accompanies the exhibition. ▽

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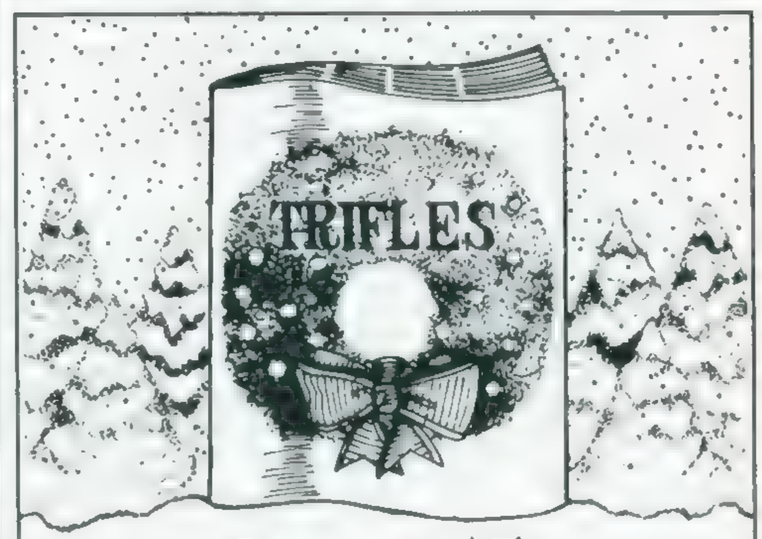

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UNDRESSED FOR SUCCESS

(Continued from page 219)

fix the plumbing in her squalid little bed-sit. She signed up with an escort service, and before too long was happily ensconced in a luxury flat on Half Moon Street, singing "Ode to Joy" in the shower.

Most of all, you hear it in the conversation of the characters in *Working Girls*, a movie whose great shock value is lodged not in any of the graphically depicted procedures of the profession but in the way the words "working" and "to work" are used. Throughout the film, the women in the brothel ask one another the very questions—Do you find it hard to "work" while you're in school? How does your boyfriend feel about your "working?"—that career women have always asked.

What runs like a current through all these portraits of the "genteel hooker" is an idea that society has somehow betrayed the middle-class woman by failing to provide her with a lucrative outlet for her talents. "The economic options for women are not all that extensive," is how Lizzie Borden puts it. "Even for college-educated women, it's shameful how few jobs pay adequately in entry-level positions, particularly if a woman has a liberal arts education!" What was shameful in *Half Moon Street* was that Sigourney Weaver couldn't live comfortably on what she made as a research fellow. What's shameful in *Working Girls* is that Molly can't make a living as an avant-garde art photographer.

This same angry disenchantment with the way things are lurks behind Lizzie Borden's transformation of Bree Daniels, the victimized high-class hooker, into Molly, the artist/prostitute/avenging angel: since society has given us the wrong tools—or the wrong priorities—we're going to misuse what we have; that'll really put a spoke in their wheel!

Implicit here, though, is the notion that women are *already* compromising themselves: for the single woman in the 1980s, sex has become so empty and essentially so commercial a transaction (in the wake of the sexual revolution) that her position is tantamount to that of a whore; for a woman who likes to write or do photography or make designer jewelry to have to work nine-to-five is a form of prostitution.

"What," asks Lizzie Borden, "is so wrong with renting your body for two shifts per week, when the alternative is a forty-hour-a-week job that makes you so burned-out that all you can do is come home and watch TV at the end of the day?" In this, she sounds like no one so much as Sydney Biddle Barrows, for whom "a call girl is simply a woman who hates poverty more than she hates sin." Barrows "can think of a lot of jobs that are considerably more degrading than sharing an enjoyable evening with an attractive, successful man who is delighted to have you there and is willing to pay top dollar for your company."

Borden and Barrows actually have a lot in common. Both women are trying to legitimize prostitution by taking it out of the context of morality. Both do so by pandering to the entrepreneurial spirit of the 1980s, the ethos that says, "It doesn't matter what you do, so long as you make a lot of money." (In the Borden-Barrows version, it doesn't matter what you do, so long as you don't hold yourself cheap.) In a sense, this amoral take on prostitution is the final transformation of the prostitute as popular heroine.

Traditionally the "whore with a heart of gold" was (dog-like) man's best friend. She embodied the kind of *real* love and understanding that heroes could never get from the nice girls they married. (Think of Belle Watling, who, unlike Scarlett, really understood Rhett. Think of Katy Jurado's sultry Mexican whore in *High Noon*: "If he wass my man, I would stay with heem," she told Grace Kelly bitingly, and so Grace Kelly got off the train!)

The traditional whore of popular culture was clearly a male fantasy of the perfect woman, but she was also a moral vehicle: more than anything else, she was there to point up society's very flaws and hypocrisies. Because she was a victim of fate—her way of life being a function of where society had placed her—we knew how to judge and feel about other characters on the basis of how they treated her. To be sure, this placed the whore-with-a-heart-of-gold in a thanklessly passive role—but after all, she was only a literary device.

But Lizzie Borden's genteel hooker is also only a literary device. With Molly, Borden has moved the prostitute from the periphery of narrative to its center. She has also delivered her from the bondage of psychoanalytic jargon. I find that tremendously appealing—as I'm sure most women will who were raised on the image of Jane Fonda's Bree Daniels.

What worries me is that, in buying into the system of Sydney Biddle Barrows, the yuppie madam, Borden is making the figure of the prostitute a mouthpiece for society's worst values and hypocrisies—the very things that, as a literary device, she was created to stand against. ▽

Mimi Kramer *has written for "The New Criterion," "Vanity Fair," "The Wall Street Journal," and other publications.*

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SEA

(Continued from page 236)

are there crossed oars or swags of netting. Instead, a beveled glass screen separates a serene bar from a serene dining room, and the walls are hung with paintings of the fishing life—fine if kitschy examples of the conservative *pompier* taste of nineteenth-century France.

As is inevitable in midtown Manhattan, Le Bernardin is as much a monument to expense accounts as it is to fish. Still, unless one dives too deeply into the wine list, one can get out of there without leaving a month's mortgage payment on the table. Furthermore, the table itself will be comfortable and the service fine, which shouldn't be a surprise but is. One hasn't known humiliation until one has cowered in the doorway of certain New York City restaurants waiting for somebody, *anybody*, to seat the no-account stranger that is you.

What does one eat? Periwinkles for a start, the kind that, once plucked from a rock, will open their little doors and look around if you balance them on the palm of your hand. They've been cooked in a strong court-bouillon, arrive with several pins, or winkle-pickers, and are as addictive as peanuts. Then a little plate of *amuse-gueules* appears—the tiniest scallop, say, in a buttery shell—and it's time to turn to the menu and whatever's best and freshest from America's Atlantic coast.

There's skate, for instance, about which an early customer barked, "My God! This is supposed to be a very good restaurant. I don't want to eat *skate*!" A week or so later Craig Claiborne came in. "I gave him skate," Le Coze says, "grouper with leeks, and monkfish with cabbage, and after he wrote about them in *The New York Times*, nobody complained anymore."

No, nobody complains anymore about trash fish. Instead, Le Bernardin's customers devour the oysters and the scallops, the grouper, the cod, the monkfish, the pompano, and the black bass, Le Coze's favorite American fish. They crowd the dining room even at lunch on Saturday when that part of Manhattan is empty but for the tourists flocking to Radio City Music Hall. The diners' grandparents, some of whom probably ate fish on Fridays only, and only for penance's sake, would doubtless be stunned.

What Le Bernardin's clientele is getting is pooled in this or puddled in that, but not so much so as to mask its essential delicate brininess. One can never say about the cuisine *chez* Bernardin what *New York Times* columnist William Geist wrote about the Grilled, Smoked and Peppered Mackerel with Arugula and Endive he came upon recently in a downtown New York City restaurant: "They did everything to this fish but pistol-whip it and dress it in Bermuda shorts."

Beyond the stairs at the back of the restaurant, thirty-two people are filleting, sautéing, and reducing in what is said to be the most commodious restaurant kitchen in the city—Le Coze worked on it for six months—and if you walk down a long corridor you can watch them through a big glass window. One evening a customer, who was up to her ears in Scallops Georges Blanc, grouper with leeks, several glasses of Muscadet, and a trio of caramel desserts, was staring through that window, thinking what fun it would be to reserve the small table in the kitchen next time, when a gentleman diner strolled by. "Hey," he said, pointing to the other window, the one that looks out on West 51st Street, "isn't that a great view!"

Strictly speaking, it wasn't. It was a rainy New York night and all one could see, besides the steaming pavement and some disconsolate trees, was the occasional drenched pedestrian. But when one is in *the* place, which is what Le Bernardin is right now, all views are great. Le Coze is happy because he visualizes "a whole town involved in the pleasures of gastronomy." The gentleman diner was happy because he'd scored the culinary equivalent of two on the aisle for *Les Misérables*. And the woman watching the chefs at work was happy because, an old pro at balancing live periwinkles on the palm of her hand, she'd never actually eaten one before. Another Everest, that, and conquered. ▽

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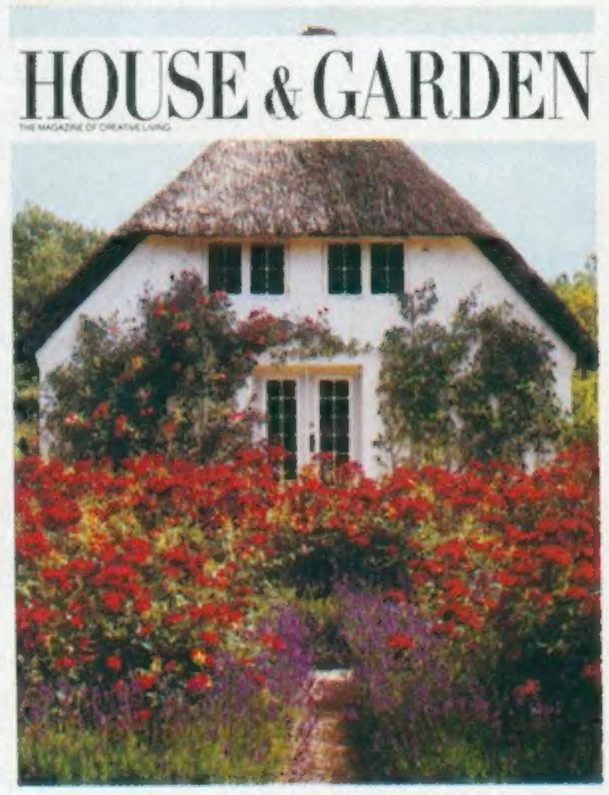

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FASHION INFORMATION

Page 20: Earrings at Lord & Taylor; Indigo, Chappaqua and Hastings NY; Cuoio, Boston; Macy's, Florida and Texas.

28: Cap, Jean Paul Gaultier. Maxfield, Los Angeles.

76: Watches, Macy's, New York and Texas; Braunschweiger, Morristown and Warren NJ; Savitt Jewelers, New Haven CT. Socks, E.G. Smith, $9. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, *top to bottom:* New Balance. Avia. Race-walking shoes by Adidas; New Balance. Pants, $50; top, $24. Macy's, Herald Square; The Cellar, Woodbridge NJ. Makeup by Marie Josée LaFontaine for Trish McEvoy.

92: *Inset, above:* Dress, Calvin Klein Classics. *Inset, center:* Dress, Adrienne Vittadini. *Inset, left:* For info. on coat, see page 254. *Inset, right:* Coat, Go Silk for L'Zinger.

164-165: *Left to right:* Shoes, Stephane Kélian for Jean Paul Gaultier, $225. Stephane Kélian Boutiques, NYC, Washington DC, Dallas, Beverly Hills. Alaïa by Diego Della Valle shoes, $250. Diego Della Valle Shop, NYC. Chanel shoes, $360. Chanel Boutiques, NYC and Beverly Hills.

168-169: Top bracelet, $450; bottom bracelet on hand, $800.

170-171: Jacket, $2440. Wool/acrylic/nylon skirt and turtleneck. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Stockings, Macy's New York.

172: Earrings, Arthur Koby. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Bergdorf Goodman.

173: Shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Stockings, Macy's New York.

174-175: Coat, $3700. Knots, Charvet. Bergdorf Goodman.

176: Calvin Klein wool/acrylic/nylon top, $145; skirt, $142. Coat, $3700. Top and skirt, late Aug. at Bergdorf Goodman. Stockings and shoes, see info. Page 170-171. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Bergdorf Goodman.

177: Manicure, Larisa.

178: Rayon/cotton/nylon dress. Coat, $2550. Earrings, Terry Felper. Gindi, NYC; Cotton Club, Houston. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Manicure by Elisabeth Drabinski.

179: Necklace and earrings also at Neiman-Marcus.

180: Arabesque earrings, Isabel Canovas, NYC.

181: Sweater, $730; skirt, $2270. Panty stockings, Hanes Silk Reflections.

182-183: Earrings, see info. page 178.

184: Gloves, Fownes Ultranaturals. Handbags, *left to right:* Miss Maud. Miss Maud, NYC and Manhasset NY. Roberto Cambronero. Barneys New York; Ella Pryor, Houston TX.

185: Bracelets, Kenneth Jay Lane, Trump Tower NYC, Beverly Hills CA. Gloves, Fownes Ultranaturals. Handbags, *front to back:* Jean Patou. Bloomingdale's; Roberto Cambronero. For stores, see info. page 184.

186: Stockings, $25. Bloomingdale's. Bag, Renaud Pellegrino. Bloomingdale's.

187: Bags at Hermès, New York, Palm Beach, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco.

188: Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Bloomingdale's. Bag, Renaud Pellegrino. Stockings, $7. Urban Outfitters, NYC, Philadelphia, Georgetown Washington DC.

189: Gloves, Aris by Aris Isotoner. Altman's. Ray-Ban glasses by Bausch & Lomb. Macy's; Marshall Field's; Macy's, CA.

190: *Left to right:* Fur, Valentino for Alixandre. Both models, Hue Hosiery, about $12. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Dayton's; Nordstrom. Fur, Maud Frizon for Ben Kahn.

191: Manolo Blahnik shoes also at Savannah, Santa Monica CA. Fur coat, The Tepper Collection. Both models, panty stockings by La Leg, about $10. Macy's New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston.

192: Coat, $2375. Accessories, Valentino. Panty stockings, La Leg. For stores, see info. page 191. Shoes, René Caovilla.

193: Wool jacket, $2060; cashmere sweater, $660; wool skirt, $520. Accessories, Chanel. Panty stockings, La Leg. For stores, see info. page 191. Shoes, Chanel.

194: Gloves, Azzedine Alaïa.

195: Wool coat and leather skirt. Skirt also at Capriccio, La Jolla CA.

196: Jacket, about $2100. Wool knit sweater, about $360. Skirt, about $960 (for stores, see page 196). Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

197: Wool gabardine jacket; rubber skirt. Jacket also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Saodade, Dallas; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Sweater, trench coat, and accessories, Jean Paul Gaultier. Shoes, Jean Paul Gaultier for Stephane Kélian. Stephane Kélian Boutiques, NYC, Washington DC, Dallas, Beverly Hills.

198: Cotton blouse. Turnout also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Grege, Quebec. Jacket at Mari Boutique, Vancouver, Canada.

199: Wool shorts. Turnout also at I. Magnin. Shorts at Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove FL; Clubissimo, Ontario, Quebec.

201: Silk satin skirt. Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear.

202-203: *Center:* Parka also at JW Robinson's, California.

204: Cotton skirt. Hat, Jude Miller. Serendipity 3, NYC. Child's clothes, Laura Ashley, NYC. Man's top, Banana Republic; pants, Emporio Armani.

207: Vase, D.F. Sanders, NYC.

208: Cotton bathing suit.

209: Man's trunks, Emporio Armani.

210: Cotton top. Rayon/cotton on organza bikini. Ring, Arlene Altman. Bloomingdale's (August); Theodore, Beverly Hills.

211: Man's clothes, Emporio Armani. Ring, Arlene Altman. Child's clothes, Gap Kids.

213: Hat, Giorgio Armani Couture. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Bracelet, Johnny Farah.

214: Wool/spandex/polyester dress, $350; coat, $4200. Panty stockings, Pierre Mantoux for Romeo Gigli. Shoes, Diego Della Valle for Romeo Gigli.

215: Blazer, $760; sweater, $380; blouse, $240; pants, $430. Turnout also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA. Shoes, see info. page 214.

217: Hair: Sally Hershberger; makeup: George Newell.

238-239: Gianfranco Ferre silk shirt, $765. Wool/silk skirt. Coat also at Pino's, Seattle. Shirt, Ultimo, Chicago. Skirt, Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove FL. Accessories, Gianfranco Ferre.

241: Sweater, $2410. Also at Diagonale, San Francisco. Accessories, Gianfranco Ferre.

242: Genny body suit. Cotton shirt, $326; wool gabardine pants, $350. Turnout at Perkins Shearer, Denver; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ, La Jolla CA. Pants and shirt at Bergdorf Goodman; Sophy Curson, Philadelphia; Bacci's, Canada. Jacket and pants at Regine, Los Angeles. Scarf and belt by Etro. Brooch, Pellini.

243: Giorgio Armani Couture silk blouse, cashmere sweater, wool pants. Turnout at I. Magnin. Blouse, sweater, and pants at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY. Pants at Bloomingdale's. Belt, Giorgio Armani.

244: Giorgio Armani Couture wool sweater, $700; silk/viscose skirt, $590. Turnout, late July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. Accessories, Giorgio Armani.

245: Blazer, $2900; stole, $2050; wool sweater, $695; wool gabardine pants, $475. Stole and pants at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Chicago, Scottsdale AZ, Beverly Hills, San Francisco; Gianni Versace Boutiques at Torie Steele, Dallas. Sweater at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Bal Harbour FL, Chicago. Belt, Gianni Versace.

246: Wool/alpaca skirt, $575. See stores on page 246.

247: Coat, $3000, available Sept. Gloves, Prada. Panty stockings, Pierre Mantoux.

248: Silk coat also at Macy's, San Francisco; Bacci's, Canada.

249: Coat also at Nordstrom, Los Angeles and Oregon. Necklace and bracelet, Il Discanto-Milano. Scarf at waist, Missoni.

250-251: Skirt also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia and Baltimore; Cookie M., Cleveland OH; Ultimo, Chicago. Necklace, Tambaran Gallery, NYC. Christian Dior Legwear.

252-253: *Large photo*: Cathy Hardwick, late August at Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's. Earrings and bracelets, Rasco. Reminiscence, NYC. Bag, Kleinberg Sherrill. Panty stockings, Charles Jourdan Trump Tower, NYC. *Insets, left to right*: Cathy Hardwick jacket and skirt, late August at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shirt, The Custom Shop, NYC....Cathy Hardwick bolero jacket, late August at Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's. Shirt, The Custom Shop, NYC. Pants, Marc Jacobs. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun....Patricia Clyne's wool/nylon dress, August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Ayla, Ann Arbor MI; Ecru, Los Angeles; Miki, Mill Valley CA; Susan of Burlingame and San Francisco CA. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. Belt, Richard A. Serbin. ...Agnès B. cotton broadcloth shirt. Agnès B., NYC. Adrienne Vittadini skirt, September at Bergdorf Goodman; Foley's, Houston and Dallas. Necklace, Diva.

254: Fabric at Rosen & Chadwick, NYC. For shirt info., see pages 250-251. Earrings, Tom Binns. Charivari, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Bloomingdale's. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Urban Outfitters, NYC, Philadelphia, Georgetown Washington DC.

255: Fabric at Rosen & Chadwick, NYC. For shirt info., see pages 250-251. Earrings, Ooh! Paris. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. For stores, see info. page 254. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Corrections: The photo credit for the Edward Hopper painting "Night Windows," 1928, in April Vogue, page 82, was incomplete. The correct credit should have read: Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of John Hay Whitney....The antique jewelry pieces appearing on page 258 in May Vogue are part of the Mark Walsh collection, available exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, New York City....In May Vogue, on page 260, the hand-painted bike came from Maxfield, Los Angeles.

VOGUE PATTERNS *Back views, yardages, details, pages 254-255.*

Pages 254-255. **Leopard print raincoat:** Vogue Pattern #1614, View A. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 3 yards 58" fabric. $8.00. Canada, $9.70. **Mustard yellow raincoat:** Vogue Pattern #1614, View A. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 3 yards 58" fabric. $8.00. Canada, $9.70. **Sewing tip:** Omit buttons and add sleeve tabs as in View D.

1614

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